

Wm. Fuller.

THE

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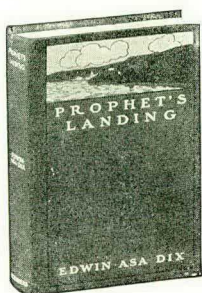
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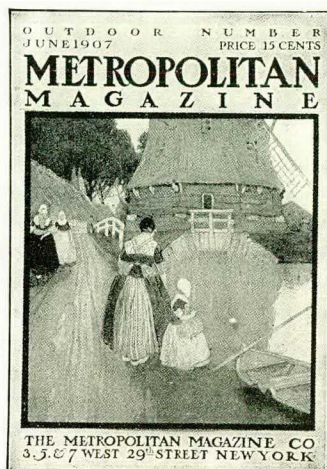
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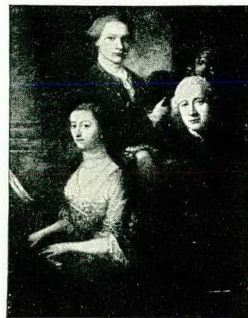
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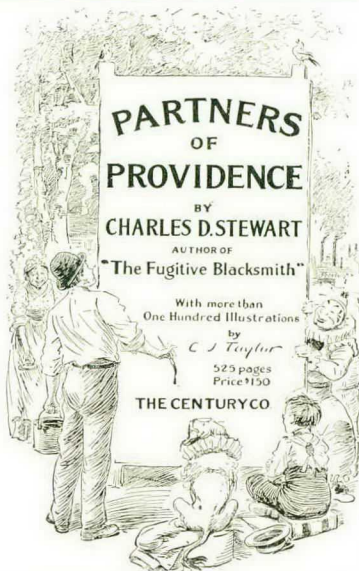
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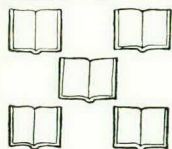
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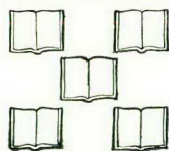
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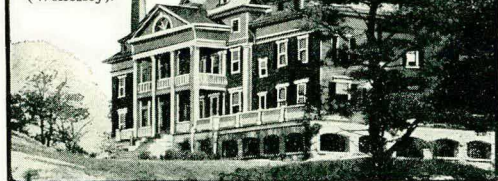
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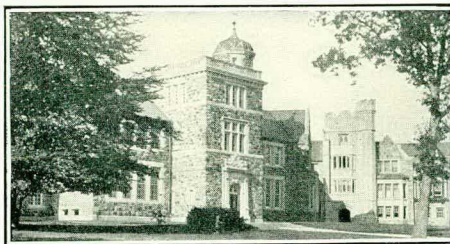
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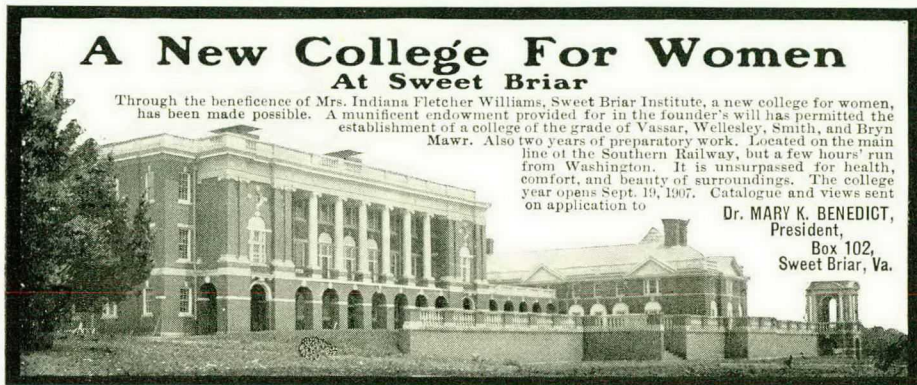


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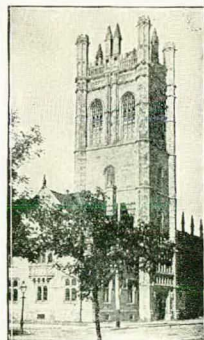
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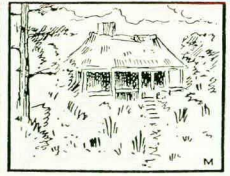
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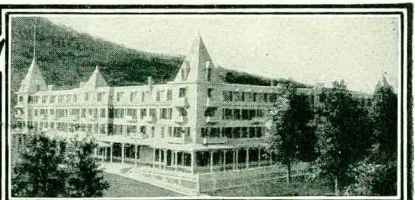
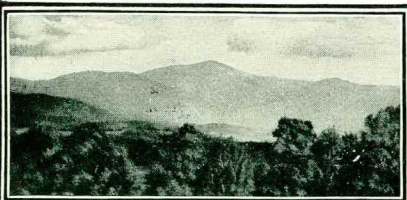
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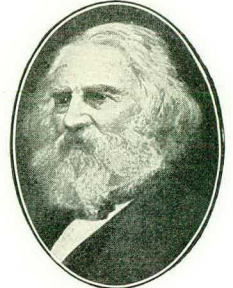
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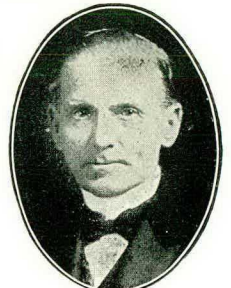
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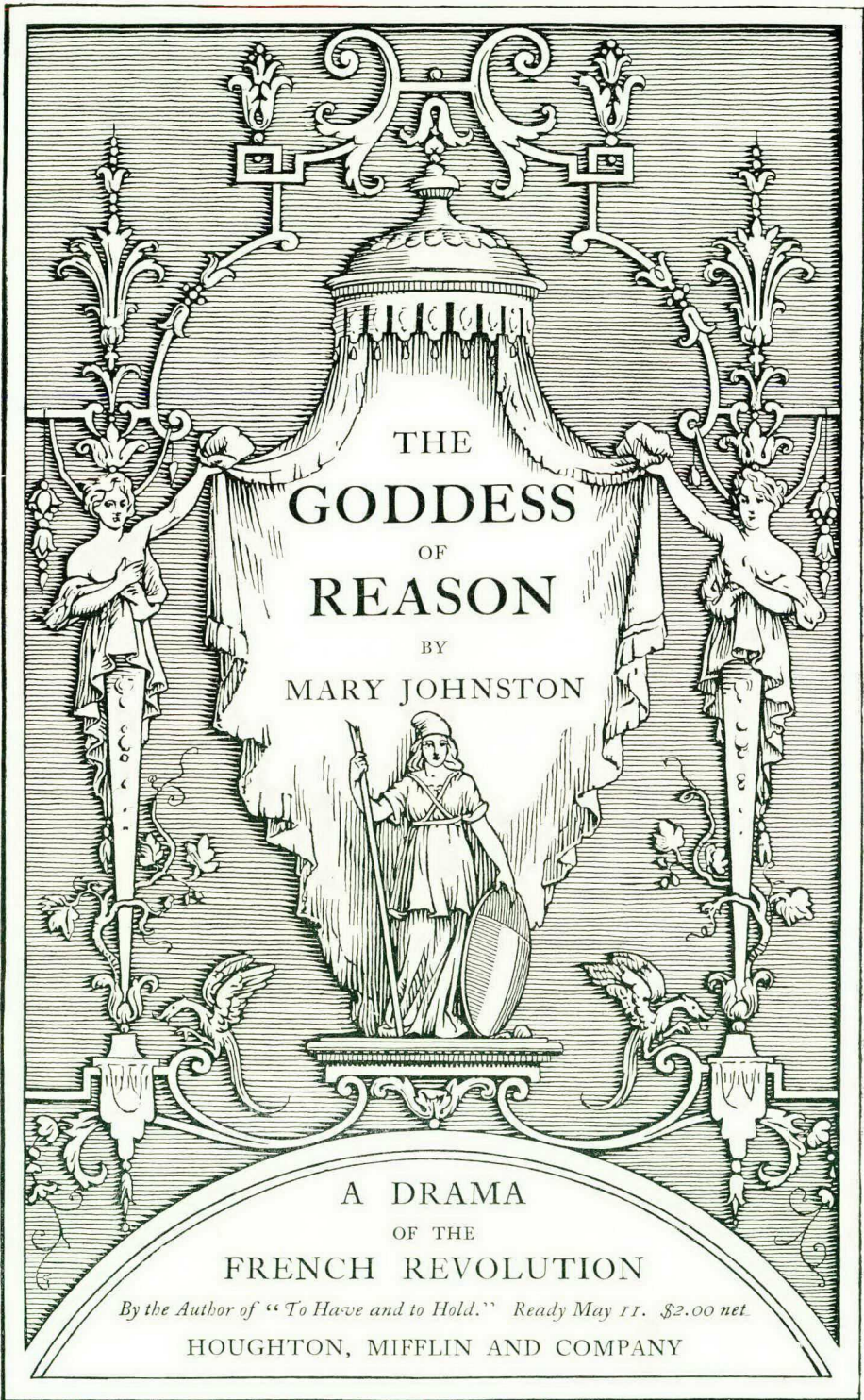
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**Frank Haigh Dixon** is a Professor of Economics in Dartmouth College, and Secretary of the School of Administration and Finance. He is the author of an important work upon *State Railroad Control*, and of many economic studies.

**Thomas R. Lounsbury** is Professor of English at Yale University, New Haven, Conn. He is the author of standard works on the English language, among others *The Standard of Pronunciation in English*, and a frequent contributor to leading magazines on questions of the correct usage of speech.

**John Corbin** is a dramatic critic and the author of *The Elizabethan Hamlet* and other works. Earlier contributions to the Atlantic Monthly have been "Shakespeare and the Plastic Stage" and "The Modern Chivalry."

**K. Asakawa** has been a lecturer on the civilization and history of East Asia, at Dartmouth College, and author of "The Early Institutional Life of Japan," and of "The Russo-Japanese Conflict: its Causes and Issues," etc. An earlier contribution from his pen appeared in the Atlantic for November, 1905, under the title, "Korea and Manchuria under the New Treaty."

**Rollin Lynde Hartt** is one of the editors of the Boston Transcript. He has been a frequent contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, and will be particularly remembered as the writer of a brilliant series of articles on "Iowa," "The Mormons," "Michigan," and "Montana." His last contribution to the Atlantic appeared in the May, 1904, issue on "The Humors of Advertising."

**Frank J. Mather, Jr.**, is one of the editors of the New York Evening Post, and a critic and writer on literary topics. An earlier contribution of Mr. Mather's appearing in the Atlantic was a review of Mr. Hewlett's "Canterbury Tales."

### Serial Features

The appearance of *The Divine Fire* early in 1905 won for **May Sinclair** instantaneous recognition as one of the ablest novelists of the day. The unusual success of this work, which met at the same time with so wide a popularity and with such an enthusiastic reception from discerning critics, has warranted the publication in this country of two earlier novels from her pen, *Superseded* and *Audrey Craven*. The appearance of *The Helpmate*, representing as it does the maturing genius of its author, is indubitably a literary event of the first importance.

## Contributors to the May Atlantic

**General Morris Schaff** was born in Kirkersville, Ohio, in the year 1840. A delightful and vivid account of his early years, and of the varied life of the community in which they were spent, has recently been published by him under the title, *Etna and Kirkersville*. In 1862, immediately upon his graduation from West Point in the Ordnance Corps, he entered the Army of the Potomac. In his capacity as Assistant to the Chief of Ordnance he came into unusually close relations with such leading figures of the war as General Meade, General Grant, and General Hooker. After the Battle of the Wilderness, he was brevetted captain for gallant and meritorious conduct. From the close of the war until his resignation in 1872, General Schaff held appointments at various arsenals throughout the country.

### Stories and Poems

**Edwin Arlington Robinson** is the author of volumes of verse entitled *The Children of the Night*, and *Captain Craig*. He makes his first appearance in the Atlantic Monthly with a poem entitled, "Calverly's."

**Mary Evelyn Moore Davis** is the author of numerous volumes of prose and verse. Among her more recent books have been *The Wire-Cutters*, *The Queen's Garden*, and *Jaconetta*. The Atlantic printed a striking story by Mrs. Davis in the August, 1906, issue, entitled "The Forerunner."

**Arthur Stanwood Pier**, one of the most successful of the younger American novelists, is the author, among other books, of *The Pedagogues*, *The Sentimentalists*, and *The Ancient Grudge*. His Atlantic Monthly essays have recently been published in a volume under the title, *The Young in Heart*.

**Sarah N. Cleghorn** is a young writer of promise, who makes her first appearance in the Atlantic with the poem "Asleep in Union Square."

**Richard Watson Gilder** is Editor of the Century Magazine and a leading figure in contemporary American poetry. The Atlantic for January, 1907, contained a notable contribution from his pen entitled "To One Impatient of Form in Art."

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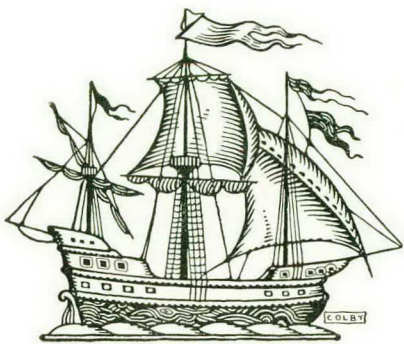
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As Mrs. Wiggin sits in her cool, green study at Quillcote the song of the river is ever in her ears; while looking from the latticed windows by her desk, her eye rests on the shining weather-vane, — a golden quill, that swings, emblem of her profession and its successes, on the roof of the old barn.

The present Quillcote barn would hardly be recognized by the good old yeoman who built it, though he would realize how admirably it is adapted to village festivities. A year ago all the interior fittings were removed, a new floor laid, casement windows added, and the building converted into a rustic hall. The century-old rafters, strong as when they were laid, remain in position, the walls were brushed down and left in their original tawny-brown hue, other old barns generously gave it ancient fish-hook hinges, antique latches, and moose-horns, while substantial settles were fashioned from old boards weathered to a silver gray.

Quaint lanterns fitted with candles hang from a score of harness pegs about the walls, and the old grain-chest, piled high with cushions, stands at one end of the room. Wide doors open at the back into a field of buttercups and daisies, and no fairer setting can well be imagined for a rustic dance. And they foot it feathily indeed in this little community where the old contradances are preserved, and no one delights more in the pleasures of her neighbors, or grieves more truly in their sorrows, than does Mrs. Wiggin.

"The Lady of the Twinkle and the Tear," she has been called, and the delightful title not only describes the author herself, but the latest child of her creation. The inevitable success of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" must have been evident to any one who read its first chapter, and its companion, "New Chronicles of Rebecca," strays refreshingly far from the beaten path of the usual sequel.

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of "New Chronicles of Rebecca," is making her annual visit to the British Isles, and will go this year to Edinburgh. Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, the veteran author and editor, who recently published his

autobiography entitled "My Own Story," has been spending the winter in Florida and has returned to his home in Arlington, Mass. Mr. Trowbridge will be eighty years old next September. "The Goddess of Reason," Miss Mary Johnston's poetic drama of the French Revolution, is just published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Miss Johnston has been staying in New York and expects to go abroad for the summer. Mr. Ferris Greenslet, author of the recent life of "James Russell Lowell," is away on a short trip to England and Paris and will return to Boston about the middle of May. Dr. Moncure D. Conway celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday on March 17. Dr. Conway recently published his "Autobiography, Memories, and Reminiscences" in two volumes, and last autumn added a supplementary volume entitled "My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East." He was born at Middleton, Va., in 1832.

Miss Norah Davis, author of "The Northerner," has ready another novel entitled "The World's Warrant," of which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are the publishers. Miss Davis is a native of Huntsville, Alabama, and grew up in an old-fashioned Southern house full of books and sunshine. She was an omnivorous reader, wrote poetry long before she could spell correctly, and even invented a language which only she and her younger sister could understand, but which she has now entirely forgotten. As a teacher, a newspaper writer, and a court reporter, she made her way all over the South from Key West to the Ozark Mountains. Her first novel, "The Northerner," grew out of her experiences in the courts of northern Alabama. There had been an atrocious lynching, and the perpetrators were tried in the Federal Court where she was clerk. After it was all over, she asked for a month's leave of absence, and in twenty-eight days wrote "The Northerner" as it stands to-day. Of "The World's Warrant" she says: "I had n't any idea of writing that sort of a book; I had the outline of another book in my head and several chapters written when this story began to take shape, growing from a bit of real life that I had chanced upon, an atom of experience merely. In the vanity of my 'literary aspirations' I had worked out quite a different ending for the story, as well as a different title. The characters quietly and firmly put me aside and worked out their own destinies to suit themselves. I was only a spectator — their amanuensis, in fact."

A second edition of "Songs from the Golden Gate," by Ina D. Coolbrith, will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Besides attractive illustrations by William Keith, the volume will contain a photogravure portrait of the author. It will be remembered that the little library in San Francisco of which Miss Coolbrith was librarian was totally destroyed by the earthquake a year ago.



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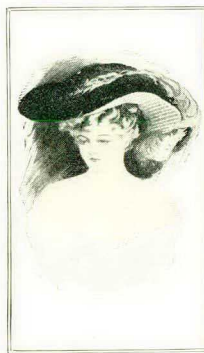
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THE  
**ATLANTIC MONTHLY**

MAY, 1907

**RAILROAD ACCIDENTS**

BY FRANK HAIGH DIXON

DURING the celebration attending the opening of the first passenger railroad, the Honorable William Huskisson, Member of Parliament for Liverpool, was run down and killed by the locomotive Rocket, that wonderful product of the brain of Stephenson which was to revolutionize modern industrial life. To an expectant world, eager for a practical demonstration of the power of this new motive force, the death of the English statesman uttered a tragic warning that the tremendous industrial possibilities of this great invention were not to be achieved without the sacrifice of human life. Although three quarters of a century have passed since the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway, there has not been a day in all those years in which danger and death have not hung like a cloud over the railroad industry.

A series of unusual disasters in the United States during the past few months has roused the public as never before to an appreciation of the perils of modern railroading, and to a determination to discover whether these hazards are inevitably associated with train operation. To answer in part this oft-repeated question is the purpose of this article.

From the last published report of the statistician of the Interstate Commerce Commission, we learn that during the year ending June 30, 1905, 9703 persons were killed, and 86,008 persons injured, in railroad accidents in the United States. Of this number, 270 persons were killed, and 30,395 injured in accidents having no connection with train movement. Of the accidents related in some way to train

operation, 4865 deaths and 5251 injuries were the result of trespassing. Other persons, who were neither trespassers nor travelers, accounted for 862 deaths and 3063 injuries, and employees other than trainmen for 1183 deaths and 7201 injuries. Of those more directly connected with train movement, 533 passengers were killed and 10,245 injured; and 1990 trainmen were killed and 29,853 injured. A tabular presentation of these facts follows:—

PERSONS KILLED AND INJURED IN RAILROAD ACCIDENTS DURING THE YEAR ENDING JUNE 30, 1905

	Killed.	Injured.
<i>From train movement:</i>		
Passengers	533	10,245
Trainmen	1,990	29,853
Other employees	1,183	7,201
Trespassers	4,865	5,251
Other persons, not trespassers	862	3,063
	<u>9,433</u>	<u>55,613</u>
<i>From causes other than train movement:</i>		
Passengers	4	212
Employees	188	29,779
Other persons	78	404
	<u>270</u>	<u>30,395</u>
Total killed and injured	9,703	86,008

Causes of accident "other than train movement" include the handling of traffic, tools and machinery, and getting off and on trains while at rest. In this class of accidents, injuries far exceed deaths, the largest number taking place among shopmen. Accidents of a similar character occur in other industries, frequently in greater numbers, and these figures should



be eliminated in discussing the peculiarly hazardous character of the railroad industry.

"Trespassers" mainly consist of persons stealing rides, and those walking on railroad tracks. The railroad police systems must be relied upon to eradicate the first of these evils. This article does not contemplate a discussion of the tramp problem or the training of children. Walking on tracks is purely an American diversion. It is forbidden by law in England and on the Continent, and should be here. But even with laws on our statute books, the evil will not cease until Americans have outgrown their genial habit of appropriating to public use all property that is not securely fenced. Until that time comes, we shall have to fall back upon the principle of *caveat viator*.

The grade-crossing danger has been recognized for many years as the penalty we are paying for rapid and cheap construction of railroad lines. Deaths at highway crossings during the year 1905 numbered 838 and injuries 1574. Many states have taken steps to atone for their early short-sightedness by passing statutes that provide for the gradual elimination of crossings at grade, a movement in which Massachusetts has taken the lead. These laws usually provide that the expense incident to the condemnation of land and the construction shall be divided between the railroad, the state, and the town. Most of the larger cities have also put an end to the earlier practice of allowing railroads to enter their terminals at grade by the use of the city streets. In some sections where the overhead crossing is not practicable, gates or flagmen have been provided; and sometimes, when railroads are equipped with signal-systems, crossing warnings are interlocked with the block signals. All these safeguards should be rapidly extended, but responsibility for such extension rests upon the states, and not upon the national government.

It is upon train accidents that public attention is mainly centred, and it is the

appalling total of casualties of this character that has led to such severe denunciation of our reckless railroading, and to frequent unfavorable comparisons with results in England. Such comparisons are often inaccurate and misleading. That accidents are less numerous in England than here is undoubtedly true. We have no such record as that of England for the eighteen months ending March 31, 1902, when not a single passenger was killed. But statistics are not available that will allow fully for dissimilarity of conditions and permit of accurate comparison.

The most careful and scientific study of this question which has been attempted was published by Professor Carroll W. Doten in the *Publications of the American Statistical Association* in March, 1905. From that study the following comparisons are drawn. They relate to the year 1903.

	United Kingdom.	United States.
<i>Train Accidents to Passengers :</i>		
Killed per million train miles	0.06	0.18
Injured per million train miles	2.0	4.7
Killed per million carried	0.02	0.25
Injured per million carried	0.6	6.7
<i>Accidents to Trainmen :</i>		
Killed per million train miles	0.18	2.02
Injured per million train miles	4.1	24.6
Killed per thousand employed	0.9	8.0
Injured per thousand employed	20.6	97.0

While these averages do not account for all variations in conditions in the two countries, they establish beyond dispute the greater safety of English travel.

Accidents to trainmen, as shown in the table for 1905, and again in the comparative statistics just presented, are by far the most serious. In the United States in 1905 one trainman was killed for every 133 employed, and one was injured for every nine employed. The life of the trainman is undoubtedly the most hazardous in modern industry.

With only those accidents to trainmen which result from coupling cars, falling from trains, and striking overhead ob-



structions has the federal government concerned itself. Inasmuch as federal intervention in many different forms is being urged as a means of relief from our present difficulties, it is desirable to consider the Safety-Appliance Acts somewhat in detail. When the agitation for uniform safety appliances was begun by the Interstate Commerce Commission in 1889, the subject was not a new one. Railroad journals had for years advocated reforms, state railroad commissions had discussed the question, and in some states, such as Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, and Michigan, laws had been enacted requiring the use of the automatic coupler on all new cars constructed. But these state laws had complicated rather than relieved the situation, for they had led to the adoption of special types of couplers for the different states, which would not couple with cars of other states not similarly equipped, creating a situation more dangerous than that which it was designed to correct. The Master Car Builders Association, a representative organization of railroad men engaged in practical construction, had approved in 1888 a standard type of automatic coupler; but roads had been slow to adopt the device. The expense was a hindrance, as was the opposition of manufacturers whose couplers did not meet the requirements of the standard. But a more serious objection was that such a device was not likely at once to become universal, and with the prevalence of the system of car interchange between different railroad systems, roads would be compelled to use both automatic and hand couplers with all the added risks of such an ill-mated alliance. By 1889 a few of the large roads had adopted the Master Car Builders type, some were experimenting, some were actively hostile, but the majority were either indifferent or in a waiting mood.

With this problem was associated that of a standard height of drawbar or coupler head that should insure perfect coupling. Such a standard had been estab-

lished by the Car Builders in 1872, but was generally disregarded.

The situation regarding continuous train brakes operated from the locomotive was more favorable, although by no means ideal. From the time of the inventions of Westinghouse in 1869 and 1871, the railroads had taken great interest in this device and had made constant tests. Its possibilities as a lifesaver were seen in the power to stop the train within a shorter distance, in the automatic application of the brakes upon the parting of a train, and in the relief to trainmen from the necessity of traversing the tops of cars. Moreover it appeared to have economic advantages in rendering possible the running of heavier trains at higher speed. Yet the expense of installation, the need of uniform action by all roads, and the delay in making up trains with cars only partly equipped with the new device, interfered with rapid adoption of the invention. The train brake was almost universal in 1889 on passenger cars, but was in general use in freight service only on lines which handled trains for long distances without much reliance upon foreign cars, that is, on roads west of the Missouri River.

Much the same problem existed with reference to grab-irons and hand-holds on the ends and sides of cars. Finally a series of frightful accidents had attracted public attention to the danger of heating trains with the car stove, and laws had been enacted in some states to do away with this method. But if cars were to be interchanged between different roads, it was necessary that some uniform system of train-heating should be adopted, and the difficulties of adjustment had not yet been eliminated.

With this situation in mind, the Interstate Commerce Commission began its agitation in 1889 for the abolition of the awkward, expensive, and mechanically defective hand coupler, for a standard height of drawbar, and for systems of continuous braking and heating. Uniformity in practice was the urgent need,



and it appeared that such uniformity was not to be had without federal regulation. This position the state railroad commissions universally indorsed. The first national Safety-Appliance Act, passed March 2, 1893, made it unlawful after January 1, 1898, for any road engaged in interstate commerce to use on its line in interstate traffic any locomotive not equipped with a power driving-wheel brake and appliances for operating the train-brake system, or to run any train in such traffic that had not a sufficient number of cars so equipped that the engineer could control the train without the use of hand brakes. It was also made unlawful to haul in interstate commerce any cars not equipped with couplers coupling automatically by impact, and not capable of being uncoupled without compelling men to go between the ends of the cars. Carriers were authorized to refuse to receive cars not lawfully equipped. It was further made unlawful after January 1, 1895, to use in interstate commerce any car not provided with secure grab-irons and hand-holds on the ends and sides of cars. The American Railway Association was authorized to recommend a standard height of drawbar, which was to be embodied in an order by the Commission, and all cars were required to comply with this standard. The heating problem was not covered by the statute. This problem applied mainly to passenger traffic, concerning the safety of which railroads had always been actively solicitous, and it appeared that the question was being rapidly solved by the railroads themselves.

The American Railway Association promptly complied with the suggestion of the law relative to drawbar height, and the Commission was able to announce the standard one month after the passage of the act. The time limit for compliance with the brake and coupler provisions was twice extended, and the law did not become fully operative until August 1, 1900. Experience soon demonstrated the need of amendment. The requirement

that a "sufficient" number of cars should be equipped with train brakes to insure control, proved too indefinite to be enforceable, and by act of March 2, 1903, it was prescribed that a minimum of 50 per cent of the cars in a train should be so equipped. Power being given to the Commission to extend the minimum, it was made 75 per cent on August 1, 1906, and so remains.

To secure enforcement of the law, and to gather information that would aid in perfecting the methods of regulation, the Commission in 1893 appointed an inspector to examine railroad equipment. Aided by congressional appropriation, this practice has been extended until the force of inspection now numbers eighteen men. They are all persons of several years' experience in train operation, and are carefully selected with the aid of the Civil Service Commission. Rules for inspection have been drawn up by the Commission in consultation with railroad managers, and inspections are openly made, usually with the cordial approval and assistance of railroad officials. The reports of inspectors in recent years have disclosed the fact that violations of law, which are almost entirely confined to freight equipment, have consisted not so much in failure to provide the appliances demanded as in neglect to maintain these appliances in working order. This has added a new element of danger, for trainmen have been led to rely upon the satisfactory working of an automatic device which has sometimes failed at a critical moment. Carelessness of trainmen and a failure on their part to realize the necessity of perfect maintenance have been constant causes of complaint. But the situation is improving rapidly, and conditions are now more favorable than at any time since the passage of the original law. Instruction cars, testing plants, and traveling inspectors in the employ of the railroads are becoming common. Coupling devices are increasing in strength, and there is a tendency toward uniformity in the make of coupler employed. The stand-

ard height of drawbar is almost universally adopted, and it is unusual to find cars lacking in proper grab-irons and hand-holds. Air-brake equipment shows marked improvement, and since the 75 per cent minimum order went into effect, the situation has bettered to such an extent that it is probable that freight trains will soon be controlled wholly by power brakes. Many old and poorly equipped cars, which are a source of danger when placed between new and stronger ones, have been retired, and rules have been adopted on some roads providing for separate grouping of heavy and light cars in the interest of safety. Local agreements for the exchange of cars between connecting roads have been largely abrogated, and it is a well-nigh universal practice at present for roads to refuse to receive or deliver cars in interchange, not equipped in accordance with law. Prosecutions against violators of the statute have been pushed vigorously. The statistics for 1905 show that 87 per cent of the equipment used in interstate commerce was provided with the train brake, and 99 per cent with the automatic coupler. What is still further needed is authority on the part of the Commission to require the maintenance of the old hand brakes, which have in many cases been allowed to deteriorate, but which still must be relied upon in switching, and the extension of the act to cover the other appliances listed in the Master Car Builders' standards of protection to trainmen, such as sill-steps, ladders, and roof hand-holds. It is to be hoped that some device may also be invented that will relieve trainmen from the necessity of going between cars to couple and uncouple steam hose. Finally, an increase in the force of inspection is desirable, in order to meet the increase in railroad equipment and the increasing number of complaints demanding investigation. But these are mere details in comparison with what has been accomplished. Congress wisely did not prescribe definite appliances, but laid down general requirements in the

interest of safety. In the same spirit the Commission has persistently refused to settle controversies between roads as to the best appliance for adoption. The problem has been worked out by the roads themselves, aided by their efficient organizations of employees and officials, and supported cordially by the Commission through its secretary and his corps of inspectors.

What then have been the results of this legislation? It is gratifying to observe from the following table that deaths and injuries to employees from the causes discussed show a marked decrease.

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES KILLED AND INJURED IN COUPLING ACCIDENTS, FALLING FROM TRAINS, AND OVERHEAD OBSTRUCTIONS, PER 100,000 EMPLOYED.

	COUPLING ACCIDENTS.		FALLING FROM TRAINS AND OVERHEAD OBSTRUCTIONS.	
	Killed.	Injured.	Killed.	Injured.
1893	50	1,296	82	486
1894	33	940	64	425
1895	37	1,043	65	467
1896	28	1,031	65	519
1897	26	766	55	488
1898	32	803	60	489
1899	28	735	55	478
1900	28	518	58	480
1901	19	259	49	405
1902	14	243	49	457
1903	21	271	49	454
1904	24	312	50	508
1905	17	257	39	451

This decrease in accidents is even more favorable than at first appears, for it has taken place coincidently with an expansion of business which has resulted in the crowding of tracks and terminals and the employment of large numbers of inexperienced men, and with the increased use of heavy equipment and long trains, which has introduced additional elements of risk. Accidents still take place, but they are largely due either to lack of proper maintenance of safety appliances, for which trainmen themselves are in part responsible, or to reckless disregard of ordinary safeguards. The Safety-Appliance Acts seem in large measure to have fulfilled their function, and a fur-



ther reduction of accidents from these causes must be almost altogether a matter of discipline. The statute may have been unnecessary in the case of well-managed railroad systems, but its justification lies in the fact that without the intervention of Congress these same systems, by reason of the prevalence of car interchange, would have been put at the mercy of less efficient roads.

Finally, it is interesting to observe that this movement in the interest of safety to trainmen has brought abundant return to the railroads in economies of operation. Time is saved in the making-up of trains through the use of the coupler, and in train movement through the air-brake. Switching force and equipment have been economized. Damage claims for accidents of this character have become smaller. But, most significant of all, the great economies of modern transportation that have resulted from larger equipment and longer trains would have been quite impossible of realization without the use of these devices which the Safety-Appliance Acts have prescribed.

Leaving the classes of casualties against which safeguards have been provided by statute, we turn to collisions and derailments, which have for years been responsible for most of the serious accidents. While a welcome diminution in casualties may appear now and then, the situation as a whole shows no improvement, but on the contrary a disheartening monotony of results and causes. In studying accidents of this character, we are greatly assisted by a law of March 3, 1901, which requires railroads under oath to make monthly reports of all collisions and derailments and of all accidents to passengers, and to employees while on duty, with the attendant circumstances. These reports are published by the Commission in the form of quarterly bulletins, the circumstances of the more prominent accidents being given. The information is not wholly satisfactory, for officials exercise their own judgment in deciding

what they shall return to the Commission. The explanations are in the briefest form, and obviously become less reliable the nearer the responsibility for the accident approaches the official making the report. The following table shows the results of collisions and derailments for the past five years:—

TOTAL PERSONS KILLED AND INJURED IN  
ACCIDENTS FROM COLLISIONS AND DERAILMENTS,  
AS COMPILED FROM THE  
ACCIDENT BULLETINS OF THE INTER-  
STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION.

Year ending June 30.	Killed.	Injured.
1902	821	7,937
1903	987	9,844
1904	1,018	10,244
1905	1,064	11,949
1906	977	12,686

The bulletin for the quarter ending September 30, 1906, showed an increase of 129 passengers and employees killed over the corresponding period for 1905. This increase, when considered in connection with the series of fatal accidents that have occurred during the past six months, warrants the conclusion that, unless an extraordinary immunity from accident is enjoyed during the next quarter, the total for 1907 will far exceed that for 1906.

In classifying the causes that produce collisions and derailments we shall leave out of consideration those which are beyond the control of the railroad management or its employees, such as flood, wind, fire, and the acts of miscreants, and also disasters resulting from defects in equipment, such as broken rails and wheels, parted couplers, and the like. Some of these could doubtless have been prevented by more rigid inspection, but many of them we are compelled to regard as unavoidable. With these eliminations, the great majority of accidents may be traced to four causes: high speed of trains, inexperience and overwork of employees, and negligence.

Speed as a cause of accident needs interpretation. A favorite text for newspaper sermons is the reckless speed of



our long-distance passenger trains, and the insane efforts of competing roads to clip a few more minutes off the schedule. There is some question whether the eighteen-hour trains between New York and Chicago meet any real economic need, except possibly as an aid to the financial ledgerdomain of a few Wall Street financiers. Yet they gratify a genuine American desire for speed for speed's sake, and as advertising agencies are well worth while. Are they as dangerous as is sometimes supposed? England, our exemplar in the matter of safety in railroad travel, runs more high-speed trains than do we, and a glance through our accident bulletins reveals the fact that high speed as such is not an important cause of accident. The fact that accidents due to high speed take place on prominent roads, and involve well-known trains, and that such accidents may result in serious consequences, has led us to overestimate the risks of fast travel. High-speed trains are found usually only on double-track roads that are most efficiently safeguarded with block-signal and interlocking systems, and manned by thoroughly disciplined forces of employees. Most of the accidents attributed to high speed are due to the failure of the engineman or other trainman properly to control speed at danger points, such as switches and stations, and should be charged to negligence. Taking a curve at too high a speed is usually due to the negligence either of the engineman who disregards instructions (as was the case in the terrible accident at Salisbury, England), or of the officials in failing to determine with scientific accuracy the limits of safety.

Inexperience usually means negligence, but the real blame in such cases seems to rest with officials who have placed in responsible positions men with too little knowledge of their duties. Inexperience as an assigned cause of accidents involves trainmen of all classes,—some of whom may have been long in service, but are unfamiliar with the division of the road upon which the accident takes place,—

and operators at stations, signal-men, and switchmen. The risks resulting from inexperience are greatly increased with the growth of traffic and the constant demand for more help. The railroad manager hears on the one hand the cry of the shipper for quicker service, and on the other the demand of the traveling public that their lives shall not be intrusted to the care of an untrained force. Whether more could be done to overcome the difficulty will be discussed later, but it is only fair to railroad managements to admit that in a time of such extraordinary industrial expansion the constant maintenance of a well-seasoned force of men is a virtual impossibility. Moreover, the railroad manager is probably interpreting correctly the demand of the American public when he concludes that on the whole they prefer service to safety.

Overwork has received wide attention from the public during the past year, and the railroads have been censured severely by the press for what has seemed to be a flagrant disregard of their public duty. It is difficult to reach a definitive conclusion as to the seriousness of this evil, for the facts are not available. Reports to the Commission are not complete in respect to hours on duty, and it is impossible to decide how far negligence may be attributed to weariness. The Commission's judgment is that the number of instances where employees have been on duty an excessive number of hours warrants the inference that overwork is a more or less frequent cause of accident, and we occasionally hear of a case so flagrant as almost to destroy altogether our confidence in railroad management. The Massachusetts Railroad Commission reports an accident in November, 1905, in which the engineman had worked sixteen hours per day for five successive days in the week preceding the collision. The South Carolina Commission is responsible for the statement that in a collision in that state in January, 1906, the trainmen had been on duty for 25 hours and 32 minutes, and that the whole train



crew was asleep at the time of the accident. But perhaps the most startling case is that reported in the Commission's Accident Bulletin number 19, in which both engineman and fireman were asleep, and during the 74 hours previous to the collision had been on duty as follows: on duty, 14½ hours; off duty, 4½ hours; on duty, 14 hours; off duty, 4½ hours; on duty, 22 hours; off duty, 4 hours; on duty, 10½ hours. The report states that, after the 22-hour period, the engineman requested that he be allowed to be called for a certain train in order that he might reach home sooner; that he could have been relieved by another engineman if he had made a request to that effect. But why should it have been left to the judgment of the engineman?

Yet a uniform working day for trainmen is not easy to establish, for the question of hours is linked with the complicated system of train movement. There are fluctuations in the quantity of transportation from week to week, creating variations in the number of train movements required. Men are paid mostly on the mileage basis, and are eager to earn as high wages as possible. Train masters, struggling with congestion of traffic, dispatch trains as rapidly as the capacity of the road will permit. The men prefer, and in large measure secure, "turn runs" by which their rest time can be spent at home, and the vicious principle of "first in, first out" is almost universally prevalent. The serious difficulty is in the freight service, where delays of every conceivable kind occur, increased by the heavy traffic and the lack of adequate terminal and siding facilities; and the superintendent, pressed on one side by insistent shippers and a congested freight-yard, and on the other by men desirous of arranging their runs on the basis of the greatest revenue and comfort, permits the men practically to determine the length of their working day. We hear the charge made by the railroads that the dominance of the trade-union interferes with the employment of a larger force

of men, and the assertion that men work overtime at their own request until an accident occurs, and then shift responsibility upon the management. Railroads insist that they have rules which forbid men to work beyond a reasonable number of hours, except in emergencies, and in the same breath they admit that the freight service is one uninterrupted emergency. They protest that any absolute limitation upon the hours of trainmen would seriously affect the business community by requiring the rearrangement of divisions and terminals, and would interfere with the domestic comfort of their employees by compelling them to change their residences. Then they plead that the financial burden of the necessary shift of terminals and of the required increase of labor force would be beyond their ability to bear.

Such arguments did not prove sufficiently convincing to prevent, at the session of Congress just ended, the passage of the La Follette bill in a somewhat amended form. This measure makes it unlawful, after March 4, 1908, for any trainman employed in interstate commerce to work more than sixteen consecutive hours, or to resume work until he has been off duty for ten hours. It also makes it unlawful for him to work more than sixteen hours in the aggregate during a twenty-four-hour period, without eight hours' rest, even if the working hours are not continuous. Dispatchers and operators in important offices are limited to nine hours per day, and in all other offices to thirteen hours. Exceptions to the act are allowed only in case of unavoidable accidents, or delays due to causes that could not be known when the employee left the terminal and started on his run. While the exception clause leaves a large opportunity for overwork, the act goes as far as Congress ought to go under present conditions in the direction of restrictive legislation. In fact, if the public could rely upon voluntary agreements between railroads and their employees for the solution of the question, results



would doubtless be much more satisfactory, for no hard-and-fast statute can meet the innumerable and varying situations in train operation. This latest example of government interference is probably justified, but even with the statute in effect, the results hoped for can never be secured without the maintenance by operating officers of a rigid system of discipline.

Negligence will explain a very large proportion of railroad accidents, and many of the practices which fall under this designation are so persistent and apparently so ineradicable that they have come to be regarded by many as inherent in our present methods of train handling. Before the introduction of the telegraph, trains in this country were operated, after the first crude beginnings, solely by means of the time-table, and each crew was supposed to take care of its own welfare and the welfare of those in its charge. Great reluctance was shown to the use of Morse's invention, even after its utility had been demonstrated, because it was feared that it would have a tendency to relieve trainmen of responsibility, and to lower the discipline of the service. As late as the seventies, many roads were running trains solely by time-table and guesswork. But the time-interval system, with the aid of telegraphic communication, is now the prevailing practice. In fact, much the greater number of trains are not scheduled at all, but are under the direction solely of the train dispatcher. The task of this individual is serious enough on double-track roads, but on single-track lines, with heavy traffic, the problem is one of extreme intricacy, calling for the exercise of the utmost coolness and vigilance. It is a tribute to his skill and to the efficiency of the rules under which he works, that collisions are comparatively so infrequent. The weakness of the system lies in the fact that the execution of an order requires the perfect coöperation of several individuals. The message must pass from dispatcher

to station operator, and thence to conductor and engineman. If there is a slip anywhere in the course of transmission, the conditions of disaster are present. A glance at the causes of accident in the Commission's bulletins reveals the startling character of this weakness. Again and again we read such explanations as these: dispatcher sends conflicting orders; dispatcher makes mistake in keeping his record; operator fails to deliver order, copies order incorrectly, forgets or fails to deliver order, delivers wrong order; conductor misreads order, fails to deliver order to engineman. This time-interval system further necessitates devices to prevent collision when unforeseen stops occur out of reach of telegraphic communication. For such emergencies, flags, torpedoes, and fuses are used. The accident record tells its tale of improper flagging, miscalculation of distance, and laziness of rear brakemen. But this is not the whole story. When orders have been correctly delivered and correctly understood, we find accidents attributed to uncertainty, neglect to identify trains that are met, mistakes in reading time, miscalculation of speed, running ahead or behind schedule, and "taking chances." Doubtless many accidents would not take place if all railroad systems were double-tracked and trains were no longer compelled to make meeting points. But the very large amount of mileage in regions of light traffic makes such a means of relief impracticable for many years to come. Less than one tenth of the total mileage of the country at present is double-tracked.

It is not surprising, in view of the difficulties of operation under such a system, and the impossibility of obtaining at all times perfect obedience to orders, that there should have been a demand for a scheme of train handling that would eliminate to some extent at least the human factor. England had set us an example by the early adoption of the block system. This system, which was employed there in principle almost from the beginning,



had become practically universal in the British Isles by 1870, and is now required by law.

The system is simplicity itself. It merely substitutes an interval of space for an interval of time. It divides a road into sections of a length varying with the demands of traffic and the exigencies of the system, and in its strict application allows only one train in a section at a time, the movements of trains being controlled by signals placed at each end of the block. It is not within the purpose of this article to discuss the merits of the various forms of block signaling, but a mere statement of the different systems in use may prove helpful. The simplest form is the "telegraph" block, in which the signals are operated manually, and communication between the signal towers at each end of the block is maintained by telegraph or telephone. The "controlled manual" system varies from the "telegraph" block in the fact that signals are locked electrically, so that a signalman cannot clear his signal without the coöperation of the operator at the other end of the block. The "staff" system, used extensively in England, consists of staff instruments placed at either end of the block, containing staffs of metal, and so interlocked that when a staff is removed from one instrument, both instruments are locked until the staff is returned to one of them, the possession of the staff thus giving the engineman right of way in the block. This system is used to advantage on difficult stretches of mountain road, or where trains of several divisions or roads operate for considerable distances over one pair of rails. The "automatic" system dispenses with the signalman, and the signals at either end of the block are connected electrically and operated by the entrance of the train into the section. This automatic system, which has now been perfected until it is considered by experts to be perfectly reliable, has the added advantage that by the automatic setting of signals at danger, it gives notice of defects in roadway, such as broken

rails, or open drawbridges or switches. It is peculiarly an American device, and has been adopted to a slight extent elsewhere. Only with extreme reluctance has the British Board of Trade given consent for its installation. This is to be explained partly by a natural reluctance to abandon a system so long and so successfully used, and partly by the fact that signalmen in England perform many useful services in the inspection of trains outside of their strict duties at the signal tower.

For further safety and efficiency, the block system proper must be accompanied by "interlocking," an arrangement of signals employed at terminals, junctions, crossings, and sidings, so interlocked with the block signals that it is impossible for a signal to show clear when switches and "derails" are improperly set. In this feature of safety appliances, the American roads are deficient. We have not, as has England, developed the two side by side. The unusual expenditure required for initial installation has delayed the fulfillment of a well-recognized duty. But there is universal indorsement by railroad men of the block system in general. It is the opinion of many signal experts that the time is coming when trains will be handled with perfect safety, even on single tracks, without the issuance of a single train order.

The block system has been gradually introduced upon American roads during the last fifteen or twenty years, although it has sometimes required a serious collision to furnish the needed stimulus. Most railroads of any importance now use it on a part of their lines; some use it for a part of the time, when traffic demands; some have introduced the principle, but its application has been defeated by insufficient regulation and control. The Commission's recent report to Congress shows that the aggregate length of line in the United States equipped with block signals in September, 1906, was 48,743 miles, about one fifth of the total



mileage, of which 6827 miles was automatic.

Although comparative statistics are obviously not available, it is generally conceded that under the block system collisions are very much less frequent. The device gives the engineman more definite information of conditions immediately ahead of him, and in limiting the field of his responsibility, decreases the chances of accident. Undoubtedly the cost of installation explains the deliberateness with which the system has been introduced upon American roads; yet it is not at all clear that it would not prove to be a real economic gain, as in the case of automatic couplers and train brakes. Reduction of damage and injury claims would be no small factor. The general manager of an American road recently estimated that during the past year, in the matter of butting collisions alone, the automatic block system on his single-track road had saved the company \$120,000 above the cost of maintenance and betterment of the plant. But of more importance is the fact that the block system makes possible a considerable reduction of the interval of time between trains that safe operation requires, and proportionately increases the efficiency of the line.

The delay in installing the block system in the face of its obvious advantages led the Interstate Commerce Commission three years ago to prepare the draft of a bill on the lines of English legislation, providing for the gradual introduction of the system on American roads. The Commission wisely forbore to prescribe any type of mechanism, but, as in the Safety-Appliance Acts, laid down a policy and left its detailed execution to railroad experts. The bill was a recognition of the fact that, while enlightened selfishness might be relied upon to introduce safeguards as rapidly as practicable on many of the better systems, the authority of law was necessary to stimulate the laggards. It has twice been introduced in the House by Representative Esch of Wisconsin. A

resolution of Congress last June directed the Commission to investigate "the use of and necessity for" block-signal systems, and its report, already referred to, was presented just at the close of the last session. As Congress had its interest newly aroused by the terrible accident last December in the very shadow of the Capitol, some action in the near future seems not improbable.

But the block system, even if universally installed, would not eliminate dependence upon the human element for safety in travel. The accident bulletins give the following causes of accident upon roads equipped with the block system: running past signals, failing to see signals, false clear signal given, misunderstanding by signalman of telegraphic order, lack of caution under permission to proceed with block occupied. The only adequate remedy thus far found for such contingencies is the automatic stop, in successful use in the New York Subway, and on the Boston Elevated, which automatically sets the brakes on a train that passes a danger signal. As this device has never had its utility thoroughly proved in the case of open roads, where the difficulties of installation are numerous, and where ice and snow may interfere with satisfactory operation, it may be set aside at present as impracticable.<sup>1</sup>

We are thrown back then upon the one hope of better discipline and a more highly developed *morale* among employees. How to enforce better discipline among the men is the problem that is trying the souls of many of the best railroad managers; how to compel managers of a less conscientious type to enforce discipline more rigidly is a question that has troubled the mind of many an observer of railroad-operating practice. It is easy to throw the blame for failure of discipline upon the guilty trainman when the acci-

<sup>1</sup> Congress at its last session appropriated \$50,000 to enable the Interstate Commerce Commission to test experimentally the automatic stop.



dent occurs; but who is at fault for the lowered tone of the whole service that makes this particular breach of discipline inevitable? How long will the public continue to regard accidents due to such causes as "unavoidable," and ascribe them with a shrug of the shoulders to the frailty of human nature? Charles Francis Adams as early as 1879 wrote that "the only thing left with some men who are not accessible to argument, or to the teachings of experience, is the gentle stimulant of a criminal prosecution." His suggestion is still pertinent, for we have never yet had the courage to apply the drastic remedy. The extreme difficulty of the problem should not be underestimated. The demands of traffic with developing industry have concentrated attention upon the heavy train-load as the ideal of operating efficiency, and have greatly increased, in ways already suggested, the perplexities of the disciplinary problem. Yet the public has a right to presume that what one railroad can do in this respect is not impossible for another, and to demand that the discipline of all shall be raised to the level of the best. This involves in the first place an attitude on the part of operating officials that will dispel from the minds of trainmen any impression that the management will wink at disobedience to orders, provided only the schedules are adhered to. It means a vigorous reform in the methods of examination of men for positions of danger and responsibility, tests that shall insure more than good eyes, and a working knowledge of a locomotive. It means a longer and more carefully watched apprenticeship, by no means an easy matter when men are so much in demand and tenure is so brief. It means schools of instruction, in which causes of accident and their avoidance shall be studied, and in which men shall be tested constantly on train rules and emergency methods. It means "surprise checking" and instant application of penalties, without a hearing, for failure to meet the tests imposed. It may mean higher wages and more men, and it will probably

mean pensions or other beneficiary systems. Discipline means, in a word, a thorough and continuous system of inspection; yet railroads as a whole, according to B. B. Adams of the *Railroad Gazette*, give to instruction of their trainmen less attention than they do to the inspection of a mechanical appliance such as the air-brake. He says, "From the standpoint of the thoughtful passenger, it must seem utterly ridiculous to constantly watch trainmen to see if their shoes are blacked and their faces shaved, while taking no measures to see whether men charged with the safety of passengers' lives are not daily disobeying some vital rule."

Railroads frequently complain of the effects of trade-unionism on discipline, and of the compulsion which employees' organizations bring to bear to retain inefficient men or to reinstate those who have been discharged for infractions of discipline. This is a question upon which it is impossible to pass final judgment. It would appear, however, that such difficulties are not insurmountable when handled by firm and tactful superintendents. Certain it is that such a pretext cannot and will not long be permitted to stand in the way of a discipline adequate to guard the public safety.

Finally, the traveling public itself has some difficult lessons to learn. Impatience of delay and an insane desire for speed at any price have had not a little influence in leading trainmen and superintendents to take chances.

But one further remedy for the present situation, of a more general character, should be mentioned, a plan which has received wide acceptance from railroad officers and the technical press, and has been recommended by the Commission to Congress in its recent block-signal report. This proposal contemplates the creation of a board for the proper investigation, by federal authority, of accidents upon interstate railroads. Such a system has been recognized in principle in England since 1840, and by formal statute



since 1871. This law compels railroads to give notice to the Railway Department of the Board of Trade of any accident resulting in loss of life or personal injury, or of any accident likely to have had such a result. Four inspectors detailed from the Royal Engineers, with several assistants, constitute the investigating body. The inspector proceeds to the scene of the accident, clothed with power to hold an inquiry, summon any person as a witness, and require the production of any relevant document. This inquiry is purely informal, the purpose being to obtain information, not to inflict penalties. Judicial investigations may be made, but are seldom required. In such cases, a magistrate sits with the inspector as a court, but even then power is limited to investigation. The report of the inspector, which includes the facts in the case, the testimony of witnesses, and his conclusions and recommendations, after submission to the Board of Trade, is sent to the railroad concerned, and to the press, and later published in the form of a parliamentary blue book. The inspectors enjoy a life tenure, and as they are men of recognized ability and high character, their conclusions are almost invariably accepted and acted upon by railroad officials. This system of inspection has worked with unvarying success, and is probably the strongest single influence in creating that degree of immunity from accident which England enjoys.

Investigation of accidents in this country is confined to the state railroad commissions, and to but a part of these. Some of these bodies are clothed with large powers, which they exercise with vigor, and their conclusions have proved valuable, especially in insuring the maintenance of railroad structures in safe condition. But there is no uniformity in the powers of the various commissions, or in the conscientiousness with which these powers are exercised. Investigations vary all the way from rigid inspection to junketing trips once a year over the lines within the state. An exam-

ination of the personnel of the commissions in many states, and the method of their appointment, leads to the conclusion that little is to be hoped for from this kind of accident investigation.

This discussion has now passed in review the various causes of accidents and the practicable remedies. No specific cure has been offered, for none is at hand, and the results to be hoped for from such suggestions as have been made are not particularly encouraging. Yet it is possible to draw a few general conclusions from this somewhat technical study of railroad-operating practice. In the first place, the success of the Safety-Appliance Acts, which is universally admitted, justifies hearty public support of proposals to dispense still further with the human element in train operation by making the installation of block-signal systems compulsory. Experience with couplers and brakes has also proved that the absolute necessity of uniformity in signal practice and in the inspection of signal systems makes it necessary to take the problem of legislation out of the hands of the states and lodge it with the federal government. Finally, it is clear that the plea of expense must not be permitted to interfere with the enactment of such a law, for it is more than probable that the installation of signal systems has sound economic justification.

One conclusion must be evident to any one who has followed this discussion in detail, — that the fundamental weakness of American railroading from the standpoint of safety is the widespread and almost universal lack of discipline. This weakness extends all the way from the directors of a railroad whose sole interest is in the creation of speculative values on Wall Street, and whose gaze is riveted on the ticker-tape, down to the humblest employee who has become infected with the demoralization pervading the entire system. We can get no aid in the solution of this problem from a study of the railroads of other countries. We may strive



to reach England's standard of railroad safety by such means as double-tracking, extending the block system, and abolishing grade crossings, but we can hardly hope to transfer to American soil the temperament of the English railway servant, or the conditions determining the employment of British labor. The question of discipline is an American problem, to be grappled with and solved amid the difficulties and perplexities of American conditions.

But we can adopt entire the British system of accident investigation, a system which the existing situation imperatively demands.

What the country needs is a federal board of inspection, of long, if not of permanent tenure, consisting of men of such wide knowledge and of such undoubted integrity that their conclusions will be accepted without question, and their recommendations adopted by the railroads as a matter of course. The reports of such a board would be of incalculable value in our present perplexity. We should have the facts, gathered by unprejudiced and competent investigators, and no longer be obliged to rely for information upon the scraps that fall from

the table of the railroad official. We should really know whether inexperienced men are being placed in responsible positions, whether employees are being persistently overworked, whether every precaution is being taken to enforce discipline. We should be able to dispel the mystery of the "personal equation." Defects in the block system could be detected and its efficiency increased. The good old explanation of "spreading rails" would disappear forever. The mere publication of reports prepared by a board of experts would act as a powerful tonic on the whole railroad system of the country. Shiftless methods that endanger life and property cannot long persist in the light of a merciless publicity.

Finally, conclusions of such a board would provide indispensable material for such legislation as experience would show to be necessary. It would discourage wholesale law-making, and would lead to the exercise of greater restraint and more sanity in the enactment of measures to guard the public safety. Enduring results in legislation are only to be realized when statutes are based on a broad foundation of accurate and well-digested information.

## THE HELPMATE<sup>1</sup>

BY MAY SINCLAIR

### XVII

GLOOM fell on the house in Prior Street in the weeks that followed Christmas. The very servants went heavily in the shadow of it. Anne began to have her headaches again. Deep lines of worry showed on Majendie's face. And on her couch by the window, looking on the blackened winter garden, Edith fought day after day a losing battle with her spine.

The slow disease that held her captive there seemed to be quickening its pace. In January there came a whole procession of bad nights, without, as she pathetically said, "anything to show for it," for her hands could make nothing now. She lay flatter than ever; each day she seemed to sink deeper into her couch.

Anne, between her headaches, devoted herself to her sister with a kind of passion. Her keenest experience of passion came to her through the emotion

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wakened in her by the sight of Edith's suffering. She told herself that her love for Edith satisfied her heart completely; that she fulfilled herself in it, as she never could have fulfilled herself in any other way. Nothing could degrade or spoil the spiritual beauty of this relation. It served as a standard by which she could better judge her relation to her husband. "I love her more than I ever loved him," she thought. "I cannot help it. If it had been possible to love him as I love her, — but I have lowered myself by loving him. I will raise myself by loving her."

She was never tired of being with Edith, sewing silently by her fireside, or reading aloud to her (for Edith's hands were too tremulous now to hold a book), or sitting close up against her couch, nursing her hands in hers, as if she would have given them her own strength.

And thus her ardor spent and renewed itself, and left her colder than ever to her husband.

At times she mourned, obscurely, the destruction of the new soul that had been given her last year, on her birthday, when she had been born again to her sweet human destiny. At times she had glimpses of the perfect thing it might have been. There was no logical sequence in the events that had destroyed it, the return of Lady Cayley and the spectacle of her triumph. She could not say that her husband had deteriorated in consequence. The change was in herself, and not in him. He was what he always had been; only she seemed to see him more completely now. At times, when the high spiritual life died down in sleep, she slipped from her trouble, and turned, with her arm stretched towards him where he lay. In her dreams he came to her with the low cry she had heard in the wood at Westleydale. And in her dreams she was tender; but her waking thoughts were sad and hard.

Majendie found it more than ever difficult to realize that she had ever shown him kindness, that her arms had opened to him and her pulses beaten with his

own. Her face and body were changing with this change of soul. Her health suffered. Her eyes became dull, her skin dry; her small, reticent mouth had taken on the tragic droop; she was growing austere thin. She had abandoned the pleasing and worldly fashion of her dress, and arrayed herself now in straight-cut, sombre garments, very serviceable in the sick room, but mournfully suggestive, to her husband's fancy, of her renunciation of the will to please.

On her first appearance in this garb he inquired whether she had embraced the religious life.

"I always have embraced it," said she in her ringing voice.

"I believe it's about the only thing you ever wanted to embrace."

"You need not say so," she returned.

"Then why, oh why, do you wear those awful clothes?"

"My clothes are suitable," said she.

"Suitable? My dear girl, they suggest a divorce suit, Majendie versus Majendie, if you like. You're a walking prosecution. Your face, with that expression on it, is a decree nisi with costs. You don't want to be a libel on your husband, do you?"

"How can you say such things?"

"Well, — look in the glass, dear, if you don't believe me."

She looked. The dress was certainly not becoming. She greeted the joyless apparition with her thin, unwilling smile.

He put his arm round her and drew her to him. He loved her dearly, for all her sadness and unsweetness.

"Poor Nancy," he said, "I am a brute. Forgive me."

"I do forgive you."

The words seemed the refrain of her life's sad song.

And as he kissed her he said to himself, "That's all very well; but if I only knew what I'm supposed to have done to her! Her friends must think me a perfect monster."

And, indeed, there was more truth than Majendie was aware of in his extravagant



jest. His wife's face was so eloquent of misery that her friends were not slow in drawing their conclusions. Thurston Square prepared itself to rally round her. Mrs. Elliott was loyal in keeping what she supposed to be Anne's secret, but when she found that the Gardners also understood that young Mrs. Majendie was n't very happy with her husband, discussion became free in Thurston Square, though it went no farther.

"The kindest thing we can do is to give her a refuge sometimes from his dreadful friends," said Mrs. Elliott. "I have to ask her here every time they're there."

Mrs. Gardner declared that she also would ask her gladly. Miss Proctor said that she would ask Mr. Majendie and Mr. Gorst, which would come to the same thing for Anne, but that she would not have Anne without her husband. Miss Proctor could be depended on to take a light view of any situation, a view entirely her own.

So the Gardners, as well as the Elliotts, rallied round Mrs. Majendie, and offered their house also as her refuge. And thus poor Anne, whose ideal was an indestructible loyalty, contrived to build up a most undesirable reputation for her husband in Thurston Square. Of this reputation she now became aware, and it reacted on her own estimate of him. She said to herself, "They don't approve of him. They seem to know something. They are sorry for me." And she was humbled in her pride.

The one who seemed to know most, and to be sorriest of all, was Canon Wharton. She was always meeting him now. It was positively as if he lay in wait for her. His eyes seemed more than ever to have penetrated her secret. They held it safe under the pent-house of his brows. They seemed to be always making allusions to it, while his tongue preserved a delicate reticence. At meeting they said to her, "It does n't matter if I know your secret. Do you suppose it is so evident to everybody? Why, in all this town, there

is no one — no one, dear lady — capable of discovering it but I. It is a spiritual secret." And at parting they said, "When you can bear it no longer you must come to me. Sooner or later you will come to me."

And the weeks went on towards Lent. Anne longed for the time of cleansing, and absolution, and communion; for the peace of the week-day services; and for the sweet, sharp gray light of the young spring at evening, a light that recalled, piercingly, the long Lent of her girlhood, and the passing of its pure and consecrated days.

She had not yet completely forsaken St. Saviour's for All Souls. She loved the gray old church in the market-place. Set in the midst of that sordid scene of chaffering and grime, St. Saviour's perpetuated for her the ancient beauty, and the majesty of her faith. When she desired to forget herself, to sink humbly back into the ages, passive to a superb tradition, she went to St. Saviour's. When she wished to be stirred and strengthened, to realize her spiritual value, to feel the grip of divine forces centring on her, she went to All Souls.

On the Sunday before Lent she was fairly possessed by this ardent personal mood. In obedience to it she attended Matins at the Canon's church.

She had had a scruple about going, for Edith had been worse that morning and more evidently unhappy. She went alone. Majendie had admitted lately that he liked going to St. Saviour's, but he refused to accompany her to All Souls.

She went in a strange, premonitory mood, expectant of some great illumination. It came with the Collect for the day. Anne was deeply moved by the Collect. She prayed inaudibly, with parted lips, thirsting for the sources of her spiritual help. Her light went up with the ascending, sentence by sentence, of the prayer.

"Oh Lord, who hast taught us that all our doings without charity are nothing worth:

"Send Thy Holy Ghost and pour into



our hearts that most excellent gift of charity, the very bond of peace and of all virtues;

"Without whom whatsoever liveth is counted dead before Thee:

"Grant this for thine only Son, Jesus Christ's sake." The ritual rang upon that note. The music of the hymns of charity were part of the light that penetrated her, poignant but tender.

Poignant but tender, too, was the aspect and the mood of the Canon as he ascended the pulpit and looked upon his congregation.

There was a rustling, sliding sound as the congregation turned to listen to their vicar.

"'Though I speak,'" said the Canon, "'with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or as a tinkling cymbal.'"

He gripped his hearers with the stress he laid upon certain words, "angels," and "cymbal." He bade them mark that it was not by hazard that the great prayer for charity was appointed for the Sunday before Lent. "The Church," he said, "has such care for her children that she does nothing by hazard. This call is made to us on the eve of the great battle against the world, the flesh, and the devil. Why? But that those among us who come off victors may have mercy upon those weaker ones who are worsted and fallen in the fight. The life of the spirit has its own unique temptations; and it is against these that we pray to-day. We are all prepared to repent, to use abstinence, to mortify the body with its corrupt affections. Are we prepared to bear the burden of our brother's and our sister's unrepentance? Of their self-indulgence? Of their sin? To follow in all things the Divine Example? We are told that the Saviour of the world was the friend of publicans and sinners. We accept the statement, we have gone on accepting it, year after year, as the statement of a somewhat remote, but well-authenticated historical fact. Have we *yet* realized its significance? Have we pictured, are we

able to picture to ourselves, what company He kept? Among what surroundings his divine figure was actually seen? In what purlieus of degenerate Jerusalem? In what iniquitous splendors? In what orgies of the Gentiles? And who are they to whom He showed most tenderness? Who but the rich young man, the woman taken in adultery, and Mary Magdalen with her seven devils? Which is the divinest of the divine parables? The parable of the prodigal son, who devoured his father's living with harlots!"

The Canon's voice rose and fell, and rose again; thrilling, as his breast heaved with the immense pathos and burden of the world.

Anne had a vision of the Hannays and the Ransomes, and of the prodigal cast out from the house that loved him. And she said to herself for the first time, "Have I done right? Have I done what Christ would have me do?" The light that went up in her was a light by which her deeds looked doubtful. If she had failed in this, in charity? She pondered the problem, while the Canon approached gloriously his peroration.

"Therefore we pray for charity," — the Canon's voice rang tears, — "for charity, oh, dear and tender Lord, lest, having known thy love, we fall, ourselves, into the sins of unpiety and of pride."

Tears came into Anne's eyes. She was overcome, bowed, shaken by the Canon's incomparable pleading. The Canon was shaken by it himself; his voice trembled in the benediction that followed. No one had a clearer vision of the spiritual city. It was his tragedy that he saw it, and could not enter in. Many, remembering that sermon, counted it, long afterwards, to him for righteousness. It had conquered Anne. The tongues of men and of angels, of all spiritual powers, human and divine, spoke to her in that vibrating, indomitable voice.

The problem it had raised remained with her, oppressed, tormented her. What she had done had seemed to her so good.



But if, after all, she had done wrong? If she had failed in charity?

She had come to a turning in her way when she could no longer see for herself, or walk alone. She was prepared to surrender, meekly, her own judgment. She must ask help of the priest whose voice told her that he had suffered, and whose eyes told her that he knew.

She sent a note to All Souls vicarage, requesting an interview, at Canon Wharton's house rather than her own. She did not want Edith or the servants to know that she had been closeted with the Canon. The answer came that night, making an appointment after early evensong on the morrow.

After early evensong, Anne found herself in the Canon's library. He did not keep her waiting, and, as he entered, he held out to her, literally, the hand of help. For the Canon never wasted a gesture. There was no detail of social observance to which he could not give some spiritual significance. This was partly the secret of his power. His face had lost the light that illuminated it in the pulpit, but his eyes gleamed with a lambent triumph. They said, "Sooner or later. But rather sooner than I had expected."

Anne presented her case in a veiled form, as a situation in the abstract. She scrupulously refrained from mentioning any names.

The Canon smiled at her precautions. "We are working in the dark," said he. "I think I can help you a little bit more if you'll allow me to come down to the concrete. You are speaking, I fancy, of our poor friend, Mr. Gorst?"

She looked at him helplessly, startled at his penetration and her own betrayal, but appeased by the pitying adjective which brought Gorst into the regions of pardonable discussion.

"You need n't be afraid," he said. "I had to be certain before I could advise you. I can now tell you with confidence that you are doing right. I — know — the — man."

He uttered the phrase with measured

emphasis, and closed his teeth upon the last words with a snap. It was impossible to convey a stronger effect of moral reprobation. "But I see your difficulty," he continued. "I understand that he is a rather intimate friend of Miss Majendie."

Anne noticed that he deliberately avoided all mention of her husband.

"She has known him for a very long time."

"Ah yes. And it is your affection, your pity, for your sister that makes you hesitate? You do not wish to be hard, and at the same time you wish to do right. Is it not so?"

She murmured her assent. (How well he understood her!)

"Ah, my dear Mrs. Majendie, we have sometimes to be a little hard, in order that we may not be harder. You have thought, perhaps, that you should be tender to this friendship? Now, I am an old man, and I have had a pretty large experience of men and women, and I tell you that such friendships are unwholesome. Un-wholesome. Both for the woman and the man."

"If I thought that —"

"You may think it. Look at the man. What has it done for him? Has it made him any better, any stronger, any purer? Has it made her any happier?"

"I think so. It is all she has —"

"How can you say that, my dear Mrs. Majendie, when she has you?"

"And her brother."

The Canon gave her a keen glance. He seemed to be turning a little extra light on to her secret, to see it the better by. And under that light her mind conceived again a miserable suspicion.

"He knows something," she thought. "What is it that he knows? that they all seem to know?"

She turned the subject back again to her sister-in-law and Mr. Gorst. "She thinks she can save him."

"Her brother?"

It was another turn of the searchlight, but this time the Canon veiled his eyes, as if in mercy. He really knew nothing,



nothing at all; but, as a man of the world, he felt that there was a great deal more than Mr. Gorst and Miss Majendie at the back of this discussion, and he was very curious to know what it might be.

Anne recoiled from the veiled condemnation of his face more than she had from its open intimations. She was not clever enough to see that the clever Canon had simply laid a trap for her.

She was now convinced that there was something that he knew. She lifted her head in loyal defiance of his knowledge. "No," said she proudly, "Mr. Gorst. It was of him I was speaking."

"Ah," said the Canon, as if his mind had come down with difficulty from the contemplation of another and more interesting personality; and again the significance of his manner was not lost upon Anne.

"I do not know Miss Majendie," he went on, still with the air of forcing himself to deal equitably with a subject of minor interest; "but if I am not much mistaken, she is, is she not, a little morbid?"

"She is a hopeless invalid."

"I know she is" (his voice dropped pity). "Poor thing — poor thing — And she thinks that she can save him? Mark me, I put no limit to the saving grace of God, and I would not like to say whom he may not choose as his instrument. But before we presume to act for him, we should be very sure about the choice. Judging by the fruits — the fruits of this friendship —" He paused, as if seeking for a perfect justice — "Yes. That is what we must look at. I imagine that Miss Majendie has been morbid on this subject. Morbid; and, perhaps, a little weak?"

Anne flushed. She was distressed to think she had given such an impression. "Indeed, indeed she is n't. You would n't say that if you knew her."

"I do not know her. But the strongest of us may be sometimes weak. You must be strong for her. And I" — he smiled — "must be strong for you. And I tell

you that you have been — so far — wise and right. As long as this man continues in his evil courses, go on as you are doing. Do not encourage him by admitting him to your house and to your friendship. But" — the Canon stood up, both for the better emphasis of his point, and as a gentle reminder to Mrs. Majendie that his dinner-hour was now approaching — "but let him repent; let him give up his most objectionable companions; let him lead a pure life — and *then* — accept him — welcome him" — the Canon opened his arms, as if he were that moment receiving a repentant sinner — "rejoice over him" — the Canon's face became fairly illuminated — "as — as much as you like."

The peroration was rapid, valedictory, complete. He thrust out his hand, displaying the whole palm of it as a sign of openness, honesty, and good-will.

"God bless you."

The solemn benediction atoned for any little momentary brusquerie.

Anne went away with a conscience wholly satisfied, in an exalted mood, fortified by all the ramparts of the spiritual life.

She was very gentle with Edith that evening. She said to herself that her love must make up to Edie for the loss her conscience had been compelled to inflict. "After all," she said to herself, "it's not as if she had n't me." Measuring her services with those of the disreputable Mr. Gorst, it seemed to her that she was amply making up. She had a hatred of moral indebtedness, as of any other, and she loved to spend. In reckoning the love she had spent so lavishly on Edie, she had not allowed for the amount of forgiveness that Edie had spent on her. Forgiveness is a gift we have to take, whether we will or no, and Anne was blissfully unaware of what she took.

Majendie watched her ministrations curiously. Her tenderness was the subtlest lure to the love in him that still watched and waited for its hour. That night, in the study, he was silent, nervous, and un-



happy. She shrank from the unrest and misery in his eyes. They followed or were fixed on her, rousing in her an obscure resentment and discomfort. She was beginning to be afraid of him. It had come to that.

She left him earlier than usual, and went very miserably to bed. She prayed, to-night, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix. It had become for her the symbol of her life, and of her marriage, which was nothing to her now but a sacrifice, a martyrdom, a vicarious expiation of her husband's sin.

As she lay down, the beating of her pulses told her that she was not to sleep. She longed for sleep, and tried to win it to her by repeating the Psalm which had been her comfort in all times of her depression. "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord which made heaven and earth."

She closed her eyes under the peace of the beloved words. And as she closed them, she felt herself once more in the arms of the green hills, the folding hills of Westleydale.

She shook off the obsession and prayed another prayer. She longed to be alone; but, to her grief, she heard the opening and shutting of a door and her husband's feet moving in the room beyond.

A few blessed moments of solitude were left her during Majendie's undressing. She devoted them to the final expulsion of all lingering illusions. She had long ago lost the illusion of her husband's immaculate goodness; and now she cast off, once for all, the dear and pitiful belief that had revived in her under her brief enchantment in the wood at Westleydale. She told herself that she had married a man who had, not only a lower standard than her own, but an entirely different code of morals, a man irremediably contaminated, destitute of all perception of spiritual values. And she had got to make the best of him, that was all. Not quite all; for she had still to make the best of herself; and the two things

seemed, at moments, incompatible. To guard herself from all contact with the invading evil, to take her stand bravely, to raise high the spiritual ramparts and retire behind them, that was no more than her bare duty to herself and him. She must create a standard for him by keeping herself forever high and pure. He loved her still, in his fashion; he must also respect her, and, in respecting her, respect goodness — the highest goodness — in her.

Accustomed to move in a region of spiritual certainty, Anne was untroubled by any misgiving as to the soundness of her attitude. It was open to no criticism except the despicable wisdom of the world:

Her chief difficulty was poor Majendie's imperishable affection. She tried to protect herself from it to-night by feigning drowsiness. She lay still as a stone, stiff with her fear. Once, at midnight, she felt him stir, and turn, and raise himself on his elbow. She was conscious through all her unhappy being of the adoring tenderness with which he watched her sleep.

At last she slept, and, sleeping, she dreamed a strange dream. She found herself again in Westleydale, walking in green aisles of the holy, mystic, cathedral woods. The tall beech-stems were the pillars of the temple. A still light came through them, guiding her to the beech-tree that she knew. And she saw an angel lying under the beech-tree. It lay on its side, with its wings stretched out so that the right wing covered the left. As she approached, it raised the covering wing, and in the warm hollow of the other she saw that it cradled a little naked child. And at the sight there came a thorn in her breast that pricked her. The child stirred in its sleep, and crawled to the place of the angel's breast, and fondled it with searching lips and hands. Then it wailed, and, as she heard its cry, the thorn pressed sharper into Anne's breast; and the angel's eyes turned to her with an immortal anguish, and pity, and despair.

She looked and saw that its breast was as the breast of the little child. And she was moved to compassion at the helplessness of them both, of the heavenly and of the earthly thing; and she stooped and lifted the child and laid it to her own breast, and nourished it; and had peace from her pain.

### XVIII

It was the first day in Lent. Anne had come down in a state of depression. She was silent during breakfast, and Majendie became absorbed in his morning paper. So much wisdom he had learned. Presently he gave a sudden murmur of interest, and looked up with a smile. "I see," said he, "your friend Mrs. Gardner has got a little son."

"Has she?" said Anne coldly.

The blood flushed in her cheeks, and a sudden pang went through her and rose to her breasts with a pricking pain, such pain as she had felt once in her dream, and only once in her waking life before. She thought of dear little Mrs. Gardner, and tried to look glad. She failed miserably, achieving an expression of more than usual austerity. It was the expression that Majendie had come to associate with Lent. He thought he saw in it the spiritual woman's abhorrence of her natural destiny. And with the provocation of it the devil entered into him.

"Is there anything in poor Mrs. Gardner's conduct to displease you?"

She looked at him in a dull passion of reproach.

"Oh," she said, "how can you be so unkind to me!"

Her breast heaved, her lower lip trembled. She rose suddenly, pressing her handkerchief to her mouth, and left the room. He heard the study door open hastily and shut again. And he said to himself, as with sudden lucid freshness, "What an extraordinary woman my wife is. If I only knew what I'd done."

As she had left her breakfast unfinished, he waited a judicious interval and then went to fetch her back.

He found her standing by the window, holding her hands tight to her heaving sides, trying by main force to control the tempest of her sobs. He approached her gently.

"Go away," she whispered, through loose lips that shook with every word. "Go away. Don't come near me."

"Nancy — what is it?"

She turned from him, and leaned up against the folded window-shutter. Her emotion was the more terrible to him because she was so seldom given to these outbursts. She had seemed to him a woman passionless, and of almost superhuman self-possession. He removed himself to the hearth-rug and waited for five minutes.

"Poor child," he said at last. "Can't you tell me what it is?"

No answer.

He waited another five minutes, thinking hard.

"Was it — was it what I said about Mrs. Gardner?"

He still waited. Then he conceived a happy idea. He would try to make her laugh.

"Just because I said she'd had a little son?"

Her tears fell to answer him.

She gathered herself together with a supreme effort, and steadied her lips to speak. "Please leave me. I came here to be alone."

A light broke in on him, and he left her.

He shut himself up in the dining-room with his light. He had pushed his breakfast aside, too preoccupied to eat it.

"So that's it?" he said to himself. "That's it. Poor Nancy. That's what she's wanted all the time. What a fool I was never to have thought of it."

He breathed with an immense relief. He had solved the enigma of Anne with all her "funnyess." It was not that she had turned against him, nor against her destiny. She had been disappointed of her destiny, that was all. It was enough. She must have been fretting for months, poor child; and, just when she could



bear it no longer, Mrs. Gardner, he supposed, had come as the last straw. No wonder that she had said he was unkind.

And in that hour of his enlightenment a great chastening fell upon Majendie. He told himself that he must be as gentle with her as he knew how; gentler than he had ever yet known how. And his heart smote him as he thought how he had hurt her, how he might hurt her again unknowingly, and how the tenderness of the tenderest male was brutality when applied to these wonderful, pitiful, incomprehensible things that women were. He accepted the misery of the last three months as a fit punishment for his lack of understanding.

His light brought a great longing to him and a great hope. From that moment he watched her anxiously. He had never realized till now, after three months of misery, quite what she meant to him, how sacred and dear she was, and how much he loved her.

The depth of this feeling left him for the most part dumb before her. His former levity forsook him, and Anne wondered at this change in him, and brooded over the possible cause of his serious and unintelligible silences. She attributed them to some deep personal preoccupation of which she was not the object.

Meanwhile her days went on much as before, a serene and dignified procession to the outward eye. She was thankful that she had so established her religion of the household that its services could still continue in their punctual order, after the joy of the spirit had departed from them. The more she felt that she was losing, hour by hour, her love of the house in Prior Street, the more she clung to the observances that held her days together. She had become a pale, sad-eyed, perfunctory priestess of the home. Majendie protested against what he called her base superstition, her wholesale sacrifices to the gods of the hearth. He forbade her to stay so much indoors, or to sit so long in Edith's room.

One afternoon he came home unexpectedly and found her there, doing nothing but watching Edith, who dozed. He touched her gently, and told her to get up and go out for a walk.

"I'm too tired," she whispered.

"Then go upstairs and lie down."

She went; but, instead of lying down, she wandered through the house, restless and unsettled. She was possessed by a terrible sense of isolation. It came over her that this house of which she was the mistress did not in the least belong to her. She had not been consulted or thought of in any of its arrangements. There was no place in it that appealed to her as her own. She went into the little grave old-fashioned drawing-room. It had a beauty she approved of, a dignity that was in keeping with her own traditions, but, except for a few books and photographs that she had placed there herself, there was not a solitary object in it that was hers. It had remained unchanged since the days when it was inhabited, first by her husband's mother, then by his aunt, then by his sister. He had handed it over, just as it stood, to his wife. It was full, the whole house was full, of portraits of the Majendies; Majendies in oils; Majendies in water colors; Majendies in crayons, in miniatures, and silhouettes. She thought of Mrs. Elliott's room in Thurston Square, of the bookcases, the bronzes, the triptych with its saints in glory, and of how Fanny sat enthroned among these things that reflected completely her cultured individuality. Fanny had counted. Her rarity had been appreciated by the best of husbands; her tastes had been studied, consulted, indulged. Anne did not go so far as to say that her own life had been made unhappy for want of a triptych in her drawing-room. The triptych only reminded her of the immense spiritual want through which her marriage had been made void.

As she looked sadly round, it occurred to her that she might find some consolation in arranging the furniture on an entirely different plan. She rang the bell

and sent for Walter. He came, and found her sitting on the high-backed chair whose cover had been worked by his grandmother. He smiled at the uncomfortable figure she presented.

"So that's what you call resting, is it?"

"Walter, — do you mind if I move some of the furniture in this room?"

"Move it? Of course I don't. But why?"

"Because I don't very much like the room as it is."

"Why don't you like it?" (He really wanted to know.)

"Because I don't feel comfortable in it."

"Oh, I'm so sorry, dear. Perhaps — we'd better have some new things."

"I don't want any new things."

"What do you want, then?" His voice was gentleness itself.

"Just to move all the old ones, — to move everything."

She spoke with an almost infantile petulance that appealed to him as pathetic. There was something terrible about Anne when armored in the cold steel of her spirituality, taking her stand upon a lofty principle. But Anne sitting on a high-backed chair, uttering tremulous absurdities, Anne protected by the unconscious humor of her own ill-temper, was adorable. He loved this humanly captious and capricious, childishly unreasonable Anne. And her voice was sweet even in petulance.

"My darling," he said, "you shall turn the whole house upside down if it makes you any happier. But" — he looked round the room in quest of its deficiencies — "what's wrong with it?"

"Nothing's wrong. You don't understand."

"No, I don't." His eye fell upon the corner where the piano once stood that was now in Edith's room.

"There are three things," said he, "that you certainly ought to have. A piano, and a reading-stand, and a comfortable sofa. You shall have them."

She threw back her head and closed

her eyes to shut out the stupidity and the mockery and the misery of that idea.

"I—don't—want"—she spoke slowly; her voice dropped from its high petulant pitch, and rounded to its funeral bell note — "I don't want a piano, nor a reading-stand, nor a sofa. I simply want a place that I can call my own."

"But, bless you, the whole house is your own, if it comes to that, and every mortal thing in it. Everything I've got's yours, except my razors and my braces, and a few little things of that sort that I'm keeping for myself."

She passed her hand over her forehead, as if to brush away the irritating impression of his folly.

"Come," he said, "let's begin. What do you want moved first? And where?"

She indicated a cabinet which she desired to have removed from its place between the windows to a slanting position in the corner. He was delighted to hear her express a preference, still more delighted to be able to gratify it by his own exertions. He took off his coat and waistcoat, turned up his shirt cuffs, and set to work. For an hour he labored under her directions, struggling with pieces of furniture as perverse and obstinate as his wife, but more ultimately amenable.

When it was all over, Anne seated herself on the settee between the windows, and surveyed the scene. Majendie, in a rumpled shirt and with his hair in disorder, stood beside her, and smiled as he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes," he said, "it's all altered. There is n't a blessed thing, not a chair, or a foot-stool, or a candlestick, that is n't in some place where it was n't. And the room does n't look a bit better, and you won't be a bit better pleased with it to-morrow."

He put on his coat and sat down beside her. "See here," said he, "you don't want me really to believe that that's where the trouble is?"

"The trouble?"

"Yes, Nancy, the trouble. Do you



think I'm such a fool that I don't see it? It's been coming on a long time. I know you're not happy. You're not satisfied with things as they are. As they are, you know, there's a sort of incompleteness, something wanting, is n't there?"

She sighed. "It's you who are putting it that way, not I."

"Of course I'm putting it that way. How am I to put it any other way? Let me think now. Well — Of course I know perfectly well that it's not a piano, or a reading-stand, or a sofa that you want, any more than I do. We want the same thing, sweetheart."

She smiled sadly. "Do we? I should have said the trouble is that we don't want the same thing, and never did."

"I don't understand you."

"Nor I you. You think I'm always wanting something. What is it that you think I want?"

"Well — Do you remember Westleydale?"

She drew back. "Westleydale? What has put that into your head?"

He grew desperate under her evasions, and plunged into his theme. "Well — that jolly baby we saw there — in the wood — You looked so happy when you grabbed it, and I thought, perhaps —"

"There's no use talking about that," said she. "I don't like it."

"All right — only — it's still a little soon, you know, is n't it, to give it up?"

"You're quite mistaken," she said coldly. "It is n't that. It never has been. If I want anything, Walter, that you have n't given me, it's something that you cannot give me. I've long ago made up my mind to that."

"But why make up your mind to anything? How do you know I can't give it you — whatever it is — if you won't tell me anything about it? What *do* you want, dear?"

"Ah, my dear, I want nothing, except not to have to feel like this."

"What do you feel like?"

"Like what I am. A stranger in my husband's house."

"And is that my fault?" he asked gently.

"It is not mine. But there it is. I feel sometimes as if I'd never been married to you. That's why you must never talk to me as you did just now."

"Good God, what a thing to say!"

He hid his face in his hands. The pain she had inflicted would have been unbearable, but for the light that was in him. He rose to leave her. But before he left, he took one long scrutinizing look at her. It struck him that she was not, at the moment, entirely responsible for her utterances. And again his light helped him.

"Look here," said he. "I don't think you're feeling very well. This is n't exactly a joyous life for you."

"I want no other," said she.

"You don't know what you want. You're over-strained — frightfully — and you ought to have a long rest and a change. You're too good, you know, to my little sister. I've told you before that I won't allow you to sacrifice yourself to her. I shall get some one to come and stay, and I shall take you down this week to the south coast, or wherever you like to go. It'll do you all the good in the world to get away from this beastly place for a month or two."

"It'll do me no good to get away from poor Edie."

"It will, dearest, it will, really."

"It will not. If you go and take me away from Edie I shall get ill myself."

"You only think so because you're ill already."

"I am not ill." She turned to him her sombre, tragic face. "Walter, — whatever you do, don't ask me to leave Edie, for I can't."

"Why not?" he asked gently.

"Because I love her. And it's — it's the only thing."

"I see," he said; and left her.

He went back to Edith. She smiled at his disarray and inquired the cause of it. He entertained her with an account of his labors.

"How funny you must both have looked," said Edith, "and, oh, how funny the poor drawing-room must feel."

"It does. And if I could have made it feel still funnier, I would. I'm in a state of mind to let her keep ten Barbary apes in my dressing-room, if she wanted to."

"And she's in a state of mind to write a post-card to Whiteley's, ordering ten Barbary apes to be sent by return."

"The fact is," said Majendie gravely, "I don't think she's very well. I shall get her to see Gardner."

"I would, if I were you."

He wrote to Dr. Gardner that night and told Anne what he had done. She was indignant, and expounded his anxiety as one more instance of his failure to understand her nature. But she did not refuse to see the doctor when he called the next morning.

When Majendie came back from the office he found his wife calm, but disposed to a terrifying reticence on the subject of her health. "It's nothing — nothing," she said; and that was all the answer she would give him. In the evening he went round to Thurston Square, to get the truth out of Gardner.

He stayed there an hour, although a very few words sufficed to tell him that his hope had become a certainty. The President of the Philosophic Society had cast off all his vagueness. His wandering eyes steadied themselves to grip Majendie as they had gripped Majendie's wife. To Gardner, Majendie, with his consuming innocence and anxiety was, at the moment, by far the more interesting of the two. The doctor brought all his grave lucidity to bear on Majendie's case, and sent him away unspeakably consoled; giving him a piece of advice to take with him. "If I were you," said he, "I would n't say anything about it until she speaks to you herself. Better not let her know you've consulted me."

In one hour Majendie had learned more about his wife than he had found out in the year he had lived with her; and the doctor had found out more about Ma-

jendie than he had learned in the ten years he had been practicing in Scale.

And upstairs in her drawing-room, little Mrs. Gardner waited impatiently for her husband to come back and finish the very interesting conversation that Majendie had interrupted.

"Who is the fiend," said she, "who's been keeping you all this time? One whole hour he's been."

"The fiend, my dear, is Mr. Majendie." The doctor's face was thoughtful.

"Is he ill?"

"No; but I think he would have been if he had n't come to me. I've been revising my opinion of Majendie to-night. Between you and me, our friend the Canon is a very dangerous old woman. Don't you go and believe those tales he's told you."

"I don't believe the tales," said Mrs. Gardner, "but I can't help believing poor Mrs. Majendie's face. *That* tells a tale, if you like."

"Poor Mrs. Majendie's face is a face of poor Mrs. Majendie's own making, I'm inclined to think."

"I don't think Mrs. Majendie would make faces. I'm sure she is n't happy."

"Are you? Well then, if you're fond of her, I think you'd better try and see a little more of her, Rosy. You can help her a good deal better than I can now."

Professional honor forbade him to say more than that. He passed to a more absorbing topic.

"I must say I can't see the force of this fellow's reasoning. What's that?"

"I thought I heard baby crying."

"You did n't. It was the cat. You must learn the difference, my dear. Don't you see that these pragmatists are putting the cart before the horse? Conduct is one of the things to be explained. How can you take it, then, as the ground of the explanation?"

"I don't," said Mrs. Gardner.

"But you do," said Dr. Gardner. It was in such bickerings that they lived and moved and had their happy being. Each



was the possessor of a strenuous soul, made harmless by its extreme simplicity. They were united by their love of argument, divided only by their adoration of each other. They now plunged with joy into the heart of a vast metaphysical contention; and Majendie, his conduct and the explanation of it, were forgotten, until another cry was heard, and, this time, Mrs. Gardner fled.

She came back full of reproach. "Oh Philip, to think that you can't recognize the voice of your little son!"

Dr. Gardner looked guilty. "I really thought," said he, "it was the cat." He hated these interruptions.

He looked for Mrs. Gardner to take up the thread of the delicious argument where she had dropped it; but something had reminded Mrs. Gardner that she must write a note to Mrs. Majendie. She sat down and wrote it at once while she remembered. She could think of nothing to say but, "When will you come and take tea with me, and see my little son?"

Anne came that week, and saw the little son, and rejoiced over him. She kept on coming to see him. She always had been fond of Mrs. Gardner; now she was growing fonder of her than ever. In her happy presence she felt wonderfully at peace. There had been a time when the spectacle of Mrs. Gardner's happiness would have given her sharp pangs of jealousy; but that time was over now for Anne. She liked to sit and look at her and watch the happiness flowering in Mrs. Gardner's face. She thought Mrs. Gardner's face was more beautiful than any woman's she had ever seen, except Edie's. Edie's face was perfect; but Mrs. Gardner's was a simple oval that sacrificed perfection in the tender amplitude of her chin. There were no lines on it; for Mrs. Gardner was never worried, nor excited, nor perplexed. How could she be worried when Dr. Gardner was well and happy? Or excited, when, having Dr. Gardner, there was nothing left to be excited about? Or perplexed,

when Dr. Gardner held the solution of all problems in his mighty brain?

Mrs. Gardner's bridal aspect had not disappeared with the advent of her motherhood. She was not more wrapped up in the baby than she was in Dr. Gardner and his metaphysics. She even admitted to Anne that the baby had been something of a disappointment. Anne was sitting in the nursery with her when Mrs. Gardner ventured on this confidence.

"You know I'd rather have had a little daughter."

Anne confessed that her own yearning was for a little son.

"Oh," said Mrs. Gardner, "I would n't have him different now. He's going to have as happy a life as ever I can give him. I've got so much to make up for."

"To make up for?" Anne wondered what little Mrs. Gardner could possibly have to make up for.

"Well, you see, it's a shocking confession to make; but I did n't care for him at all before he came. I did n't want him. I did n't want anybody but Philip, and Philip did n't want anybody but me. Are you horrified?"

"I think I am," said Anne. She had difficulty in believing that dear little Mrs. Gardner could ever have taken this abnormal, this monstrous attitude.

"You see, our life was so perfect as it was. And we have so little time to be together, because of his tiresome patients. I grudged every minute taken from him. And, when I knew that this little creature was coming, I sat down and cried with rage. I felt that he was going to spoil everything, and keep me from Philip. I had n't a scrap of tenderness for him, poor little darling."

"Oh," said Anne.

"I had n't really. I was quite happy with my husband." She paused, feeling that the ground under her was perilous. "I don't know why I'm telling you all this, dear Mrs. Majendie. I've never told another soul. But I thought, perhaps, you ought to know."

"Why," Anne wondered, "does she think I ought to know?"

"You see," Mrs. Gardner went on, "I thought I could n't be any happier than I was. But I am; ten times happier. And I did n't think I *could* love my husband more than I did. But I do; ten times more, and quite differently. Just because of this tiny, crying thing, without an idea in his little soft head. I've learned things I never should have learned without him. He takes up all my time, and keeps me from enjoying Philip; and yet I know now that I never was really married till he came."

Mrs. Gardner looked up at Anne with shy, beautiful eyes that begged forgiveness if she had said too much. And Anne realized that it was for her that the little bride had been singing that hymn of hope, for her that she had been laying out the sacred treasures of her mysteriously wedded heart.

In the same spirit Mrs. Gardner now laid out her fine store of clothing for the little son. And Anne's heart grew soft over the many little vests, and the jackets, and the diminutive short-waisted gowns.

She was busy with a pile of such things one evening up in her bedroom when Majendie came in. The bed was strewn with the absurd garments, and Anne sat beside it, sorting them, and smiling to herself that small, pure, shy smile of hers. Her soft face drew him to her. He thought it was his hour. He took up one of the little vests and spanned it with his hand. "I'm so glad," he said. "Why did n't you tell me?"

She shook her head.

"Nancy —"

"I can't talk about it."

"Not to me?"

"No," she said. "Not to you."

"I should have thought —"

Her face hardened. "I can't. Please understand that, Walter. I don't think I ever can, now. You've made everything so that I can't bear it."

She took the little vest from him, and laid it with the rest.

And as he left her his hope grew cold. Her motherhood was only another sanctuary from which she shut him out. There was something so humiliating in his pain that he would have hidden it even from Edith. But Edith was too clever for him.

"Has she said anything to you about it?" he asked.

"Yes. Has she not to you?"

"Not yet. She won't let me speak about it. She's funnier than ever. She treats me as if I were some obscene monster just crawling up out of the primeval slime."

"Poor Wallie!"

"Well, but it's pretty serious. Do you think she's going to keep it up for all eternity?"

"No, I don't, dear. I don't think she'll keep it up at all."

"I'm not so sure. I'm tired out with it. I give her up."

"No, you don't, dear, any more than I do."

"But what can I do? Is it, honestly, Edie, is it in any way my fault?"

"Well — I think, perhaps, if you'd approached her in another spirit at the first. She told me that what shocked her more than anything that night at Scarby, was, darling, your appalling flippancy. You know, if you'd taken that tone when you first spoke to me about it, I think it would have killed me. And she's your wife, not your sister. It's worse for her. Think of the shock it must have been to her."

"Think of the shock it was to me. She sprang the whole thing on me at four o'clock in the morning, — before I was awake. What could I do? Besides, she got over all that in the summer. And now she goes back to it worse than ever, though I have n't done anything in between."

"It was all brought back to her in the autumn, remember."

"Granted that, it's inconceivable how she can keep it up. It is n't as if she was a hard woman."



"No. She's softer than any woman I know, in some ways. But she happens to be made so that that is the one thing she finds it hardest to forgive. Besides, think of her health."

"I wonder if that really accounts for it."

"I think it may."

"I don't know. It began before, and I'm afraid it's come to stay."

"What has come to stay?"

"The dislike she's taken to me."

"I don't believe in her dislike. Give her time."

"Oh, the time I have given her! A year and more."

"What's a year? Wait," said Edith. "Wait."

He waited; and as the months went on, Anne schooled herself, for her child's sake, into strength and calm. Her white brooding face grew full and tender; but its tenderness was not for him. He remained shut out from the sanctuary where she sat nursing her dream.

He suffered indescribably; but he told himself that Anne had merely taken one of those queer morbid aversions of which Gardner had told him. And at the birth of their child he looked for it to pass.

The child was born in mid-October. Majendie had sat up all night; and very early in the morning he was sent for to her room. He came, stealing in on tip-toe, dumb, with his head bowed in terror and a certain awe.

He found Anne lying in the big bed under the crucifix. Her face was dull and white, and her arms were stretched out by her sides in utter exhaustion. When he bent over her she closed her eyes; but her lips moved as if she were trying to speak to him. He felt her breath upon his face, but he could hear no words.

"What is it?" he whispered to the nurse who stood beside him. She held in one arm the new-born child, hooded and folded in a piece of flannel.

The nurse touched him on the shoulder. "She's trying to tell you to look at your little daughter, sir."

He turned and saw something—something queer and red between two folds of flannel, something that stirred and drew itself into puckers, and gave forth a cry.

And as he touched the child, his strength melted in him, as it had melted when he laid his hands for the first time upon its mother.

## XIX

After the birth of her child, Anne was restored to her normal poise and self-possession. She appeared the robust, superb creature she had once been. The serenity of her bearing proclaimed that in her motherhood her nature was fulfilled. She had given herself up to the child from the first moment that she held it to her breast. She had found again her tenderness, her gladness, and her peace.

Majendie had waited for this. He believed that if the child made her so happy, she could hardly continue to cherish an aversion from its father.

In the months that followed he witnessed the slow destruction of this hope. The very fact that Anne had become "normal" made its end more certain. There were no longer any affecting moods, any divine caprices, for him to look to, nor was there much likelihood of a profounder change. Such as his wife was now, she always would be.

She had settled down.

And he had accepted the situation.

He had had his illusions. He loved the child. It was white, and weak, and sickly, as if it drew a secret bitterness from its mother's milk. It kept Anne awake at night with its crying. Once Majendie got up, and came to her, and took it from her, and it was suddenly pacified, and fell asleep in his arms. He had risen many nights after that to quiet it. It had seemed to him then that something passed between them with the small tender body his arms took from her, and gave to her again. But he had abandoned that illusion now. And when he saw her with the child he said to himself, "I see. She has



got all she wanted. She has no further use for me."

Thus the child that should have united separated them. Anne took from him whatever small comfort it might have given him. She was disposed to ignore those paternal passages in the night-watches, and to combat the idea of his devotion to the child. That situation he had accepted, too.

But Anne, in appearing to accept everything, accepted nothing. She was conscious of a mute rebellion, even of a certain disloyalty of the imagination. She disapproved of Majendie more than ever. She guarded her own purity now as her child's inheritance, and her motherhood strengthened her spiritual revolt. Her mind turned sometimes to the ideal father of her child, evoking visions of the Minor Canon whom her soul had loved. Lent brought the image of the Minor Canon nearer to her, and toward his perfections she turned the tender face of her dreams, while she presented to her husband the stern face of duty.

She had never swerved from that. There was no reason why she should close her door to him, since the material bond was torture to her, and the ramparts of the spiritual life rose high. Her marriage was more than ever a martyrdom and a sacrifice, redemptive, propitiatory of powers she abhorred and but dimly understood.

Majendie was aware that she had now no attitude to him but one of apathy touched by repugnance. He accepted the apathy, but the repugnance he could not accept. The very tenderness and fineness of his nature held him back from that, and Anne found once more her refuge in his chivalry. She made no attempt to reconcile it with her estimate of him.

By the time the child was a year old their separation was complete.

As yet their good taste shrank from any acknowledgment of the rupture. Majendie did his best to cover it by a certain fineness of transition, and by a high smooth courtesy punctiliously applied.

Anne responded on the same pure note; for, tried by courtesy, her breeding rang golden to the test.

She was not a woman (as Majendie had reflected several times already) to trail an untidy tragedy through the house; she had never desired to play a passionate part; and she was glad to exchange tragedy for the decent drama of convention. She was helped both by her weakness and her strength. Her soul was satisfied with its secret communion with the Unseen; her heart was filled with its profound affection for her child; her mind was appeased by appearances, and she had no doubt as to her ability to keep them up.

It was Majendie who felt the strain. His mind had an undying contempt for appearances; his heart and soul had looked to one woman for satisfaction, and could not be appeased with anything but her. Among all the things he had accepted, he accepted most of all the fact that she was perfect. Too perfect to be the helpmate of his imperfection. Always to do without her, always to be tortured by the fairness of her presence and the sweetness of her voice; always to sit up late and rise up early, in order to get away from the thought of them; to come down and find her fairness and sweetness smiling politely at him over the teapot; to hunt in the morning paper for news to interest her; to mix with business men all day, and talk business, and to return at five o'clock and find her, punctual and perfect, smiling in her duty, over another teapot; to rack his brains for something to talk about to her; not to be allowed to mention his own friends, but to have to feign indestructible interest in the Eliotts and the Gardners; to dine with inspiration drawn again from the paper; and then perhaps to be read aloud to all evening, till it was time to go to bed again. That was how his days went on. He shuddered at the years that were in store for him. The child and Edie were his only accessible sources of consolation. But Edie was



dying by inches; and he had to suppress his affection for the child as well as his passion for the mother.

For that was the thorn in Anne's side now. The child was happy with her only when Majendie was not there. The moment he came into the room she would struggle from her mother's lap, and crawl frantically to his feet. Her tiny face curled in its white, angelic smile as soon as he lifted her in his arms. Little Peggy had an adorable way of turning her back on her mother and tucking her face away under Majendie's chin. When she was cross or ailing she cried for Majendie, and declined to take food or medicine from any one but him.

He was sitting one day in the nursery with the little year-old thing on his knees, feeding her deftly from a cup of warm milk that she had pushed away when presented by her mother. The nurse and Nanna looked kindly on the spectacle of Majendie's success, while his wife watched him steadily without a word. The nurse, presuming on her privileges, made an injudicious remark.

"She won't do anything for anybody but her daddy. I never saw such a funny little girl."

"I never saw such a shocking little flirt," said Majendie; "she takes after her mother."

"She's the living image of you, m'm," said Nanna, conscious of the other's blunder.

"I wish she had my strength," said Anne, in a voice fine and trenchant as a sword.

Nanna and the nurse retired discreetly.

The parents looked at each other over the frail body of the little girl. Majendie's face had flushed under his wife's blow. He knew she was thinking of Edith and her fate. The same malady had appeared in more than one member of his family, as Anne was well aware. (Her own strain was pure.) Instinctively he put his hand to the child's spine. Little Peggy sat up straight and strong enough. And another thought passed through him. His eyes

conveyed it to Anne as plainly as if he had said, "I don't know about her mother's strength. She's the child of her mother's coldness."

He set the child down on Anne's lap, told her to be good there, and left them.

Anne saw she had hurt him, and was visited with an unfamiliar pang of self-reproach. She was very nice to him all that evening. And out of his own pain a kinder thought came to him. He had been the cause of great unhappiness to Anne. There might be a sense in which the child was suffering from her mother's martyrdom. He persuaded himself that the least he could do was to leave Anne in supreme possession of her.

## XX

What with anxiety about his daughter and his sister, and a hopeless attachment to his wife, Majendie's misery became so acute that it told upon his health. His friends, Gorst, and the Hannays, noticed the change and spent themselves in persistent efforts to cheer him. And, at times when his need of distraction became imperious, he declined from Anne's lofty domesticities upon the Hannays. He liked to go over in the evening, and sit with Mrs. Hannay and talk about his child. Mrs. Hannay was never tired of listening. The subject drew her out remarkably, so that Mrs. Hannay, always soft and kind, showed at her very softest and kindest. To talk to her was like resting an aching head upon the down cushion to which it was impossible not to compare her. It was the Hannays' bitter misfortune that they had no children; but this frustration had left their hearts more hospitably open to their friends.

Mrs. Hannay called in Prior Street, at stated intervals, to see Edith and the baby. On these occasions Anne, if taken unaware by Mrs. Hannay, was always perfect and polite, but when she knew that Mrs. Hannay was coming, she contrived adroitly to be out. Her attitude

to the Hannays was one of the things she undoubtedly meant to keep up. The natural result was that Majendie was driven to an increasing friendliness, by way of making up for the slights the poor things had to endure from his wife. He was always meaning to remonstrate with Anne, and always putting off the uncomfortable moment. The subject was so mixed with painful matters that he shrank from handling it. But, with the New Year following Peggy's first birthday, circumstances forced him to take, once for all, a firm stand. Certain entanglements in the affairs of Mr. Gorst had called for his intervention. There had been important developments in his business; Majendie was about to enter into partnership with Mr. Hannay. And Anne had given him an opportunity for protest by expressing her unqualified disapprobation of Mrs. Hannay. Mrs. Hannay had offended grossly; she had passed the limits; having no instincts, Anne maintained, to tell her where to stop. Mrs. Hannay had a passion for Peggy which she was wholly unable to conceal. Moved by a tender impulse of vicarious motherhood, she had sent her at Christmas the present of a little coat. Anne had acknowledged the gift in a note so frigid that it cut Mrs. Hannay to the heart. She had wept over it, and had been found weeping by her husband, who mentioned the incident to Majendie.

It was more than Majendie could bear; and that night, in the drawing-room (Anne had left off sitting in the study; she said it smelt of smoke) he entered on an explanation, full, brief, and clear.

"I must ask you," he said, "to behave a little better to poor Mrs. Hannay. You've never known her anything but kind, and sweet, and forgiving; and your treatment of her has been simply barbarous."

"Indeed?"

"I think so. There are reasons why you will have to ask the Hannays to dinner next week, and reasons why you will have to be nice to them."

"What reasons?"

"One's enough. I'm going into partnership with Lawson Hannay."

She stared. The announcement was a blow to her.

"Is that a reason why I should make a friend of Mrs. Hannay?"

"It is a reason why you should be civil to her. You will send an invitation to Gorst at the same time."

She winced. "That I cannot do."

"You can, dear, and you will. Gorst's in a pretty bad way. I knew he would be. He's got entangled now with some wretched girl, and I've got to disentangle him. The only way to do it is to get him to come here again."

"And I am to write to him?" Her tone proclaimed the idea preposterous.

"It will come best from you, as it's you who have kept him out of the house. You must, please, put your own feelings aside, and simply do what I tell you."

He rose and went to the writing-place, and prepared a place for her there.

Anne said nothing. She was considering how far it was possible to oppose him. It had always been his way to yield greatly in little things; to drift and let things drift till he created an illusory impression of his weakness. Then when "things" had gone too far, he would rise, as he had risen now, and take his stand with a strength the more formidable because it came as a complete surprise.

"Come," said he, "it's got to be done, and you may as well do it at once and get it over."

She gave one glance at him, as if she measured his will against hers. Then she obeyed.

She handed the notes to him in silence.

"That's all right," said he, laying down her note to Gorst. "And this could n't be better. I'm glad you've written so charmingly to Mrs. Hannay."

"I'm sorry that I ever seemed ungracious to her, Walter. But the other I wrote under compulsion, as you know."

"I don't care how you did it, my dear, so long as it's done." He slipped the note to Mrs. Hannay into his pocket.



"Where are you going?" she asked anxiously.

"I'm going to take this myself to Mrs. Hannay."

"What are you going to say to her?"

"The first thing that comes into my head."

She called him back as he was going. "Walter — have you paid Mr. Hannay that money you owed him?"

He stood still, astonished at her knowledge, and inclined for one moment to dispute her right to question him.

"I have," he said sternly. "I paid it yesterday."

She breathed freely.

Majendie found Mrs. Hannay by her fireside, alone but cheerful. She gave him a little anxious look as she took his hand. "Wallie," said she, "you're depressed. What is it?"

He owned to the charge, but declined to give an account of himself.

She settled him comfortably among her cushions; she told him to light his pipe; and while he smoked she poured out consolation as she best knew how. She drew him on to talk of Peggy.

"That child's going to be a comfort to you, Wallie. See if she is n't. I wanted you to have a little son, because I thought he'd be more of a companion. But I'm glad now it's been a little daughter."

"So am I. Anne would have fidgeted frightfully about a son. But Peggy'll be a help to her."

"And what helps her will help you, my dear; mind that."

"Oh, rather," he said vaguely. "The worst of it is she is n't very strong. Peggy, I mean."

"Oh, rubbish," said Mrs. Hannay. "I was a peeky, piny baby, and look at me now!"

He looked at her and laughed.

"Sarah's coming in this evening," said she. "I hope you won't mind."

"Why should I?"

"Why, indeed? Nobody need mind poor Sarah now. I don't know what's happened. She went abroad last year,

and came back quite chastened. I suppose you know it's all come to nothing?"

"What has?"

"Her marriage."

"Oh, her marriage. Has she told *you* about it?"

"My dear, she's told everybody about it. He was an angel; and he's been going to marry her for the last four years. I say, Wallie, do you think he really was?"

"Do I think he really was an angel? Or do I think he really was going to marry her?"

"If he *was*, you know, perhaps he would n't."

"Oh, no, if he was, he would; because he would n't know what he was in for. Anyhow the angel has flown, has he? I fancy some rumors of the past must have troubled his bright essence."

Mrs. Hannay suppressed her own opinion, which was that the angel, wings and all, was merely a stage property in the comedy of respectability that poor Sarah had been playing in so long. He was one of many brilliant and entertaining fictions which had helped to restore her to her place in society. "And you really," she repeated, "don't mind meeting her?"

"I don't think I mind anything very much now."

The entrance of the lady showed him how very little there really was to mind. Lady Cayley had (as her looking-glass informed her) both gone off and come on quite remarkably in the last three years. Her face presented a paler, softer, larger surface to the eye. Her own eye had gained in meaning and her mouth in sensuous charm; while her figure had acquired a quality to which she herself gave the name of "presence." Other women of forty might go about looking like incarnate elegies on their dead youth; Lady Cayley's "presence" was as some great ode, celebrating the triumph of maturity.

She took the place Mrs. Hannay had vacated, settling down by Majendie among the cushions. "How delightfully

unexpected," she murmured, "to meet you here."

She ignored the occasion of their last meeting, just as she had then ignored the circumstance of their last parting. Lady Cayley owed her success to her immense capacity for ignoring. In her way she lived the glorious life of fantasy, lapped in the freshest and most beautiful illusions. Not but what she saw through every one of them, her own and other people's; for Lady Cayley's intelligence was marvelously subtle and astute. But the fierce will by which she accomplished her desires urged her intelligence to reject and to destroy whatever consideration was hostile to the illusion. It was thus that she had achieved respectability.

But respectability accomplished had lost all the charm of its young appeal to the imagination; and it was not agreeing very well with Lady Cayley just at present. The sight of Majendie revived in her memories of the happy past.

"Mr. Majendie, why have I not met you here before?"

Some instinct told her that if she wished him to approve of her, she must approach him with respect. He had grown terribly unapproachable with time.

He smiled in spite of himself. "We did meet, more than three years ago."

"I remember." Lady Cayley's face shone with the illumination of her memory. "So we did. Just after you were married?"

She paused discreetly. "You have n't brought Mrs. Majendie with you?"

"N-no — er — she is n't very well. She does n't go out much at night."

"Indeed? I *did* hear, did n't I? that you had a little —" She paused, if anything, more discreetly than before.

"A little girl. Yes. That history is a year old now."

"Wallie!" cried Mrs. Hannay, "it's a year and three months. And a darling she is, too."

"I'm sure she is," said Sarah, in the softest voice imaginable. There was an-

other pause, the discreetest of them all. "Is she like Mr. Majendie?"

"No, she's like her mother." Mrs. Hannay was instantly transported with the blessed vision of Peggy. "She's got blue, blue eyes, Sarah; and the dearest little goldy ducks' tails, curling over the nape of her neck."

Majendie's sad face brightened under praise of Peggy.

"Sweet," murmured Sarah. "I love them when they're like that." She saw how she would flatter him. If he loved to talk about the baby, *she* could talk about babies till all was blue. They talked for more than half an hour. It was the prettiest, most innocent conversation in which Sarah had ever taken part.

When Majendie had left (he seldom kept it up later than ten o'clock) she turned to Mrs. Hannay.

"What's the matter with him?" said she. "He looks awful."

"He's married the wrong woman, my dear. That's what's the matter with him."

"I knew he would! He was born to do it."

"Thank goodness," said Mrs. Hannay, "he's got the child."

"Oh — the child."

She intimated by a shrug how much she thought of that consolation.

## XXI

The new firm of Hannay and Majendie promised to do well. Hannay had a genius for business, and Majendie was carried along by the inspiration of his senior partner. Hannay was the soul of the firm and Majendie its brain. He was, Hannay maintained, an ideal partner, the indefatigable master of commercial detail.

The fourth year of his marriage found Majendie supremely miserable at home, and established, in his office, before a fair, wide prospect of financial prosperity. The office had become his home. He worked there early and late, with a dumb,



indomitable industry. For the first time in his life Majendie was beginning to take an interest in his business. Disappointed in the only form of happiness that appealed to him, he applied himself gravely and steadily to shipping, finding some personal satisfaction in the thought that Anne and Peggy would benefit by this devotion. There was Peggy's education to be thought of. When she was older they would travel. There would be greater material comfort and a wider life for Anne. He himself counted for little in his schemes. At thirty-five he found himself, with all his flames extinguished, settling down into the dull habits and the sober thoughts of middle age.

To the mind of Gorst, the spectacle of Majendie in his office was, as he informed him, too sad for words. To Majendie's mind nothing could well be sadder than the private affairs of Gorst, to which he was frequently required to give his best attention.

The prodigal had been at last admitted to Prior Street on a footing of his own. He blossomed out in perpetual previous engagements whenever he was asked to dine; but he had made a bargain with Majendie by which he claimed unlimited opportunity for seeing Edie as the price of his promise to reform. This time Majendie was obliged to intimate to him that his reform must be regarded as the price of his admission.

For, this time, in the long year of his exile, the prodigal's prodigality had exceeded the measure of all former years. And, to his intense surprise, he found that Majendie drew the line somewhere. In consequence of this, and of the "entanglement" to which Majendie had once referred, the aspect of Gorst's affairs was peculiarly dark and threatening.

In the spring of the year they gathered to their climax. One afternoon Gorst appeared in Majendie's office, sat down with a stricken air, and appealed to his friend to help him out.

"I thought you *were* out," said Majendie.

"So I am. It's because I'm so well out that I'm in for it. Evans's have turned her off. She's down on her luck — and — well — you see, *now* she wants me to marry her."

"I see. Well —"

"Well, of course I can't. Maggie's a dear little thing, but — you see — I'm not the first."

"You're sure of that?"

"Certain. She confessed, poor girl. Besides, I knew it. I'm not a brute. I'd marry her if I'd been the first and only one. I'd marry her if I were sure I'd be the last. I'd marry her, as it is, if I cared enough for her. Always provided I could keep her. But you know —"

"You don't care, and you can't keep her. What are you going to do for her?"

Gorst in his anguish glared at Majendie.

"I can't do anything. That's the damndest part of it. I'm simply cleaned out, till I get a berth somewhere."

Majendie looked grave. This time the prodigal had devoured his living. "You're going to leave her there, then. Is that it?"

"No, it is n't. There's another fellow who'd marry her, if she'd have him, but she won't. That's it."

"Because she's fond of you, I suppose?"

"Oh, I don't know about being fond," said Gorst sulkily. "She'd be fond of anybody."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"I'd be awfully glad if you'd go and see her."

"See her?"

"Yes, and explain the situation. I can't. She won't let me. She goes mad when I try. She keeps on worrying at it from morning to night. When I don't go, she writes. And it knocks me all to pieces."

"If she's that sort, what good do you think I'll do by seeing her?"

"Oh, she'll listen to reason from any one but me. And there are things you can say to her that I can't. I say, will you?"

"I will if you like. But I don't suppose it will do one atom of good. It never does, you know. Where does the woman live?"

He took down the address on the visiting-card that Gorst gave him.

Between six and seven that evening he presented himself at one of many tiny, two-storied, red brick and stucco houses that stood in a long flat street, each with a narrow mat of grass laid down before its bay window. It was the new quarter of the respectable milliners and clerks; and Majendie judged that the prodigal had taken some pains to lodge his Maggie with decent people. He reasoned farther that such an arrangement could only be possible, given the complete rupture of their relations.

A clean, kindly woman opened the door. She admitted, with some show of hesitation, that Miss Forrest was at home, and led him to a sitting-room on the upper floor. As he followed her he heard a door open; a dress rustled on the landing, and another door opened and shut again.

Maggie was not in the room as Majendie entered. From signs of recent occupation he gathered that she had risen up and fled at his approach.

The woman went into the adjoining room and returned, politely embarrassed. "Miss Forrest is very sorry, sir, but she can't see anybody."

He wrote his name on Gorst's card, and sent her back with it.

Then Maggie came to him.

He remembered long afterwards the manner of her coming; how he heard her blow her poor nose outside the door before she entered; how she stood on the threshold and looked at him, and made him a stiff little bow; how she approached shyly and slowly, with her arms hanging awkwardly at her sides, and her eyes fixed on him in terror, as if she were drawn to him against her will; how she held Gorst's card tight in her poor little hand; how her eyes had foreknowledge of his errand and besought him to spare her; and how in her awkwardness she yet preserved her inimitable grace.

He could hardly believe that this was the girl he had once seen in Evans's shop, when he was buying flowers for Anne. The girl in Evans's shop was only a pretty girl. Maggie, at five and twenty, living under Gorst's "protection," and attired according to his taste, was almost (but not quite) a pretty lady. Maggie was neither inhumanly tall, nor inhumanly slender; she was simply and supremely feminine. She was dressed delicately in black, a choice which made brilliant the beauty of her coloring. Her hair was abundant, fawn-dark, laced with gold. Her face was a full short oval. Its whiteness was the tinged whiteness of pure cream, with a rose in it that flamed, under Maggie's swift emotions, to a sudden red. She had soft gray eyes dappled with a tawny green. Her little high-arched nose was sensitive to the constant play of her upper lip; and that lip was so short that it could n't always cover the tips of her little white teeth. Majendie judged that Maggie's mouth was the prettiest feature in her face, and there was something about it that reminded him, preposterously, of Anne. The likeness bothered him, till he discovered that it lay in that trick of the lifted lip. But the small charm that was so brief and divine an accident in Anne was perpetual in Maggie. He thought he should get tired of it in time.

Maggie had been crying. Her sobs had left her lips still parted; her eyelids were swollen; there were little ashen shades and rosy flecks all over her pretty face. Her diminutive muslin handkerchief was limp with her tears. As he looked at her he realized that he had a painful and disgusting task before him, and that there would be no intelligence in the girl to help him out.

He bade her sit down; for poor Maggie stood before him humbly. He told her briefly that his friend, Mr. Gorst, had asked him to explain things to her; and he was beginning to explain them, very gently, when Maggie cut him short.

"It's not that I want to be married,"



she said sadly. "Mr. Mumford would marry me."

"Well — then —" he suggested; but Maggie shook her head. "Is n't he nice to you, Mr. Mumford?"

"He's nice enough. But I can't marry 'im. I won't. I don't love him. I can't — Mr. Majendie — because of Charlie."

She looked at him as if she thought he would compel her to marry Mr. Mumford.

"Oh, dear —" said Maggie, surprised at herself, as she began to cry again.

She pressed the little muslin handkerchief to her eyes; not making a show of her grief, but furtive, rather, and ashamed.

And Majendie took in all the pitifulness of her sweet, predestined nature. Pretty Maggie could never have been led astray; she had gone out, fervent and swift, dream-drunk, to meet her destiny. She was a creature of ardors, of tenderness, and of some perverse instinct that it would be crude to call depravity. Where her heart led, her flesh, he judged, had followed; that was all. Her brain had been passive in her sad affairs. Maggie had never schemed, or calculated, or deliberated. She had only felt.

"See here," he said. "Charlie *can't* marry you. He can't marry anybody."

"Why not?"

"Well, for one thing, he's too poor."

"I know he's poor."

"And you would n't be happy if he did marry you. He could n't make you happy."

"I'd be unhappy then."

"Yes. And he'd be unhappy, too. Is that what you want?"

"No — no! You don't understand."

"I'll try to. What do you want? Tell me."

"To help him."

"You can't help him," he said softly.

"I could n't help him if 'e was rich. I can help him if he's poor."

He smiled. "How do you make that out, Maggie?"

"Well — He ought to marry a lady, I know. But he can't marry a lady. She'd

cost him pounds and pounds. If he married me I'd cost him nothing. I'd work for him."

Majendie was startled at this reasoning. Maggie was more intelligent than he had thought.

She went on. "I can cook, I can do housework, I can sew. I'm learning dress-making. Look!" She held up a coarse lining she had been stitching at when he came. From its appearance he judged that Maggie was yet a novice in her art. "I'd work my fingers to the bone for him."

"And you think he'd be happy seeing you do that? A gentleman can't let his wife work for him. He has to work for her." He paused. "And there's another reason, Maggie, why he can't marry you."

Maggie's head drooped. "I know," she said. "But I thought — if he was poor — he would n't mind so much. They don't, sometimes."

"I don't think you quite know what I mean."

"I do. You mean he's afraid. He won't trust me. He does n't think I'm very good. But I would be — if he married me — I would — I would indeed."

"Of course you would. Whatever happens you're going to be good. That was n't what I meant by the other reason."

Her face flamed. "Has he left off caring for me?"

He was silent, and the flame died in her face.

"Does he care for somebody else?"

"It would be better for you if you could think so."

"I know," she said; "it's the lady he used to send flowers to. I thought it was all right. I thought it was funerals."

She sat very still, taking it in.

"Is he going to marry her?"

"No. He is n't going to marry her."

"She's not got enough money, I suppose. *She* can't help him."

"You must leave him free to marry somebody who can."

He waited to see what she would do.

He expected tears, and a storm of jealous rage. But all Maggie did was to sit stiller than ever, while her tears gathered and fell, and gathered again.

Majendie rose. "I may tell Mr. Gorst that you accept his explanations? That you understand?"

"Am I never to see him again?"

"I'm afraid not."

"Nor write to him?"

"It's better not. It only worries him."

She looked round her, dazed by the destruction of her dream.

"What am I to do, then? Where am I to go to?"

"Stay where you are, if you're comfortable. Your rent will be paid for you, and you shall have a small allowance."

"But who's going to give it me?"

"Mr. Gorst would if he could. As he cannot, I am."

"You must n't," said she. "I can't take it from you."

He had approached this point with a horrible dread lest she should misunderstand him.

"Better to take it from me than from him, or anybody else," he said significantly, "if it must be."

But Maggie had not misunderstood.

"I can work," she said. "I can pay a little now."

"No, no. Never mind about that. Keep it — keep all you earn."

"I can't keep it. I'll pay you back again. I'll work my fingers to the bone."

"Oh, not for *me*," he said, laughing, as he took his hat to go.

Maggie lifted her sad head, and faced him with all her candor.

"Yes," she said, "for you."

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## THE POET'S SLEEP

BY RICHARD WATSON GILDER

"In spite of all I am going to sleep. Put out the lights." — THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

EVER when slept the poet his dreams were music,  
And in sweet song lived the dear dream once more.  
So when from sleep and dreams again he wakes —  
Out from the world of symbols passing forth  
Into that spirit-world where all is real —  
What memoried music, new and exquisite,  
Shall strike on ears celestial, — where he walks  
Reverent among the immortal melodists !



## CONFESSIONS OF A SPELLING REFORMER

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

It was my fortune to be wandering in lands where English is not spoken, when the President issued his famous order in regard to spelling. Little, therefore, of the comment it occasioned met my eyes, either at the time or long after; little of the clamor it excited reached my ears. But since my return to my own country I have had the opportunity to look over no small number of the productions which came out in opposition to it or in criticism of it, whether they appeared in the form of reported interviews with prominent persons, of leaders in newspapers or letters to them, or of elaborate articles in periodicals. Most of these written pieces were anonymous; but some of them came avowedly from men of recognized eminence in various fields of intellectual activity.

It is with no intention of conveying the slightest suggestion of disparagement of the authors of these various articles that I say that not one of them contains a single argument which every person who has paid even a superficial attention to the history of English orthography has not been familiar with from the time of his first entering upon the study. Even the jokes and sarcastic remarks of the newspapers are hoary with the rime of age. It is only the fact that the writers of the more elaborate articles seem to regard the reasons they put forth as novel, if not startling, contributions to thought, which imparts, in the mind of the veteran of orthographical wars, a certain languid interest to what they say. One comes, in truth, to feel a sort of respect for the continuous incapacity to comprehend the exact nature of the problem presented, which year after year of discussion does not impair, nor affluence of argument disturb.

As in a number of the pieces I have been privileged to see, I find my own name mentioned, I trust it will not be deemed a mark of offensive egotism — egotism of one sort it assuredly is — if I take the occasion of its appearance in these articles to state my views exactly on various points connected with the subject instead of having them stated for me inexactly by others. As confessions seem now to be the literary fashion, it has seemed best to put what I have to say in that form. The method of personal statement enables me also to bring out more distinctly not merely the views held by many, but also the reasons by which their course has been influenced. This consequently may serve as an excuse for a mode of utterance which in the case of one so obscure as myself would be otherwise out of place. Still, while the sentiments indicated may be entertained by numbers, they are here to be considered as nothing more than my own individual opinions. I do not pretend to speak with authority for any person but myself, least of all for any organization which has started out to carry on the work of spelling reform. Some, indeed, of the particular views I express may possibly, or, it may be, will probably meet with the dissent of those who hold in general the same beliefs.

Now that the storm and stress which followed the President's order is over, now that every one seems to have regained for the time being his equanimity, the fitting moment has apparently arrived to consider not merely the action of the Committee on Simplified Spelling, but the whole subject itself, without reference to their particular proposals. This can be done at present with a certain detachment from the feelings which at-



tended the heated controversy that prevailed — at least with as much detachment as is consistent with the possession of personal convictions. As this article, however, is avowedly egotistical, I may be permitted, before entering into the general discussion, to refer to a specific charge which has been brought again and again against me as well as others. It is all the more desirable to do so because the consideration of it leads directly to the comprehension of what is really the great mainstay of the existing orthography. The charge is that in what I publish I do not use myself the new spellings, save, at least, on the most limited scale. I am inconsistent. My practice does not conform to my pretended belief.

Now it is very easy to retort the charge of inconsistency. No one can use our present spelling without being inconsistent; for English orthography is nothing but a mass of inconsistencies. But it is no real justification for one's own conduct to prove that similar conduct is pursued by those who criticise him for it. Let me bring forward a few reasons which have influenced my own action, as doubtless they have more or less that of others. There is first the publisher to be considered. He is apt to have views of his own, together with the means of enforcing them. There is further the printing-office to be consulted. This has generally an orthography of its own and does not like to have it deviated from. But above all there is the public itself. To many men a strange spelling is offensive; by the ill-informed it is regarded as portending ruin to the language. Necessarily no writer desires to limit his possible audience by running counter to its feelings in a matter which has no direct bearing upon the subject of which he treats. In my own case the public — most unwisely, as it naturally strikes me — is none too anxious under any circumstances to read what I write. Why, therefore, should I convert what is in my eyes a culpable lack of interest into absolute indifference or active hostility by rousing the preju-

dices of readers in consequence of insisting upon a point which has only a remote concern with the actual topic under consideration?

These are reasons which I could fairly and honestly give. But after all the main one is something entirely different, something altogether independent of the feelings of others. With advancing years knowledge may or may not come; but altruism distinctly lingers. As we get along in life most of us lose the inclination to be constantly engaged in fighting strenuously for the progress of even the most praiseworthy causes. The desire wanes of benefiting your fellow man, while encountering in so doing not merely his indifference, but his active hostility; of urging him to show himself rational while his proclivities are violently asinine. Even the far keener enjoyment of rendering him miserable by making evident to his reluctant but slowly dawning intelligence how much of an ignoramus, not to say idiot, he has shown himself in his acts and utterances, — even this most poignant of pleasures loses its relish if indulgence in it can be secured only at the cost of much personal trouble. This is just as true of spelling reform as of any other movement. In fact, indifference to the propagation of the truth about it may be regarded as a species of that very altruism of which I have just disclaimed the practice. If a man seriously believes that it is essential to the purity and perfection of the English language that *tenour* should be spelled with a *u* and *terror* without it; that *honourable* should be spelled with a *u* and *honorary* without it; that *metre* should have its final syllable in *re* and *diameter* in *er*; that *deign* should terminate in *eign* and its allied compound form *disdain* in *ain*; why not leave him in the undisturbed enjoyment of this mild form of imbecility? He will not be made happier by being made wiser.

It is natural, therefore, that the position of the man who has got along in years should tend to be rather that of a looker-on than of a participant in the strife. He



feels more and more disposed to content himself with approving and applauding the work of the younger and better soldiers. My own attitude is, indeed, very much the same as that once described to me as his by my dear and honored friend, the late Professor Child of Harvard. He sometimes did and sometimes did not employ in his correspondence the reformed spellings which were recommended by the English and American philological societies. It may be added, in passing, that these changes, with the weight of the greatest scholars of both countries behind them, were in general treated with almost absolute indifference; or, if considered at all, met usually with the same unintelligent opposition as has the list put forth by the Committee on Simplified Spelling. "If I am writing," said Professor Child, "to one of these educated ignoramuses who think there is something sacred about the present orthography, I always take care to use the changed forms; but when writing to a man who really knows something about the subject, I am apt not to take the extra trouble required to conform to the recommendations made by the two Philological Societies."

In not following my faith by my practice, I am perfectly willing to concede that my course is not merely inconsistent, but unmanly. I shall not quarrel with any one who calls it pusillanimous, and even mean. Intimations to that effect have been made to me more than once in private letters. These reproaches I recognize as deserved, and therefore receive them with meekness. But one of the reasons given above for my action, or rather inaction, — the hostility of readers to new spellings, — points directly to the one mighty obstacle which stands in the way of reforming our orthography. It is, in truth, all-potent; but singularly enough it is so far from receiving consideration that it hardly ever receives much more than mere mention.

The regard for our present orthography is not based at all upon know-

ledge, nor upon reason. It owes its existence and its strength almost entirely to sentiment. We give it other names, indeed, and describe in big phrases the motives which animate us. We talk of our devotion to the language of our fathers, while displaying the amplest possible ignorance of what that language was. We please ourselves with the notion that in denouncing any change we are nobly maintaining the historic continuity of the speech. As a matter of fact, we are governed by the cheap but all-powerful sentiment of association. We like the present orthography because we are used to it. When once the point of intimate familiarity with the form of a word has been reached, it makes thenceforward no difference to us how wide is the divergence between the pronunciation and the spelling which is ostensibly designed to represent the pronunciation. Indeed, many of us feel a secret pride that in some given case there is the slightest possible connection between the two. As little difference does it make if the form with which we have become familiar not merely fails to indicate the origin of the word, but on the contrary suggests and even imposes upon the mind a belief in an utterly false derivation. Such considerations do not affect us in the slightest. We simply like the spelling to which we are accustomed; we dislike the spelling to which we are not accustomed.

Because hostility to change springs not from knowledge, not from reason, but almost entirely from sentiment, it must not be inferred that the obstacle it presents to reform is a slight one. On the contrary, it is peculiarly formidable. So far from being a feeble barrier to overcome, it is of the very strongest, if not the very strongest. The fact that in numerous instances it is based upon foundations demonstrably irrational does not in the least impair its influence. In any matter of controversy we can fight with assurance of success against beliefs which the holder has honestly, even if mistakenly, adopted, because he deems them to be in accordance



with reason. Appeal can then be made to his intelligence. But not so in the case of a belief based primarily upon sentiment. This is constantly exemplified in controversies about politics or religion. But nowhere is the fact more conspicuous than in the matter of English orthography. To spell differently from the way in which we have been trained to spell irritates many of us almost beyond the point of endurance. We can manage to put up with variations from the present orthography prevailing in past centuries, when we come to learn enough about the subject to be aware that such variations existed. The writers of those times had not reached that exalted plane of perfect propriety on which it is our good fortune to live and move. But no contemporary must venture to free himself from the cast-iron shackles in which we have inclosed the form of our words without subjecting himself to our indignant protest.

It is vain to deny the strength of the feeling of association. Even to those who have ascended out of the atmosphere of serene ignorance in which it flourishes most luxuriantly, a new spelling is always apt to come with something of a sense of shock. No matter how fully we recognize the impropriety and even absurdity of the old form, none the less does the sentiment of association cling to it and affect our attitude toward it. As this article sets out to deal somewhat with my own impressions, I may be pardoned the employment of a personal exemplification of the point under discussion. German is for all practical purposes a phonetic tongue. In modern times the few anomalies which once existed have been largely swept away; for, Germany being a nation of scholars, scholars have there some influence. In studying the language as a boy I learned some spellings now rarely used. For instance, *thun* and *todt* appeared then in the forms here given. Now I see the one without the *h*, the other without the *d*. I recognize the propriety of the action taken in dropping the unpronounced letters. But while my judgment is per-

fectly convinced of its correctness, for the life of me I cannot get over a certain sense of strangeness when I come across the words in their new form.

It is because I look upon the sentiment of association as the main bulwark of our present orthography that I have all along taken the ground that it is only through a rising generation that any thoroughgoing reform of English orthography can ever be accomplished. It is asking too much of human nature to expect a generation already risen to go a second time through the fiery ordeal of learning to spell. Individuals belonging to it will adopt proposed changes, especially those in whom conviction is reinforced by the energy of youth or of personal character. Of these there will be a regularly increasing number with the enlightenment which is sure to follow discussion of the subject. But the action of the great mass of even highly educated men will not be affected. This state of things would probably be true of the spelling of any language; but in one so defiant of all law as our own the aversion to change would increase in proportion to the lawlessness. We are not disposed to give up what with so much toil we have acquired. Furthermore, there comes to be in the minds of many a certain fondness for the existing orthography for its very irrationality, its constant unfitness to fulfill its professed aim of representing pronunciation. Its uncouthness inspires them with the same sort of devotion with which the lower order of savage tribes regard their gods. The uglier they are, the more fervently they are adored.

In the case of a rising generation there are no such feelings to be encountered. The soil is virgin. No prejudices are to be overcome, no sentiments shocked, no customs changed. The reasoning powers have not been so blunted by association that the mind looks with favor upon what is defiant of reason. Furthermore, about the changed and correct forms would speedily gather the same sentiment which has caused the previous



forms to be cherished by their elders. The younger generation will in time do more than look upon the new spellings as the only conceivably rational ones. They will wonder by what perversity their fathers came to tolerate the old ones in defiance of reason. If a child has been accustomed from his earliest years to use exclusively the forms *vext* and *mixt*, not only will the present spellings *vexed* and *mixed* seem offensive to him when he becomes a man, but it will be difficult for him to comprehend the precise nature of the irrationality which could ever have insisted upon it as a virtue that the combination *-ed* should have the sound of *t*.

A risen generation, accordingly, cannot reasonably be expected to adopt a new spelling. The most that can be asked of it is that it shall not put itself in active opposition, that it shall let the task of improving our present barbarous orthography go on unimpeded. This, however, is the very last thing it is inclined to do. The fathers have eaten sour grapes; they have no intention of keeping their children's children's teeth from being set on edge. Yet there is plainly to be recognized now the existence of a steadily increasing number of persons who are disposed to consider this whole question carefully. In the case of such men — upon whose coöperation the success of any movement must ultimately depend — it is all-essential that the changes proposed should recommend themselves by their manifest propriety or by the probability of their general acceptance. They may be unwilling to take the trouble to use these new forms in their own practice, even if convinced of their desirableness; but they will be ready to cast their influence in favor of their adoption by the members of that rising generation to whom the spelling of certain words in certain ways has not yet become almost a second nature.

The permanent success of any spelling reform, according to this view, depends upon its adoption by a rising generation. To have it so adopted, it must recom-

mend itself to the risen generation as being both desirable and feasible. Unreasoning ignorance, entrenched behind a rampart of prejudice, can be ignored. Not so the honest ignorance of those whose training naturally inclines them to favor what has been long received, but who are not averse to consider the questions in dispute fully and fairly. In any case the changes proposed, in order to succeed, must follow the line of least resistance; for they have to encounter that peculiarly formidable of hostile forces, — the unintelligent opposition of the intelligent. The altered forms recommended for adoption must therefore have at the outset some support either in present or past usage, or they must be in accord with the operation of some law modifying orthography, which has always been steadily, even if imperceptibly, at work in the language.

It is because it does not conform to either of these principles that, had I had anything to say about it, I should have objected to the recommendation of the spelling *thru*. My reasons for taking such ground would have had nothing to do with the abstract propriety or impropriety of the new form. Nor could exception be taken to it on the score of derivation. The original word, indeed, from which it came was *thurh*, later at times *thruh*. I should have objected to it simply on the ground that it is a violent break with the literary past. Therefore, instead of following the line of least resistance, it would follow the line of greatest. It would be sure in consequence to excite bitter hostility and to drive support from the other recommendations made. Its adoption into the list would therefore not have seemed to me good policy. This is a view of the matter entirely independent of my personal indisposition to favor vowel changes in the spelling until a settled plan for the representation of the vowel sounds has been agreed upon and accepted.

The unintelligent opposition of the intelligent! This is an obstacle hard to sur-



mount, because it rests upon the combination of the maximum of prejudice with the minimum of knowledge. These characteristics frequently meet, too, in those who in other matters have the right to demand respectful attention to all they choose to say. To this class belong many men of letters — not all of them, and far more of them in England than in America. Some of these have made themselves conspicuous by the violence of their utterances, some by the extent of their misapprehension of the question at issue, and some by the display of a store of misinformation so vast and varied that one gets the impression that no small share of their lives must have been spent in accumulating it. To many persons it does not seem to occur that before discussing English orthography it is desirable to equip one's self with at least an elementary knowledge of its character and history. As the acquisition of this preliminary information is not deemed essential, there is little limit to the surprising statements made upon this subject and the more surprising facts by which they are fortified. The annals of fatuity will in truth be searched in vain for utterances more fatuous than some of those produced in the course of this controversy. There is a strong temptation to substantiate this assertion by illustrating it from recent sayings and writings of those opposed to spelling reform. But it is not desirable to impart to the discussion of the subject a personal character by selecting such examples from the utterances of living persons. That the statement of the ignorance of men of letters is not unwarranted, however, can be shown as well by bringing in the testimony of the dead. In this instance it will be taken from an author of the past generation, of highest literary eminence.

Many will remember an essay of Matthew Arnold on the influence of academies, that panacea for all literary and linguistic ills so constantly held before our eyes. According to him they raised the general standard of knowledge so high

that no one could wantonly run counter to its requirements and escape with impunity. The force of critical opinion would control the vagaries and correct the extravagant assertions of the most learned. In the case of our own tongue he adduced an illustration of the injury wrought to the language by the lack of such a central authority. It was taken from what he told us was one of those eccentric violations of correct orthography in which men of our race willfully indulge. The offender was the *London Times*. That paper for a good part of the nineteenth century was addicted — and for aught I know may be so still — to printing the word *diocese* as *diocess*.

This act aroused Arnold's indignation. It is clear from his words that resentment at the course of the *London Times* in this matter had long been rankling in his bosom. A lawless practice of such a sort could not have been possible, he felt, in a country where speech had been subjected to the beneficial sway of an academy. Only in a land where no restraining influence was exerted upon the performances of the educated class could such a violation of linguistic knowledge and literary good taste be permitted. Here are his words:—

"So, again, with freaks in dealing with language; certainly all such freaks tend to impair the power and beauty of language; and how far more common they are with us than with the French! To take a very familiar instance. Every one has noticed the way in which the *Times* chooses to spell the word 'diocese;' it always spells it *diocess*, deriving it, I suppose, from *Zeus* and *census*. The *Journal des Débats* might just as well write 'diocess' instead of 'diocèse,' but imagine the *Journal des Débats* doing so! Imagine an educated Frenchman indulging himself in an orthographical antic of this sort, in face of the grave respect with which the Academy and its dictionary invest the French language! Some people will say these are little things; they are not; they are of bad example. They tend to spread



the baneful notion that there is no such thing as a high correct standard in intellectual matters; that every one may as well take his own way; they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture; they confirm us in habits of wilfulness and eccentricity which hurt our minds and damage our credit with serious people."

No one will question the earnestness with which these words are spoken. The difficulty with them is that they are at variance with the severe discipline necessary for all real culture,—the discipline which forbids us to discuss magisterially matters we know nothing about. What are the actual facts in regard to the history of this word which Arnold supposed the *London Times* may have fancied to be derived from *Zeus* and *census*? Students of Chaucer are well aware that his spelling of it was *diocise*. Later, under Latin influence and for phonetic reasons, it became regularly *diocess*. There were other forms; but this was the standard one. Such it remained for hundreds of years. Dr. Johnson, the great lexical authority of the eighteenth century, is ignorant of any other way of spelling the word. Nor was his predecessor, Bailey, any better informed, or his successor, Walker. The fifth edition of this last lexicographer's dictionary—long regarded by our fathers as a sort of linguistic statute-book—was published in 1809, two years after his death, but with his final revision and improvements. In it *diocess* was the only form recognized. But the present method of spelling the word was then already making its way into general use, probably under French influence. It gradually supplanted the older form, though even as late as 1835 that was the only one to which Knowles gave a place in his dictionary. As always happens, indeed, there was a certain body of conservatives who refused to accept what was in their eyes the new-fangled monstrosity. The ancient usage was good enough for them. Among these the *London Times*, owing to its position in

the newspaper world, occupied a specially prominent place. It not impossibly felt that in standing by the time-honored *diocess* it was resisting an insidious attempt to ruin the language.

There are circumstances in which no amount of genius can make up for the lack of a little accurate knowledge. It is not often given to an essayist to exemplify himself a practice he vehemently condemns in the very paragraph containing the condemnation. If academies really exerted the power with which Arnold credited them; if they could exercise a controlling influence over public opinion; if they could establish so broad a basis of intelligence that men would be prevented from giving utterance to crude and hasty dicta, would be prevented from palming off upon the public the results of imperfect knowledge acting through the medium of perfect prejudice,—if these things were so, it is quite clear that in this particular instance it would have been the utterances of Matthew Arnold that would have been suppressed, and not the assumed orthographical vagaries of the *London Times*. In Germany, where there is no academy, but where there is a broad and lofty level of linguistic intelligence, observations of a similar character would have met with immediate and crushing exposure and censure. In England and America, where there is a broad and deep level of linguistic ignorance, this blundering statement has long been hailed by many as a proper rebuke to the miscreants who are seeking to defile the sacred altar of English orthography.

An extravagant outburst like the one just cited,—it could easily be paralleled from recent utterances,—coming from a man occupying a far higher position than any literary defender of the present spelling, reveals what a fathomless abyss of ignorance and prejudice must be filled up or bridged over before there can be even a calm discussion of the subject by the mass of educated men. The process of enlightenment will have to go on slowly. Not the slightest preliminary know-



ledge can be assumed. To any student of our speech the Committee on Simplified Spelling would seem to have adopted — with a single exception — the most conservative of courses in their acts, as they certainly have in their utterances. They have not only made no attempt to introduce phonetic spelling, but they have distinctly disclaimed any such intention. Yet it is a charge from which they have been unable to escape. One of the most striking as well as most entertaining features of the controversy was the persistent assertion of the committee that they had no design or desire to introduce anything of the sort; and the equally persistent assertion of their assailants that it was the very thing they were aiming to introduce. One side laid down precisely what it sought to do. The other side denounced it for doing the very thing it disclaimed doing. One side declared that it purposely limited its efforts to the removal of some few of the anomalies in our present orthography. The other employed two methods of attack: on the one hand it inveighed against the committee for going as far as it did; on the other it reproached it for its inconsistency in not going farther.

Any one who has the slightest conception of what a reform of our spelling on pure phonetic principles means will absolve the committee from any design of that sort. It requires, indeed, a singular innocence of all knowledge of this particular subject to make such a charge. Certain changes recommended would, indeed, have brought particular words nearer a phonetic standard. But if everything proposed were to be universally adopted, — and even ten times more, — the real disease which afflicts our orthography would be but partially alleviated. It would do little more than set us on the road to reform. No one, indeed, who comprehends what is required, in a language so lawless as ours, to bring about a perfect accordance between orthography and orthoepy, is ever likely to underrate the difficulties which stand in the way of

the establishment of phonetic spelling, even were men as eager for its adoption as they are now hostile to it. In the present state of feeling, therefore, no one need distress himself about its immediate coming.

But why should any one distress himself at all? Little is there more extraordinary to witness in these days of assumed general enlightenment than the horror which many estimable persons seem to feel at the danger of being devoured by this dreadful ogre which they call phonetic spelling. They have no idea what it is, but they know from its name that it must be something frightful. Now written language was designed to be phonetic. To have the spelling represent pronunciation was the ideal aimed at by those who first formed the conception of the alphabet, which, imperfect as it is, still remains the greatest and most useful invention to which the mind of man has given birth. So long as written speech deviates from the phonetic standard, it fails to fulfill the object for which it was created. It shows how far the English race has wandered away in feeling and opinion from the original motives which led men to seek the representation of the spoken word by written characters, that its members have come to look upon the perfect accordance of orthography and orthoepy as a result, not merely impracticable, — which is a thoroughly defensible proposition, — but as something in itself undesirable, as something fraught with ruin to the speech itself. The written word was devised to reproduce as closely as possible the sound of the spoken word. Yet this ideal is more than discredited with us; it is treated as if it were in some way peculiarly monstrous. Yet all there is of value in our existing orthography is due to what still survives of the phonetic element. Had that wholly disappeared, the acquisition of English spelling would no longer be the task of the years of childhood, but the work of a lifetime. With us the consonants have as a rule clung pretty closely to their proper sounds in all situa-



tions where they are sounded at all. Hence when uncombined they generally indicate their own pronunciation. Had they fallen into the chaos in which the vowel system is floundering, we should hardly be able to tell, in any given case, from the form of a word, not how it ought to be, but how it is, pronounced.

The real life of a language consists in its sounds, not in the signs intended to represent them. The one is the soul of speech; the other can hardly be considered a necessary bodily framework, for the former could and does exist without the latter. In earlier times, when language was learned almost exclusively by the ear, this fact would naturally force itself upon the attention of every reflecting man. But with the spread of education, when acquaintance with a tongue is acquired largely through the eye, the knowledge of the symbolic representation of sounds has come to predominate in the minds of the men of our race over the knowledge of the sounds themselves. While all of us are familiar with the one, but few are with the other. Ask any person of ordinary attainments the number of letters in the English alphabet. He will unhesitatingly answer twenty-six; though the chances are that he will be ignorant of the fact that some of the twenty-six are really supernumerary. But extend the inquiry further, and go with it to the vast body of educated men, excluding those whose pursuits require of them more or less the study of phonetics. These being excepted, ask any single person belonging to the most highly cultivated class — opponents of spelling reform to be preferred — how many are the sounds which the letters of the alphabet and their combinations are called upon to represent. Ask him how many are the sounds which he is in the habit of employing himself in his own utterance. The chances are fifty to one that he will be utterly at a loss what to reply. He has learned the symbols of things; he has not learned the things themselves.

That this should be so in the case of our

own tongue is not particularly surprising. It is, perhaps, inevitable. The attention of the men of our race has been more than distracted from any consideration of the subject by the character of our orthography. Their minds have been thrown into a state of bewilderment. As a single illustration take the representation of the sound usually called "long *i*." This third so-called vowel of our alphabet is not really a vowel, but a diphthong. Its sound is most commonly represented by the single letter itself, seen, for instance, in such a word as *mind*. But some idea of the uncertainty and range attending its use, with the consequent perplexity to its users, can be gathered from a few selected examples. It is represented by *ai* in *aisle*; by *ay* in *aye*; by *ei* in *height*; by *ey* in *eye*; by *ie* in *lie*; by *oi* in *choir*; by *uy* in *buy*; by *y* in *try*; and by *ye* in *dye*. Or, reverse the operation, and see how many sounds the same sign can represent. Take the combination *ou*, and observe the differences of its pronunciation in the words *about*, *young*, *youth*, *four*, *fought*, *would*, and *cough*. Of course similar illustrations of other vowel sounds could be multiplied abundantly. But the two which have been given are sufficient to show the confusion which exists with us in the written speech, and which naturally extends to the minds of its users.

It is because of the havoc which the present spelling has wrought in our conceptions of the proper representation of sounds that the English race, as a race, has lost largely the phonetic sense. Dictate to a dozen educated Germans or Italians a passage containing a large proportion of words they have never heard before. If the pronunciation has been clearly conveyed, they will all spell them the same way, and will all spell them correctly. Try a similar experiment with a dozen English-speaking persons of the very highest cultivation — in the number it would be desirable to have certain presidents of our leading universities included. Not only would they all be fairly certain to spell the same words dif-



ferently, but the same man would represent the same sound in different instances by different signs. The reason is obvious enough. In German or Italian the same sound is invariably conveyed by the same letter or by the same combination of letters. In English the writer would have an indefinite number of letters or combinations to select from, with no exclusive value attached to any of them.

Examples of the prevalent lack of any conception of the distinction of sounds and of their proper representation are brought constantly to the attention of those engaged in the work of instruction. But the comments and communications which appeared in the course of this controversy, especially those intended to be satirical, furnished the most striking illustrations of this all-prevailing, all-pervading ignorance. There has rarely been a more edifying spectacle than the attempt made, in some cases by men of very genuine ability, to write what they called phonetically. In one of the squibs designed to show by example the folly of the proposed changes, the word *see* was represented by *C*; in another the verb *are* by *r*. It is perfectly clear that neither one of the writers of these had the slightest conception of what was essential to convey the representation of a given sound. Any arbitrary symbol, pronounced in a particular way, seemed to them all-sufficient. Their action evinced hardly higher intelligence than would have been shown by considering the word *five* as phonetically represented by the Arabic numeral 5, which in all languages conveys the same meaning, and in all languages has a different pronunciation. One characteristic there is which denotes most distinctly the infantile state of knowledge that still continues to prevail on the whole subject. By most men any bad spelling is invariably termed phonetic spelling. That is all the idea of the latter they have. The spelling of Chaucer would in their eyes be indistinguishable in character from that of Josh Billings.

It shows, indeed, how much the written word has come to predominate in our minds over the spoken that we have been told in all seriousness that a new spelling would mean a new language. Fancy a man refusing to repair his clothes or to put on a new suit on the ground that by so doing he could never be again what he was before; that the integrity of his character and the continuity of his traditions would be destroyed; that he would no longer be the same man to those who had known him and loved him. This is not a travesty of the argument which has been advanced. It is the argument itself, applied not to the dress of the body, but to that of the speech. The men who hold such opinions are really in the same grade of intellectual development as regards language, as in literature are those who fancy that beginning a line with a capital letter is the one essential thing which constitutes poetry. Yet this argument has been put forth by some from whom we have a right to expect better things. It was one of the glaring but melancholy concomitants of the late controversy, that able men who knew absolutely nothing about the subject should so often have missed opportunities which were fairly obtrusive of remaining silent.

This controversy, indeed, has brought out more sharply than ever before the existence of the singular situation which prevails in regard to spelling reform. The highly trained expert opinion is practically all on one side; the vast preponderance of educated lay opinion is on the other. Several eminent men have taken part in the discussion in opposition to change. But in all their ranks cannot be found a single one who would be recognized by special students of English as entitled to speak with authority. Not a single one of the latter class has come forward in opposition. Some of them are very possibly indifferent; but so far as they have spoken — and many have spoken — they have pronounced in its favor. If there is among them one who entertains hostility, he is sufficiently in



awe of his professional brethren to deem it his wisest course to keep his opinion to the sanctity of private intercourse. No applause of the multitude could make up to him for the condemnation that would be his from his peers. By ranging himself among the opponents of spelling reform he would be well aware that he would distinctly lose caste. He would be placed in a dilemma on one of whose two horns he would be impaled. He would be looked upon as guilty either of lack of knowledge or of lack of judgment.

This is a state of things that could not well exist in the case of any other subject than language. Nor, indeed, could it well happen with any other race than the English, where on both sides of the Atlantic ignorance of the tongue and of its history has been sedulously cultivated for centuries. Accordingly the raggedest of penny-a-liners or the callowest of story-tellers considers himself as much entitled to speak with authority on the subject as he who has devoted years of study to its consideration. Of course this is a state of things that can not continue permanently. In the long run the opinions of the few who know will triumph over the clamors of the many who do not know. Indeed, a distinct advance has already been achieved. The subject is no longer treated with indifference. It calls forth hostile criticism, ridicule, vituperation. Furthermore, certain things can no more be said which were once said with smug satisfaction. We are now a long way beyond that provincial faith in Worcester which permitted, fifty years ago, so eminent a man of letters as Oliver Wendell Holmes to remark that Boston had for one of its distinctions "its correct habit of spelling the English language." In these days an author of his high grade would be saved by his inevitable association with English scholars from perpetrating an observation so singularly crude. Views of such a sort now find their home only in the congenial clime of the remote rural districts. For slow as has been the progress in this matter, it has been

steady. In the immediate future it is destined to advance at a much more rapid rate. The leading universities of America — it is unfortunately not yet true of England — are regularly sending out a small body of trained special students of our speech. In the face of this steadily increasing number of experts whose opinions are based upon adequate investigation and full knowledge, sciolists will in time conclude for their own safety to learn a little before they talk much.

Furthermore, neither now nor in the past has the advocacy of spelling reform been confined to the specialists in English study. It has embraced scholars of all lands who paid attention to our language or to some form of its literature. Long ago Grimm pointed out that the greatest obstacle to the predominating influence of the English tongue was the character of its orthography. But without going so far back, let us select as types of advocates of reform three representative men of the generation which has just passed away. They are Professor Max Müller of Oxford, Professor Child of Harvard, and Professor Whitney of Yale. Of course these scholars were cranks, "crazy cranks," if you will. Much learning had made them mad, — insanity from that cause being something from which the critics of their orthographical views feel the sense of absolute immunity. Of course we know further that professors are a simple, guileless folk — constantly imposed upon by arguments whose speciousness is at once seen by the clearer vision of the men engaged in the struggle and turmoil of practical life. To them unhappily has never been given the easy omniscience which is enabled to understand the whole of a subject without mastering a single one of its details. Still, as a member of this unpractical fraternity, and sharing in its intellectual limitations, I cannot get over the impression that there are difficulties connected with English orthography which even the very youngest newspaper writer cannot settle sum-



marily, and questions which he cannot answer satisfactorily offhand. Let me endeavor to state some of the reasons by which the actions are influenced of those who advocate change in the spelling.

It is conceded that in the present state of public opinion there is little prospect of even so much as a calm, dispassionate consideration of any thorough-going scientific reform of our orthography. While phonetic spelling is an ideal to be aimed at,—every alteration made should be an alteration in that direction,—no one supposes that its realization can take place in our day. Compared with the effort to reach such a result, the difficulty experienced in introducing the metric system, encountering as it did the prejudices and revolutionizing the practices of centuries, would be but slight. Even were all men agreed upon its desirability, were all men clamoring for its introduction, its establishment in a language like ours—with half a dozen signs representing the same sound and half a dozen sounds represented by the same sign—would be a work of time and toil and patience. But while this is so, there is no reason why a beginning towards it should not be made by removing some of the anomalies that make our present spelling so peculiarly lawless. There is no reason why in certain classes of words order should not be made to exist where disorder now reigns. Most of the arguments advanced against such a course are nothing but the expression of personal likes or dislikes which have their origin in the sentiment of association. Still there are a few which have the semblance of reason though not its substance; and, as they weigh with many, it is only fair to give them consideration.

The first of these is connected with the subject of derivation. There goes on, we are told, an irrepressible conflict between phonetic and etymological spelling. If the former come to occupy the foremost place, the latter, it is asserted, will disappear. Incalculable harm would thereby be wrought both to the speech and to its speakers. According to some, life would

become a burden to the individual, and the language would be ruined beyond redemption, if the spelling of a word should hide from our eyes the source from which it came. The mystic tie that binds the speech of the past to that of the present would be severed. This is an argument which comes not infrequently from members of the educated, and sometimes of the scholarly class, though not from that section of it which deals with English scholarship.

Now, in the first place, were the charge true, the objection would not be a valid one. The well-being of the many is always to be preferred to the satisfaction of the few. A language does not exist for the sake of imparting joyful emotions to the members of a particular group who are familiar with its sources. When committed to writing it is so committed for the purpose of conveying clearly to the eye the sounds heard by the ear. Anything in the form of the printed word which stands in the way of the speediest arrival at such a result is to that extent objectionable. But even this so-called advantage of suggesting origins is distinctly limited. What educated men know of the sources of words is almost entirely confined to Latin and Greek. Of the earlier forms of the more common native words, and of their meanings, the immense majority of even the most highly cultivated are ignorant. Their ignorance, however, does not seem to impair their happiness any more than it does their comprehension.

But the objection, further, is a purely artificial one. The happiness conferred is a happiness assumed to be confined to the words in their present form. The example of other tongues shows there is no justification for this belief. The Italian is a phonetic language. Does any one believe that an Italian scholar experiences any less satisfaction in finding the Græco-Latin *philosophia* converted in his speech into *filosofia* than an English one does in seeing it in the form *philosophy*? Has his language suffered any material injury in consequence? Were I not myself in-



consistent and lazy and several other disreputable adjectives, I should write *fonetic* instead of *phonetic*. This I cheerfully admit. But were not the strictly virtuous defenders of spelling according to derivation equally lacking in consistency, and absolutely unfaithful to the high etymological ideals they hold up for our admiration, they would be writing *phansy*, at least, instead of *fancy*. In one of the sporadic attacks of common-sense which have sometimes overtaken the users of our speech, *f* has displaced *ph* in this word, though to prevent the result from being wholly rational, it has substituted *c* for *s*. The Greek *phantasia* has come down to us through *phantasy*, *fantasy*, finally subsiding into the present form. To the believer in etymological spelling *fancy* ought to be as objectionable as *fonetic*.

In the second place, the hollowness of this pretended regard for etymology is not merely detected, but emphasized, by the fact that the opposition to change is equally pronounced in the case of words where the present form is the result of blundering ignorance which gives an utterly erroneous idea of their origin. Can any antagonist of simplification be induced by his devotion to derivation to abandon *comptroller*, which not merely defies pronunciation, but gives the false impression that the first part of the word comes from the French *compter*, instead of the Latin *contra*? Could any upholder of etymological spelling be induced to drop the *c* of *scent*, though nobody ever pronounced the intruding letter? Yet as it comes from the Latin *sent-ire*, the substitution of *scent* for the previous *sent* destroys in this case for the vast majority of educated men that delightful reminiscence of the classic tongues which, we are told, imparts so peculiar a charm to the present orthography. Mitford, the historian of Greece, was subjected to ceaseless ridicule and vituperation because he preferred the correct etymological form *iland*, and refused to adopt the *s* which had been inserted into the word under the

blundering belief that it was either derived from or was in some way related to the Latin *insula* and the French *isle*.

In truth, the argument of derivation is invoked only to retain whatever ortho-epic anomalies we chance to have. It is abjured the moment an effort is made to root out any etymological anomalies which have been introduced into the speech. The fact is that if spelling according to derivation were heeded it would result in changes to which those proposed by the Committee on Simplified Spelling would seem absurdly trivial. This would be particularly noticeable in the case of words derived from native sources. Out, for instance, would go the *l* of *could* and the *h* of *ghost* and *ghastly*. Or take, for illustration, the whole class of words ending in *k*. The letter was as little known to the Anglo-Saxon alphabet as it was to the Roman. Hence, were spelling according to derivation strictly enforced, *k* would have to disappear from no small number of words where it is not merely superfluous as regards pronunciation, but is actually defiant of derivation. The original of *back* in Anglo-Saxon, for instance, was *bæc*, of *quick* was *cwic*, of *stock* was *stoc*, of *thick* was *thic*. Imagine the indignant feelings of the assumed ardent devotee of spelling according to derivation, if he were asked to drop the final letter from these words, though from his own point of view it has no business there at all.

As a matter of fact this particular brand of ruin had already overtaken the language to some extent. From the native words no one had ever thought of dropping the final *k*, because scarcely any one knew of the forms these originally had. But knowledge of Latin was widespread. Regard for derivation succeeded, therefore, in banishing it from whole classes of words derived from that language. The struggle, however, was long. The authority of Dr. Johnson was in vain invoked for its retention. One must be familiar with the history of orthography to appreciate what dissensions sprang



up in once happy homes, what prognostics were indulged in of the ruin that would betide the speech, were men ever to be induced to spell *musick* and *historick* and *prosaick*, and a host of similar words, without their final *k*. Boswell, who could not help reproaching Johnson for dropping the vowel *u* from *authour*, praised him for standing up for the retention of this final consonant. He represents him as saying that he spelled *Imlac* in *Rasselas* with a *c* at the end because by so doing it was made less like English, which, he continued, "should always have the Saxon *k* added to the *c*." The Saxon *k* was the lexicographer's personal contribution to the original English alphabet. "I hope," continued Boswell, "the authority of the great master of our language will stop this curtailing innovation by which we see *critic*, *public*, etc., frequently written instead of *critick*, *publick*, etc."

The biographer's hopes were doomed, however, to disappointment. Walker, the favorite lexicographer of a hundred years ago, bowed to the storm, while he deplored the havoc it had wrought. "It has been a custom within these twenty years," he wrote, "to omit the *k* at the end of words when preceded by *c*. This has introduced a novelty into the language, which is that of ending a word with an unusual letter, and is not only a blemish on the face of it, but may possibly produce some irregularity in future formations."

The language has apparently survived both the blemish and the injury wrought by the final *c*. So powerful, indeed, is the sentiment of association that now to end these words in *k* would seem as offensive as once it was to end them without it. But the former method died out slowly. In our country, in truth, there was a Virginia editor, who, faithful among the faithless, clung to the letter long after its English friends had abandoned it. Let us not be unjust to his memory. In that perfect sincerity which springs from pure and undefiled ignorance he honestly be-

lieved that he was standing up for English pure and undefiled.

So much for an objection which, if not serious in itself, has to many a serious look. There has been another brought forward, which is so baseless, not to call it comic, that nothing but the sincerity of those adducing it would justify its consideration at all. It is to the effect that, were there any thorough reform of the spelling, all existing books would be rendered valueless. Owners of great libraries built up at the cost of no end of time and toil and money would see their great collections brought to nought. The rich and varied literature of the past could no longer be easily read; it would have to wait for the slow work of presses to transmit it to the new generation in its modern form. Such is the horrible prospect which has been held before our eyes. The view would be absurd enough if directed against genuine phonetic forms; as against the petty changes advocated by the Committee on Simplified Spelling, language is not sufficiently vituperative to describe its fatuousness. But as in the discussion of this question we have to deal largely with orthographical babes, it is desirable to pay it some slight attention.

For the purpose of quieting the fears which have been expressed, it is necessary to observe that change of anything established, even when generally recognized as for the better, is not accomplished easily, and therefore is not accomplished quickly. It never partakes of the nature of a cataclysm. For its reception and establishment it requires regular effort, not impulsive effort; it requires labor prolonged as well as patient. It took, for instance, many scores of years to establish the metric system wherever it now prevails, with all the power of governments behind it. When the change made depends upon the voluntary action of individuals it must inevitably be far slower. Any reform of spelling which is ever proposed must stretch over a long period of time before it is universally adopted. There will consequently be



ample time for both publishers and book-owners to set their houses in order before the actual arrival of the impending calamity.

This is on the supposition that it can be deemed a calamity to either. There is actually about it nothing of that nature. The process deplored is a process which is going on every day before our eyes. There is not an author of repute in our literature, of whose works new editions are not constantly appearing in order to satisfy a demand which the stock on hand does not supply. But the appearance of the new book does not lower the value of the old, if it be really valuable. If it be not, if the edition supplanted is of an inferior character or has been merely a trade speculation, it has already served its purpose when it has paid for itself. Under any conditions it can be trusted to meet the fate it deserves.

So much for the point of view of book-sellers and book-owners. As regards book-readers the fear is just as fatuous. Valuable works printed in an orthography different from that which now prevails do not decrease in price at all. On the contrary, they steadily rise. This is a fact which the impecunious student, in search of early editions, learned long ago, not to his heart's content, but to its discontent. The increase in value renders them difficult for him to procure. Does the difference of spelling render them difficult to decipher? A single example will suffice to settle that point. At the present moment there lies before me the first edition of the greatest English satire to which the strife of political parties has given birth — the *Absalom and Achitophel* of John Dryden. To purchase it now would under ordinary circumstances take far more money than it would to buy the best and completest edition of the whole of Dryden's poems. It consists of ten hundred and twenty lines of rhymed heroic verse. The number of different words it contains may be guessed at from that fact; it has never, to my knowledge, been determined. But the words in it

which are spelled differently from what they are now are slightly under two hundred. But the poem presents certain orthographical characteristics which are calculated to shock the susceptibilities of those who believe that our present spelling has been divinely inspired. Two will serve for examples. *Though*, which occurs precisely six times, invariably appears as *tho*. The past participle, when its termination has the sound of *t*, ends in *t*, as *banisht*, *impoverisht*, *opprest*, *laught*, *snatcht*, and others. Yet with all these differences of orthography the most unintelligent opponent of spelling reform would experience no difficulty whatever in reading the poem.

There is still another objection to be considered. We are given to understand that difference of spelling is quite essential to the recognition of the meaning of words pronounced alike. Otherwise there would be danger of misapprehension. This is what comes to men from learning to look at language from the side of the eye and not of the ear. Here is my old friend, Dr. Everett, who, I find, specifies me personally as one setting out to destroy what he calls sound English by arranging letters in a totally different way, and thereby seeking to reconstruct the language to its destruction. Naturally he is indignant at the nefarious attempt, though when he considers the disproportion between the pettiness of the puny agent and the massiveness of the mighty fabric, there would appear little reason for much excitement. Personally, so far from feeling resentment at his words, I read them with even more amazement than sorrow. The argument he uses is of the sort which I expect to find communicated to the press by that noble army of the ill-informed who are always rushing to the rescue of the English language from the reckless practices of those who do not use it with their assumed accuracy, or spell it according to their ideas of propriety. But Dr. Everett is a scholar through and through. His words are therefore a convincing argument of the

necessity of reform, for they show the bewildering effect our orthography exercises over the reasoning powers. He wants to know what the phonetists — they deserve that name, he tells us — are going to do with words alike in sound but different in sense. He begins with *ale* and *ail*. One might infer from his argument that, unless *ail* and *ale* were spelled differently, one could never be quite certain whether he were suffering from the one or partaking of the other. We are asked to believe that something which presents no difficulty in the hurry of conversation is to prove a formidable obstacle to the apprehension in the ample leisure of reading. Another of his instances is *bear* and *bare*. Does anybody, on hearing one of these words, hesitate about its meaning? Why should he, then, when he sees it, even if both were spelled the same way? Or again, take the noun *bear* by itself. If any one comes across it, does he suffer much perplexity in ascertaining whether it is the bear of the wilderness or the bear of Wall Street that is meant?

This last example, indeed, exposes of itself the utter futility of this argument. There is an indefinite number of words in the language which have precisely the same form as nouns or verbs. The fact that they belong to different parts of speech never creates the slightest confusion. Furthermore, there are but few common words in the language which are not used in different senses, often in many different senses, sometimes in widely different senses. Does that fact cause any perceptible perplexity in the comprehension of their meaning? Do reporters, who must arrive at the sense through the medium of the ear, experience any difficulty in ascertaining what the speaker is trying to say? Does any one in any relation of life whatever? When a man is returning from a voyage across the Atlantic, is he bothered by the different senses of the same word when he is trying to ascertain whether it is his duty to pay a duty? When one meets the word *piece*, does he suffer from much embarrassment

in determining whether it means a part of something, or a firearm, or a chessman, or a coin, or a portion of bread, or an article of baggage, or a painting, or a play, or a musical or literary composition? Illustrations of this sort could be given by the hundred.

Another objection remains to be considered. It is not really directed against any proposals made by the Committee on Simplified Spelling, but against the far wider-reaching reform which would aim to render the spelling phonetic. It is regarded by some as so crushing that I have deferred its consideration to the last. It may be summed up in a few words. It is impossible, we are told, to have our tongue spelled phonetically, because it is pronounced differently by different persons equally well educated. Whose pronunciation, therefore, will you adopt? That is the point which has first to be determined, and it is safe to say that it is one which can never be determined satisfactorily. That fact is of itself decisive. This view of the question at issue is triumphantly put forward as one which can never be successfully met.

Assuming for the sake of the argument that it is a genuine objection, let us look at what it involves. The very result of the lawlessness of our present orthography is given as the reason why no attempt should be made to bring it under the reign of law. It is a real maxim in morals, and a theoretical one in jurisprudence, that an offender has no right to take advantage of his own wrong. This is the very course, however, which opponents of change recommend for adoption. Our orthography has rendered the pronunciation varying and doubtful. There should accordingly be no attempt to reduce the former to order, because the uncertainty which has been fastened upon it by the latter has rendered it impossible to ascertain what is really ought to be.

But it never seems to occur to those who advance this argument that difficulties of the sort here indicated are not experienced in languages which for



all practical purposes are phonetically spelled, such as German and Italian and Spanish. Take, for example, the first-mentioned of these tongues. Its pronunciation differs in different parts of the country. In some cases the variation is very distinctly marked. Yet, while the spelling remains the same, no embarrassment follows of the kind indicated. If this simple fact had been taken into consideration, it would at once have disclosed the nature of the imaginary strength and actual weakness of this supposedly crushing argument.

For no phonetically spelled tongue ever has or ever would set out to record the varying shades of the pronunciation of any country, still less the varying shades of the pronunciation of individuals. A system which indicates the delicate distinction of sounds characterizing the speech of different regions resembles the chemist's scales, which detect the variation in weight of filaments of hair to all appearance precisely the same. Such phoneticians may need in order to represent the slightest diversities of pronunciation. But they are not needed for the ordinary purposes of life. All any working phonetic system would set out to do is to give those broad and easily recognizable characteristics of educated utterance which are sufficient to indicate to the hearer what the speaker is aiming to say. It would represent a norm sufficiently narrow of limit to make understood what is said, and sufficiently broad to offer within justifiable bounds ample opportunity for the play of individual or territorial peculiarities. Its principal effect would be to set up a standard which would be ever before the eyes of men.

For it must be kept in mind that phonetic spelling is not a destructive, but a conservative agency. Once established, it holds the pronunciation of a speech fast to its moorings. Had it existed with us, the wide degradation of the sounds of *a*, as seen, for illustration, in *father* and *far*, could not have gone on at the rapid rate it has done in this country. There are dis-

tricts in the United States where even the following *l* does not protect it, and *calm*, for instance, is made to rhyme with *clam*. Did phonetic spelling exist in the mother country, the Cockney pronunciation of *a* almost like long *i*,—as, for example, *late*, which by American ears is apt to be mistaken for *light*,—now so prevalent in London and apparently extending over England, could never have held its ground, even if it had originated at all. Such degradations are always liable to occur, because with our orthography we can have no easily recognizable standard of correct usage. In the clumsy effort made in the newspapers to reproduce what they call phonetic spelling, there was more than one instance in which *new* was to be found represented by *noo*. It is clear that the writers of these effusions were utterly ignorant how this common word should be properly pronounced. The lawlessness distinguishing spelling had succeeded in perverting the pronunciation. Had this not been the case, they would no more have represented *new* by *noo* than *few* by *foo*. Were a phonetic system in vogue, New Yorkers could be trusted universally to learn to pronounce correctly the name of their own city.

Finally, it is not because of the waste of time in education — harmful as it is — that our present orthography seems to me peculiarly objectionable. It is the direct influence its acquisition exerts in putting the intellectual faculties to sleep at the most active period of life. We can get a glimpse of the havoc wrought by it when we consider a single one of scores of illustrations that could be cited. At the very outset of his study the child is given, for example, the words *bed* and *red* to spell. If he has been properly trained up to this point, the limited acquaintance he has made with the values of letters leads him to say *b-e-d* and *r-e-d*. These are pure phonetic spellings. They satisfy all the conditions. Then he is introduced to the word *head*. Reasoning from analogy, he proceeds to spell it *h-e-d*. But here authority steps in and directs him to

insert another letter for which neither he nor his instructor can see the use. Then the word *bead* is shown him. Following the analogy of *head*, he naturally pronounces it *bed*. Once more authority steps in and directs him to give the combination *ea* another and quite distinct sound. Next, he is presented with the infinitives and presents, *read* and *hear*. Conforming to the example just given, and perceiving it to be satisfactory, he fancies that he has reached at last a secure haven. He finds his error when he meets the preterites of these two verbs. Both have the same vowel combinations as the present. One of them has precisely the same form. But he discovers that *read* of the preterite has quite a distinct pronunciation from *read* of the present, and that the *ea* of *heard* has another, distinct from either sound, to which he has not yet been introduced.

Is it any wonder that in circumstances like these the child should speedily infer that it is of no benefit to him to make use of what little reasoning power he has been enabled to acquire? He must force himself to submit blindly to authority, which compels him to accept as true what he feels to be false. Now authority in education is a good as well as a necessary thing when its dictates are based upon reason. But when they are not, when in truth they are defiant of reason, no more pernicious element can well enter into the training of the young. Doubtless the rational processes employed in other studies correct in time for most of us the mental twist thus imparted in childhood. But it is not always corrected. We have only to read certain of the arguments advanced against spelling reform to become aware that the faculty of reasoning on this subject which has been muddled in child-

hood is apt to remain muddled the rest of one's life.

There has been much discussion of the wisdom or unwisdom of the President's order. It was called an impulsive act by that body of men who are disposed to confound mental torpor with profound deliberation, and look upon the inability to come to a decision in any given case as evidence of prolonged reflection. To me its wisdom and its timeliness have been justified by the result. It has done more to call general attention to the character of our spelling than all other agencies combined. The views expressed in it have been proclaimed again and again by scholars, both English and American, for at least a third of a century. They have scarcely raised a ripple on the current of public opinion. But the course taken by the most prominent personality among the executives of the earth awakened the whole English-speaking world from its indifference. Both here and abroad the action invited and aroused discussion, the one thing above all others spelling reform needs for its success. That the President ceased to enforce his order is a matter of comparatively little consequence. The effect wrought by it had been produced. Public documents reach but a limited number, and from the nature of things can rarely be made familiar by frequency of reading. There are, indeed, men so lost to all that is true and high and ennobling as to turn almost disdainfully from the perusal of the Congressional Record. From this time on they may be induced to scan its pages, since it is now authoritatively proclaimed that henceforth we are to find in it "normal" spelling, — a sort of spelling which scholars everywhere have sought for long, but have hitherto failed to find.



# THE DAWN OF THE AMERICAN DRAMA

BY JOHN CORBIN

IN an article on "The Twilight of the Poets," the sad purport of which was poetically adumbrated in its title, Mr. Edmund Clarence Stedman once remarked, "The time has come for poetry in any form that shall be *dramatic*. . . . I think that our future efforts will result in dramatic verse, and even in actual dramas for both the closet and the stage." This he gave forth, not as a prophecy, but as a speculation, founded on certain general tendencies in our life. "We scarcely can forecast next month's weather from the numberless shifting currents of to-day," he admitted; and he further safeguarded himself by saying, "I am aware that this belief has been entertained before, and prematurely; it was strong in the time of Taylor, Dunlap, and Payne. Nor would our own experiments be much more significant than theirs, were it not for the recent and encouraging efforts of our younger authors, many of whom are among the poets already named."

These words were published twenty-two years ago. There have been many generations of "younger authors" since: generations of younger authors are brief. Of all those whom Mr. Stedman, in his catholicity and hopefulness, deemed worthy of mention, only one made his mark in the theatre — Bronson Howard; and for sixteen years now no new piece of his has seen the footlights. Certainly speculation is safer than prophecy.

Yet even a prophet may take courage. Two voices have haunted the drama from its cradle in the cart of Thespis — the cry of its utter degeneracy, and the shout of triumphal acclaim. To take a comparatively modern instance, not without subtle humors: Sir Francis Bacon warned folks from spending much

time in the theatres, and stigmatized his age as decadent — and this in the very year, 1605, which marked the culmination of Shakespeare's powers; whereas the obscure parson-pedagogue, Francis Meres, had already pronounced Shakespeare the successful rival of the mightiest ancients — in 1598, before he had reached his full stature in either comedy or tragedy. The world does move; and the humblest prophet of hope stands the best of chances against the mightiest prophet of despair.

Quite boldly, then, I prophesy the dawn of the American drama; and quite confidently, too, for the drama has already dawned. Several years ago I reminded Mr. Stedman of his ancient speculations. He acknowledged the corn. To-day he is still a familiar figure at first nights of promise, and unless I have misunderstood him, he also has seen the peep o' day. The present season, I am persuaded, has been the most notable in the history of our stage; and every indication points to a brighter day to come.

## I

The era following the Civil War, as Mr. Stedman pointed out, was one of reaction. That conflict, the mightiest and most momentous of the century, left us in a state of exhaustion, both material and moral. The energy of the men it left us found superabundant scope in political and business development. Intellectually the pendulum swung from exalted ideals and passions to skeptical if graceful dilettanteism. The recent and all but bloodless conflict with Spain has wrought the opposite effect. As happened with England three centuries before, on the easy overthrow of the Armada, it brought

to the surface two factors of prime potency — a realization of our greatness among the nations of history, and a realization of the vices that are sapping that greatness. The instinct of self-criticism is no less essential to creative activity than the instinct of self-glorification, and if we have more of it in proportion than our English ancestors, the fact falls in fortunately with the scientific and critical spirit of our time.

More concretely discernible, if not more powerful, is the organization of the business of the theatre. The nature of the theatrical trust, the so-called syndicate, is pretty well known, though I am inclined to think that its character has been somewhat unduly blackened. Its purpose is frankly commercial. To berate it for its lack of altruistic devotion to the art of the drama is as illogical and as perverse as it would be to berate publishers because they do not endow libraries, or picture dealers because they fail to give their wares to the art museums. In a people who, of all moderns, have most stolidly refused to organize in behalf of the greatest of all arts, the cry that private merchants have cast the drama to the dogs is grotesquely comic. Two great services the commercial managers have rendered us; they have raised the calling of playwright and actor to a stable and lucrative vocation, and they have familiarized the entire continent with many of the best works of the dramatists of Europe. It has often been pointed out that the most powerful stimulus to artistic creation has been familiarity with the more advanced products of other lands and peoples. The work of the syndicate in this direction, though partial and unconscious, has been powerful and fruitful.

## II

The result has been to develop a body of playwrights who may be called the syndicate school. In estimating what they have accomplished it is mere justice to remember the difficulties with

which they have contended. They had to compete not only against such plays from the Continent as promised to be popular here, but against the output of a large band of playwrights in England, who are now acknowledged to have brought the art of the theatre to a development higher than it has reached since the day of Goldsmith and Sheridan. Moreover, writing for a public numbering thousands of thousands, and living in widely scattered localities, they have been limited to subjects of the most general appeal. Their plays gained no doubt in breadth of interest, but they as certainly lost in intelligence and refinement of art. The result is a good number of deservedly popular pieces, and none of high significance or of even excellence.

The plays of Bronson Howard are still performed on the humble stages of local stock companies. All of them are instinct with broad and wholesome human sympathy and racy masculine humor. One of them, *The Henrietta*, held the regular stage until the recent death of Stuart Robson. The earliest of our most characteristic genre of plays, the business play, it is still the ablest, excelling alike in its appeal to vigorous emotion and in its grasp of salient, humorous character. When it was first produced it was censured, somewhat academically, perhaps, for presenting on the same stage farcical comedy and melodramatic death. A more valid objection is that its moral values are mixed. We are expected to laugh, and in fact do laugh, with the Wall Street buccaneer who, betraying a widow's trust in him, deliberately brings financial ruin on her in order to force her to marry him; and at the same time we are called upon to exult, and do exult, in the death of his son, who has been similarly treacherous to his father. Behold the triumph of dexterously manipulated values! The least to be said of this is that the play, in spite of its indubitable power, belongs to a dramatic convention — that of the Victorian era — which is radically false and factitious.



Later playwrights in the syndicate school have come appreciably nearer to actuality. William Gillette, as for example in *Secret Service*, has raised the melodrama of situation and action to the highest plane of skill and theatric intelligence. Augustus Thomas, as in *Alabama* and *Arizona*, has vivified a melodramatic plot with a distinct degree of local atmosphere and racy character; while in *The Other Girl*, a hybrid of drama and comedy, he has created, in the prize-fighter Kid Garvey, a comedy character of consummate vitality, truth, and humor. Clyde Fitch, the most prolific and versatile of the school, has, as it seems to me, taken the lead in spontaneity, tact, and intelligence. But none of these playwrights has as yet produced a work of large calibre and sustained art.

The deficiency, if in part their own, is largely due to the régime under which they labor. Unimpeachable on the score of art and ethics, the syndicate managers have, or so it seems to me, committed a cardinal commercial blunder. It is the mark of the able merchant that he seeks always to extend his field of operations, not only by anticipating each new taste as it rises, but by actually creating demands. Now, the American public is on the whole the most intelligent and best educated in the world, and at no time has its artistic progress been more rapid than in the past decade. Instead of eagerly watching this advance and fostering it, the syndicate managers have ignored it, even resisted it. Secure, as they thought, in control of the situation, they have consistently refused to back any new author or any new movement until its commercial value has been demonstrated — and generally by others. They have not had the foresight to recognize that the merely artistic success of to-day is the commercial success of to-morrow. Their first gains they made by importing plays that had proved themselves popular abroad; and to-day they are not producers but reproducers of the drama.

Ten years ago, when Bernard Shaw

was beginning to be read, I suggested to the most artistic of the syndicate managers, Mr. Daniel Frohman, that he produce *Candida* with Miss Annie Russell in the title part. When brilliant and, as it seemed to me, stimulating plays were to be had, I thought it shameful that an actress of such distinction of personality and art should be wasted in a sentimental tomfoolery by Jerome K. Jerome. A little later Mr. Arnold Daly proposed that Mr. Frohman produce the play, with himself as Marchbanks, and Miss Hilda Spong as *Candida*. Mr. Frohman was deaf to both proposals. The actress who ultimately played *Candida* was pitifully unsuited to the part; but the play scored, and paved the way for the entire Shaw repertory, — of which the syndicate itself eventually became chief producer. The incident is only one of a dozen that could be cited. Our national indifference to dramatic art, even our native puritanism, has not been more ruinously conservative than these managers whose sole purpose is avowedly commercial.

### III

If the drama is dawning, the fact is in a large measure due to the organization of independent managers into what is in effect an anti-syndicate; for though the Fafnir of monopoly may lie gorged with possessions, fate will not allow it to sleep. It is a mistake, I think, to regard this as the sole cause. Shortly before his death, the late Kirke La Shelle, one of the ablest and most intelligent of our managers, remarked that native playwrights were beginning to write in the technique of the European masters, and that the time was at hand when we should have a vigorous drama. On hearing the remark, one of the syndicate dramatists asked somewhat skeptically who these new playwrights were, and where were their plays. It was the wrong time for scoffing. The Shubert brothers had already established a formidable circuit of

first class theatres in the leading American cities, and had secured the coöperation of other independent managers, who had openly revolted against the arbitrary authority and the financial exactions of the syndicate booking agency,—among them Mr. and Mrs. Fiske, David Belasco, and Walter N. Lawrence. Actors, too, and among them the ablest and most prominent, seceded to the anti-syndicate. There was an urgent need of plays.

Meantime another powerful factor had been introduced into the situation. The supply of foreign pieces, by monopolizing which the syndicate had built up its strength, was failing. As for plays from the Continent, two influences combined to invalidate them. The growth of native feeling in our audiences rendered the old method of false and specious adaptation powerless; and, with the growth of realism and the literary sense abroad, the plays themselves were becoming more and more difficult to transpose into terms of American life. The D'Ennery type of melodrama, exploited by Lester Wallack and A. M. Palmer, has long been extinct. Amiable German comedies of the school of Blumenthal and Kadelberg, which Augustin Daly so long lived by importing, became fewer and of less and less appeal. Even the Bisson type of Parisian farce, written in a mood of gayety unhampered by bourgeois morality, soon lost its novelty and no longer attracted a public essentially serious. The newer order of dramatists—Ibsen, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Capus, Brioux, Donnay, Lavedan and others—were on the whole impossible, at once because of their greater intellectuality, their more local and individual presentation of life, and the gloominess or unmorality of their themes.

The manners and moods depicted in English plays are more intelligible and sympathetic; but the output is far from copious. The present season, although of more than average richness, has seen only two successful new English plays. *His House in Order* is more popularly

sympathetic than most of Mr. Pinero's work, and has a full measure of his adroit technique; but it strikes no new note of interest, and in the portrayal of a group of hypocritically righteous middle-class Britons it reverts to the more crudely theatric manner of its author's youth. In *The Hypocrites* Mr. Henry Arthur Jones has performed a striking feat of dramatic skill, and has again shown himself supreme among his fellows in portraying deep and sincere passion; but his theme—a trusting maiden betrayed and scorned—harks back through a long list of his plays to his earliest dramatic success, *Saints and Sinners*; while by a curious coincidence his background of hypocritical Britons are own brothers to Mr. Pinero's. There is nothing in either piece to controvert the almost unanimous verdict of English critics that for almost a decade drama and comedy have been on the decline—pushed to the wall by music-hall variety shows and musical comedy. The result is all too obvious here. The old Lyceum Theatre, which Daniel Frohman made the home of imported English plays, began to lose prestige even before it was pulled down. The New Lyceum has nothing that can be even miscalled a stock company; it is simply one of several of the better class of Broadway playhouses. More and more every year the staple of the syndicate managers is becoming musical comedy.

Yet all this time theatres have been springing up like mushrooms the entire length of Broadway, from Madison Square to Central Park, and even beyond; and contrary to the fears of the less speculative, it has become evident that there are audiences ready and eager to fill them on the least promise of being interested or amused. How much of the new development in our drama is due to the business crisis, and how much to the playwrights and public, will probably never be determined; but it is obvious that the two forces have met in the most fortunate conjunction.



There has been an attempt to make the public believe that the anti-syndicate is inspired by a lofty devotion to dramatic art; but in part at least this is manifest buncombe. The most powerful factors in the combination, the Shuberts, are quite of the type of the syndicate managers. They have been more daring in their reliance on fresh talent, but there has been nothing to show that this has been the result of anything higher than commercial necessity. Mr. Belasco has extraordinary horse sense in choosing popular themes, and has an ability amounting to genius in the externals of theatric stage management; but his plays have not the slightest pretension to be regarded as literature, and whatever taste he has shown in the drama has been conspicuously bad. Mr. Lawrence's productions have evidenced a certain gentle right-feeling, much enhanced in his productions by the admirably subtle and realistic stage management of Mr. George Foster Platt; but in vigorous intelligence they have been conspicuously lacking. Of all the anti-syndicate managers, only Mr. and Mrs. Fiske have shown originality and intelligence. In short, the conditions governing the dramatic world continue all but as purely commercial as they have been. I am stating a fact, not preferring a charge. If any one is to blame for the commercialism of the drama, it is not the merchants who purvey it, but ourselves, who have rested content with no better than the average public demands.

## IV

The native syndicate playwrights, meanwhile, have shown a tendency to exhaustion not unlike that of the English school with which their development synchronized. Mr. Gillette's *Clarice*, his only original play in a decade, opened with an act of delicious sentimental comedy, but after that declined into unpleasant and incredible melodrama. Mr. Thomas has for two years produced

only actor vehicles; they have had a full measure of his racy wit, but have been otherwise without originality or strength. It must be added, however, that his powers have always been subject to lapses of considerable duration.

Mr. Fitch's case is problematical in the extreme. From the days when, as a youth, he wrote *Beau Brummell*, it has been evident that he is gifted with a freshness of observation, a spontaneous fecundity of invention, and a skill in the externals of the art of the theatre that are truly phenomenal. Both in drama and in comedy, he has written scenes and characters which are at once more original, more varied, and of a higher quality than the work of any of his competitors. A considerable proportion of his extraordinarily copious output has been ill conceived, though never without touches of originality; but his successes have been equally numerous, and whenever, as not infrequently happens, one of them is revived, — as for example such dissimilar pieces as *The Climbers* and *Captain Jinks*, — its vitality and vivacity are found to be unimpaired. And his powers are apparently still in the ascendant.

What he lacks is a feeling for the deeper emotional and spiritual themes of life, and the mental grasp necessary to work his subject out with sustained and symmetrical technique. Twice of late he has given hopeful evidence of an ability to rise above his previous limitations, in *The Girl with the Green Eyes*, and *The Truth*. Neither play treats a theme comparable in depth or in scope with the themes of the best plays of the leading English playwrights, to say nothing of the intellectual dramatists of the Continent. Jealousy is the ugliest and least dignified of the passions, and habitual lying is at best a vice. None the less, Jinny, the girl with the green eyes, stands forth as one of the most individual, vivacious, and poignant characters of the contemporary stage; and though the play as a whole turns upon a rather factitious complication and ends in sheer

bathos, it has one entire act, the third, of quite masterly salience and power.

*The Truth*, the most interesting of Mr. Fitch's four pieces this season, has a character and a history very pertinent to our present discussion. An amiable foible of untruth, a penchant for the wifely taradiddle, is not, in the nature of things, a theme for stirring and heartfelt emotion. No universal appeal was possible. That, as it seems, must have been evident to the humblest dramatic intelligence. Yet as a theme for the subtler comedy of manners, it is as novel as it is amusing. Mr. Fitch wrote his play with admirable simplicity and discretion. On purely technical grounds, it is by far the evenest and most sustained performance of his career. Yet from the point of view of commercial management the result was lacking in power. He gave sanction under pressure to an attempt to "lift" the final scene of the third act by playing it in the bow-wow style. As a result, this crucial moment in the play was rendered at once false and futile. The first-night critics in New York, upon whose verdict much depends, not unnaturally found the piece indifferent or bad. On the second night the defect was remedied. The scene was played simply, naturally. The public responded, and by the end of the week it was evident that the play would net a normal profit. But already, without having been given a chance for its life, it has been ordered off the boards, to make way for a musical comedy star in farce.

The final result thus far is that the anti-syndicate has bought it to produce next year. With it goes Clara Bloodgood, who by her work in this play and in *The Girl with the Green Eyes* has placed herself at the head of all our feminine exponents of the comedy of manners—an actress whose artistic truth and poignance of feeling have been somewhat tardily recognized. For the good of the stage as a whole it is to be hoped that Mr. Fitch will not be hampered by allegiance to either party; but it

is far more needful that he should have managers who recognize the wisdom of aiding rather than hindering his artistic development.

v

The value of the newer order of playwrights does not lie in their craftsmanship, which is defective, nor in the popularity they have achieved—though, owing partly to a condition of general prosperity, this has been extraordinary. It lies in the nature and the calibre of the themes they have undertaken and the predominant sincerity with which they have handled them. Their work reveals a strong, if subconscious, sense of the importance of our national life, and of the magnitude of the evils that are threatening it. Hitherto, our drama has concerned itself mainly with men and women as individuals. The English drama has a broader outlook upon the social order, but it has almost exclusively limited itself to a single class, the aristocracy. Now, in American life the dominant factors are commercial and political. *The Henrietta* blazed the way for a type of drama which, so far as the English-speaking stage is concerned, was momentous—the play of business and of politics. The younger generation, finding more fortunate themes in our recently quickened moral consciousness, has developed and extended it.

Years ago Charles Klein wrote *The District Attorney*, but the time and his talents were not ripe. *The Lion and the Mouse* was made possible by the era of what, by the misapplication of a rightly invented word, is called *muckraking*. Specifically its inspiration lay in Miss Ida Tarbell's *History of Standard Oil*. In all respects the play is as uneven as it has proved popular. A childish weak first act is followed by a good second and a powerful third act. The means by which the heroine, daughter of a supreme court justice who has been falsely disgraced, is introduced into the household of the commercial magnate who has



ruined him, is romantically, melodramatically impossible; but the result is a scene of vivid, vital character and tense, dramatic emotion. And this scene in turn, which is as sincerely felt as it is trickily prepared for, is followed by a conventional "happy ending," in which a Napoleonic captain of industry is represented as repenting the error of his ways, and welcoming as his daughter-in-law the young woman who has exposed his villainy and frustrated his will and his interests. Mr. Klein's subject is new and vital, and his sincerity of feeling is undoubted; but the morals of the world he has created are as false and factitious as those of *The Henrietta*.

In *The Daughters of Men*, produced this season, Mr. Klein has attempted a far more difficult subject, the conflict of labor and capital. It is possible that no skill could embody the two opposing factors of the dramatic struggle in salient and convincing figures; and it is certain that Mr. Klein has failed to do this. Lacking these, the play lacks action, and welters in a sea of economic discussion. The result was in no wise fortunate. Here also, in the end, Mr. Klein plays the part of the reconciler. Everything turns out for the best in the best of all possible worlds.

Doubtless our generation is happy, prosperous, and predominantly moral. Possibly it is ascending to far greater heights. The last thing any sane person would ask for is premeditated gloom and despair. Yet tragedy is as essential in all life as sin and death, and without it no dramatic treatment of a great vital theme can sound the depths of passion or reach the heights of art. Much is to be forgiven the man who lives by pleasing the general public; but once a great theme is broached, to sidestep its normal issue is unintelligent and inartistic. It has been said that the American public demands fiction in which the lovemaking is passionate, but pure. Mr. Klein has attempted a not dissimilar combination. He has treated pleasantly deep and vital

ills in the body politic. Yet it is much to have treated them at all. As a pioneer he deserves all credit.

In *The Man of the Hour*, Mr. George H. Broadhurst has risen from his early triumphs in farce to the dramatization of the shame of the cities. When his play was tried out in Philadelphia, his hero was recognized as Mayor Weaver; and in other Pennsylvania cities there were similar local identifications. New York recognized portraits of Mayor McClellan and two prominent Tammany bosses of contrasted types. Almost any city might put on this dramatic coat. Technically the action is ill conceived, being so full of incident as to render quite impossible any convincingly dramatic development. Superficially the play resembles melodrama. Essentially, however, it is a drama, and it presents two or three characters and a vital situation in municipal politics with rare humor and spirit.

Somehow Mr. Broadhurst has the grace to escape the censure Mr. Klein provokes. This may be due in part to the fact that his attitude is detached and impartial—being the attitude of the comedian rather than that of the moralist. It is probably truer and fairer to attribute it to a deficiency of emotional earnestness. A man whose apparent purpose is only to interest and amuse risks none of the dangers of the loftier flight. The difference is of kind rather than of quality. As Mr. Klein has prepared the way for the tragedy of American life, so Mr. Broadhurst has prepared the way for its drama.

## VI

If, as has been stated on authority, the quality of fire is to burn and of water to wet, some consideration is due to the comedy that amuses. It would be sad indeed if our new playwrights had hung up the fiddle and the bow when they took down the shovel and the muckrake. *The Chorus Lady* and *The Three of Us*, it is true, have each a "dramatic" third



act, in which the heroine is discovered in the villain's bachelor quarters, alone with him, at midnight; but this situation is the tribute which young originality pays to ancient managerial convention. Both plays have scored successes that bid fair to outlast the entire season; but their appeal lies in the freshness with which they present the simplest humors and tenderness of life. In *The Chorus Lady*, James Forbes has presented with extraordinary vivacity the slangy wit and sophisticated shrewdness, the absurdly flashy vices and the homely honesty of the world behind the scenes; and in Miss Rose Stahl he has found a dexterous and refreshing protagonist. Chorus ladies of Broadway are said to have found the play vulgar and commonplace; but women of the avenues and men from everywhere have delighted in it. In *The Three of Us* Miss Rachel Crothers, like Mr. Forbes a novice, has told a simple story of humble domestic life in a western mining town; and she has shared his good fortune in finding an actress of prime ability, Miss Carlotta Nillson. The dominant impulse in the play is a gentle and sound heart, and the manner is of amusingly if somewhat trivially detailed realism. Except for their stale and largely factitious bedroom scenes, both pieces are absolutely native and sincere.

It is with malice aforethought that I class Mrs. Fiske's present offering, *The New York Idea*, by Langdon Mitchell, among the merely amusing plays from novices. Mr. Mitchell made his début some fifteen years ago, and his treatment of the American divorce question, as he himself impressed upon a newspaper interviewer, was inspired by the most serious moral and artistic purpose. Yet this is his first original play that has succeeded; while to those who found it amusing, — and it has had a fair share of prosperity, — it was a daring and brazen effrontery (some of them called it vulgar), whose only excuse for being was its incessant drollery.

For myself, in spite of half a dozen good lines and one hilarious situation, I did not find it amusing. Perhaps I am overserious; but naturally I prefer to believe that it is Mr. Mitchell who is guilty of levity. From the outset I felt the underlying intention to do a big thing well, and was offended by the constant miscarriage of that intention. The purpose of the play is sincere and true; the play itself is neither.

Divorce is a serious, a vital subject; and to say that, of course, is to say that it stands among the most fruitful themes for comedy; but just because it is serious and vital it demands to be treated with unsophisticated truth. I am not pleading the cause of comedy against farce. Mr. Mitchell dodges that issue by describing *The New York Idea* merely as a "play." There have been admirable farces of divorce, as for example the one by Sardou. But extravagant as it was, indecent if you will, it had the virtue of presenting people who were essentially true in a situation that was essentially vital. The manner was exaggerated, but the underlying matter was in no wise falsified.

Mr. Mitchell's divorcée has left her husband, not because he had been untrue to her or because she was or fancied herself in love with another man. She left him because he would not abandon important business in town to take her to the races. It may be argued that it is characteristic of American women to seek divorce on almost as trivial grounds, and characteristic of American courts to grant them right. There is truth in this — it is one of the curious phenomena of puritan individualism in decadence. New England leads in such divorces. But in choosing such an instance it is manifest that Mr. Mitchell has minimized and devitalized his theme.

In laying his scene in New York, and among its most fashionable set, he has introduced an element of violent untruth. The divorces of Fifth Avenue have sprung not from trivial individualism, but from



the lusts of the flesh. There is no place, moreover, in which divorce is more rigidly disapproved by authority. The law forbids it except for a breach of the seventh commandment, and the church discountenances it altogether. "The Little Church Around the Corner," famed for its broad humanity, will not remarry a divorced person. All the leading clergymen have preached against divorce in most vigorous terms to the most fashionable audiences. On the very day that recorded the production of *The New York Idea*, Bishop Doane of Albany was reported as having said that divorced people who marry again flaunt their sin. Yet Mr. Mitchell represents a New York clergyman, in his cloth, as fatuously congratulating himself on a sermon recommending divorce. There is nothing final in life, he had said, and still less is there anything final in death. Why should there be anything final in marriage, which is only a human institution?

Why did Mr. Mitchell make New York the target of his satire? It is hard to conceive any other reason than a desire to profit by the curious general interest in metropolitan society, and the equally curious willingness to believe, and to laugh at, the worst of it. Such falsehood pervades the entire play. Its drolleries are attained by a calculated perversion of the facts. It is neither farce nor comedy, but deliberate phantasy. And the very thing that makes divorce fruitful in comedy or well-conceived farce makes it distasteful as a theme for tomfoolery. On moral grounds the play is innocent enough. It is no more likely to pervert any one than to edify him. Its offense is against dramatic art; and as in the case of Mr. Klein, the offense is greater in proportion as the underlying purpose is important and right. It is fortunate for the play that it is presented by Mrs. Fiske and her extraordinarily able company, for without the aid of amusing and illusive acting its falsity must have been patent to all.

## VII

No part of Mr. Stedman's speculation has been more accurately fulfilled than that the great inspiration to our drama would come from our younger poets — though Mr. William Vaughn Moody and Mr. Percy Mackaye are of a very different vintage from the poets he had in mind. Mr. Moody has produced a prose play, and Mr. Mackaye a play in verse, which challenge comparison with the best work of the modern stage in any country.

In the first enthusiasm over *The Great Divide*, finely, powerfully acted by Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin, the temptation was strong to proclaim it as marking definitely the opening of a new and triumphant epoch. Here was a play on a vital and permanent theme, and wrought out with a skill which, though it was by no means masterly and sometimes fell short of unmistakable clarity, was in the main as strongly dramatic as literary. Beside it the cleverness and mirth of our previous best, its satire, its morality and its sentiment, somehow seemed to shrink. Months have not altered the impression. One swallow, it is true, does not make a drink — and especially from the high Pierian spring. Yet this much is certain, that *The Great Divide* makes a vital demarcation in the growth of its author. Whether it has any larger significance will, I think, depend upon the finality with which Mr. Moody keeps on the hither side of it.

He has not always been content to distill his own liquor. Body and bouquet both have been under suspicion of alien origin. Of many of his poems it has been said — and with intent to praise — that on internal evidence they could not be distinguished from Browning's poems. *The Fire Bringer* is to all intents a Greek drama, though here Mr. Moody is manifestly less than his originals. Quite aside from the question of verse, the great Greeks knew their theatre,



wrote for actual presentation on it, and showed workmanlike originality in enlarging its bounds. Mr. Moody's play, in spite of a certain crude dramatic quality in the fable, is wholly, at times almost ludicrously, unplayable on any stage. His most celebrated poem, "An Ode in Time of Hesitation," appeared during the Philippine insurrection in the pages of this magazine. Quite clearly it is, on its æsthetic side, an echo of the odes of James Russell Lowell, while its anti-imperialism is derived from the outcry raised by Lowell two generations ago against a radically different war, — the war with Mexico.

Differences of political opinion, it is true, have nothing to do with literary criticism, though it fares ill as the world wags with the poets of lost causes. The significant fact is that in *The Great Divide* Mr. Moody has found his true self both in his manner and his matter. He writes as only he can write or has written; and his message, as it somewhat strangely happens, is the direct reverse of that of his earlier poems. Without being in the least political, his play is essentially imperialistic; it is a deep and convincing presentation of the right of sturdy might, however crude and tyrannous, in opposition to the thin and anemic self-righteousness of our traditional puritanism.

The "great divide" of the title is the line of demarcation between the West of primitive impulse and the East of refined and conscious propriety. Originally the play was called *The Sabine Woman*, in reference to the fact that the hero lays hands of violence upon the heroine and forces her to submit to his will. Three drunken roisterers come upon Ruth Jordan, left alone for the night on a ranch. The best of them, an American named Ghent, shoots up one greaser and buys off another with a chain of nuggets from his neck; and as the price of protecting Ruth from outrage he leads her to the nearest magistrate. Here is an analogy so perfect that it walks on all fours. The projectiles we put into

the fleet of the Spaniards in Manila Bay and the millions we paid for the Philippines could not have a more fitting symbol than the bullets from Ghent's shooting iron and the nuggets from his neck. And the result of this bargain of force on the Arizona desert, as Mr. Moody portrays it, was the deepest and most permanent happiness for both parties to it.

For, different to the superficial view as are the drunken miner and the daughter of New England culture, they are one at heart. Mr. Moody has denoted this with fine intuition. Ruth has lived long enough in the West to respond in spirit to its ampler life — to desire at heart to become one with it. And the eye of drunken desire which Ghent casts upon her becomes from the first the eye of a true aspiration. Each has need of the other to evoke the latent powers of his soul. Our anti-imperialistic simile does not here walk on all fours; but until we attempt to assimilate the Filipinos by force there is no need that it should do so. The struggle by which Ghent benevolently assimilates Ruth Mr. Moody denotes somewhat obscurely perhaps. The play has provoked sharp differences of opinion, and among the most intelligent. Yet to me it seems inerrantly fine and right. The final scene of reconciliation is one of consummate divination. It is the man who has perpetrated the sin; but, essentially true and sincere at heart, he has derived only good from it. He has grown to his full stature of spiritual strength. The woman has suffered violence and outrage, and out of it has got only blight to her character and spiritual death. It is the realization of this that reconciles and ennobs her.

It would be hard to overestimate the originality or value of such a treatment of such a theme. The wages of sin, so our preachers and playwrights are accustomed to tell us, are death; the reward of sorrow and wrong new strength to the soul. Here is a dramatist who shows us that the wages of sin may be a purer life, that sorrow and wrong may corrupt.



Ruth's sternly puritan brother, when he learns of the manner in which Ghent won her, has the impulse to kill him. Her mother, who is a model of conventional goodness, says, "You should have killed yourself!" Ruth has learned that either course would have meant the loss of all life has to give.

There has been much question of the seemliness of representing on the stage the initial scene of violence, — in fact, of treating such a subject in any manner. To my mind, and to the mind of the great public which has crowded the theatre throughout an entire season, the frank brutality of the story is its triumph. Where other American playwrights have skirted the edges of a big vital theme, Mr. Moody has drawn its heart's blood, courageously, intelligently, and has found it pure. If the guardians of conventional propriety were as keen as they are eager, they would find far greater offense in the underlying thought in the play. Stroke by stroke, subtle, quiet, but luminous to the understanding, Mr. Moody slays our most cherished beliefs.

Bernard Shaw at his most irreverent never was more iconoclastic. And Mr. Moody has this supreme advantage, that, whereas the brilliant Irishman has spent his powder when he has flashed a paradox or two in the dramatic pan, he infuses his play with the earthly fires of primal passion and fans the flame with the deepest spiritual breath of men and women. Henry Arthur Jones has the heart of strong feeling and the head of right thinking; but compared with this play all his outcries against puritan hypocrisy seem pale. Pinero has never been keener in psychology, and never half as deep. Those three Britons, it is true, are great playwrights, each with his niche in the hall of dramatic fame won by a life of successful effort, while Mr. Moody is as yet a novice. One swallow, I repeat, does not make a drink. Yet it is all the connoisseur requires to savor the rarest vintage. *The Great Divide* is a picture painted on a small canvas.

The characters are few and the scenes are three. The technic is not always that of a master. But it is deeply original, inalienably American in origin, and world-wide in its implications. If Mr. Moody has crossed his great divide for good, then all the things one hopes are true.

Mr. Klein's, Mr. Forbes's, and Mr. Broadhurst's managers are affiliated with the syndicate, though loosely; Miss Crothers's, Mr. Mitchell's, and Mr. Moody's belong to the anti-syndicate. Mr. Mackaye's "Jeanne d'Arc" is produced by Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, who have lately joined the opposition in order to attain the freedom to expand denied them by their former managers.

#### VIII

What Lamartine did for Jeanne d'Arc in biography, and Boutet de Monvel in illustration, Mr. Mackaye has done in the poetic drama. Here for the first time on the stage — and I say this with Schiller's powerful but theatric and rhetorical Johanna well in mind — we have the maid of voices and visions, the peasant saint in her habit as she lived, nobly patriotic in her rustic girlhood, sweetly intimate, unaffectedly simple in her triumph as in her martyrdom. Many a great actress, and notably Bernhardt, has found the Maid of Orleans a pitfall. Miss Marlowe, thanks to her author, has found in her the means of one of the purest, deepest, and most compelling impersonations of the modern stage. And in the subordinate part of D'Alençon, Jeanne's skeptical and humanistic yet reverent lover, Mr. Mackaye has written for Mr. Sothern a part in the gentler moods of Hamlet, which gives scope to his finest and loveliest powers.

In one element of success, it seems to me, Mr. Mackaye is lacking. His gift has not yet proved itself essentially dramatic. I use the word advisedly. For the external arts of the theatre he has, as becomes a son of Steele Mackaye, an unfailing instinct. His dialogue is firm and



natural. He never fails to visualize, and externally to vitalize, his scenes. His pictorial projection of Jeanne's visions shows an expert hand in what the profession calls effects. He probably could not if he would write an unactable part. But he has never yet evinced the clear intellect and firm grasp of the conflicts of character and impulse which are essential to the construction of a dynamic stage story.

This is the one great defect of his play. It is, to be sure, a defect that springs from a not inconsiderable virtue. His dominant purpose is to reveal the character and career of his heroine from her girlhood in Domremy to her death in Rouen; and this he has done without exaggeration, without any of the cheap sophistications of the theatre. Yet the fact remains that, fine, true, and moving as is the character of the heroine, the six scenes which portray her career have no informing principle, no single, propulsive development. From the point of view of drama, the effect of the whole is fragmentary. The action is constructed as the Elizabethans built chronicle histories. But their purpose in so writing was primarily educational and patriotic, not artistic. When they felt free to shape their materials, they wrote, at their best, far otherwise. There are no clearer examples of unified development through conflict than *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Macbeth*, and *King Lear*.

This defect is not peculiar to Mr. Mackaye. *Cyrano de Bergerac* is a character play rather than a drama, and of the works of Stephen Phillips, only one, *Herod*, is essentially dramatic. This fact, more than anything else, explains why the modern poetic drama lives such a dead-and-alive existence on our stage. From the point of view of the average playgoer, *l'homme moyen sensuel*, these are slow plays — a thing which dramatic masterpieces never are. Even to the most sympathetic, there are passages in Jeanne d'Arc in which the attention flags.

Mr. Mackaye has, however, as it

seems to me, taken an honorable position among modern poetic dramatists. His play has little of the brilliancy of Rostand, little of the dramatic movement and suspense of Stephen Phillips at his best. But it has a quality of its own, which, to me at least, is no less momentous — an unfailing grace of the affections and a sustaining spiritual power. This is the work of a young man finely and characteristically American, who sees life sweetly, with tenderness, depth, and humor, and sees it whole. It is already evident, too, that his talent is as varied as it is fine. *The Canterbury Pilgrims*, published but as yet unacted, is a brisk and ebullient comedy of Chaucer, and *The Wife of Bath* full of the childlike gayety and childlike poetry of old England. *The Scarecrow*, neither published nor acted, is a keen and striking satirical phantasy of puritan New England, founded on Hawthorne's *Feathertop*. As yet in his early thirties, the success of *Jeanne d'Arc*, which is extraordinary, should prove the means of broadening Mr. Mackaye's talent and giving it scope. The task of creating a poetic drama in the twentieth century is not without difficulties of the gravest; but there is abundant indication that it lies within his powers.

#### IX

The great need of the American drama, which is the ancient and enduring need of the English-speaking peoples as a whole, is a theatre in which the conditions shall not be primarily commercial. There is danger, no doubt, in cultivating the drama in conventicles. This is a cathedral art. More than any other it draws its inspiration from the life of a nation, of a century, and lives or dies in its universal heart. The great public we have always with us. We cannot escape it, and those of us who are worthy it claims in the end as its own. Yet if the victory is won by the many it is the few who lead. In the phrase of Matthew Arnold, it is essential that the drama



be organized — and organized on its highest plane.

This season, so rich in actual accomplishment, has seen the founding of The New Theatre in New York. Plans have been made and adopted, and ground has been broken on a site overlooking the lower end of Central Park toward Fifth Avenue. The venture is radically different from those lately made in Boston and Chicago. There the effort has been

made on a small scale, and with insufficient resources. The New Theatre is dedicated not only to the present year, but to the decade, the generation. It is the purpose of the founders, and their means are sufficient, to make it an institution for all time. The project promises well; but of even better augury is the fact that we have already playwrights and a public capable of such excellent things.

## HIS MAJESTY THE TREE

BY M. E. M. DAVIS

"His Majesty the Tree!" Colonel David Waterman, standing on the front gallery of the Hall, took off his hat with a flourish toward the live-oak.

"His Majesty the Tree!" echoed Young David at the colonel's elbow, with a sweep of his battered straw hat, and a bow which was an exact imitation of his father's.

James, older by two years than his brother David, kept his eyes glued to the geography open upon his knee.

The Hall stood at the extreme east end of the straggling little Southern town; it had a dignified air, the old-fashioned white mansion, with its ample front and back galleries, its wide middle hall whose doors were set ever hospitably open, its sloping roof and arcaded wings, and its enormous outside chimneys, climbing like red-brick towers up either end. The large yard, whose uncut grass was deep and soft underfoot, was shaded by magnolia and crêpe-myrtle trees; there were two summerhouses guarding the front gate. They were well-nigh shapeless under their burden of honeysuckle and star-jessamine vines. A tangled rose-garden straggled away toward the orchard and the kitchen garden from one end of the house; beyond the

other were "walks" of pittosporum and camelia japonica. An ancient brick wall higher than the reach of a man's hand, topped by wistaria whose branches were thicker than a man's arm, inclosed the whole place.

Just without the wall, townward, stood the Tree: its spreading limbs, in fact, projected far enough over the wall — resting lovingly thereon — to cast into the yard a big spot of cool green shade. The Tree was a live-oak, not very tall as trees go, but of a noble symmetrical circumference. A battalion of infantry in the beginning of the late (civil) war had been banqueted beneath it, the tables — served from the Hall — radiating away from the mighty trunk like the spokes of a wheel. Its huge round shone green, summer and winter; gray Spanish moss flung over it like a vapory mist.

Colonel Waterman's affection for the live-oak was as that of one comrade for another. He had played under it, a boy, when the Hall was a-building; under it, the soft moonlight sifting down through the leaves upon her golden head, he had slipped upon his young love's finger the pledge of betrothal; he had been the host — himself a private in Confederate

uniform — at that feast beneath its vast overarching dome, whence he had marched away with his comrades to the front. He was but yesterday come back, gaunt, maimed, out-worn, from Appomattox, to find his two boys motherless; and it was to the hushed and friendly shelter of the Tree that he had carried, that first midnight, the anguish of his widowed soul.

His eyes hardened, now, taking in the decay and dilapidation under them; but they melted into tenderness as they wandered once more toward the live-oak.

"His Majesty the Tree!" he repeated.

"His Majesty the Tree!" echoed the ten-year-old David at his elbow.

Old David, as his neighbors began to call him, set the Hall in order, gathered up his scattered law-practice, and overlooked his two boys. He was proud of James, who was studious and obedient — and a trifle smug; but he delighted in Young David. For one thing, the boy's fondness for the Tree, so like his own, pleased him; he had a gateway made in the wall, so that Young David might go to and from his favorite haunt at will. People in the town shook their heads over this and other like indulgences. Young David, they said — with truth! — was an idle boy and a mischievous; his books, flung down under the tree after school, were apt to lie there until somebody — anybody! — picked them up the next morning, soggy with dew; he was kept in oftener than any boy in school; he might indeed be seen almost any late afternoon headed gayly homeward, a blasting Report in his trousers pocket, his lips set to a mouth-harmonica, or a jew's-harp, his fellow-criminals, Johnnie Reed, Hal Griffin, and Bob Stafford, at his heels, — a joyous, handsome, golden-haired vagabond.

"He will come to some bad ending," prophesied the shakers of heads. "James, now, is different. James is a good boy. James is a model." James was; but somehow, so perverse is human nature,

everybody, even the shakers of heads, loved Young David, and tolerated James.

The yellow-haired idler was, as the saying goes, a natural musician; from the tinkling keys of his dead mother's piano, from black Jesse's banjo, from a twanging jew's-harp, from a reed-pipe fashioned by his own long slim fingers out of a dogwood switch, Young David could draw sounds which made his own heart swell, and filled his hearers with wonder. And presently Young David began to find that, better than ringleading Bob and Johnnie and Hal into mischief, better than racing fleet-footed through the wooded slopes back of the Hall, better almost than hearing the colonel tell about the great war, he liked to sit on the bench under the Tree with Cissy Marshall, — father over yonder on the front gallery, listening, pipe in mouth, — and touch the strings of his violin with a tender bow, translating his dreams into music.

Cissy Marshall, christened Narcissa, was a dove-eyed, soft, adorable little creature, who had tagged after Young David ever since she was four years old, the boy eight. Her dove eyes worshiped him openly, her bit of a hand stole into his as naturally as a bird seeks its nest.

As the years passed, James the smug, college-graduate, student at law, sedate, correct, satisfactory, developed still farther into a model; Young David, light-hearted, feather-headed, remained a lovable ne'er-do-well.

"His Majesty the Tree," murmured Old David one June afternoon, his dimmed eyes traveling dreamily across the old-fashioned yard, with its honey-suckled arbors, its heart-shaped flower-beds, its sturdy embracing wall, — just now purple with wistaria-bloom, — to the glistening gray-veiled live-oak.

"His Majesty the Tree!" said Young David, his arm lying affectionately about the old man's shoulders.

A slight sneer curled the lip of James, sitting by, his eyes glued to the law-book open on his knee.



The next morning they found Old David dead in his armchair; the light of a great peace illumined his face.

Young David, pale and distraught, with eyes swollen by weeping, hardly listened to the reading of that part of his father's will which, in clear and concise terms, bequeathed to the testator's two sons, James Albert and David Hartwell, share and share alike, his entire estate, grown into something like a handsome fortune. But at a certain clause the golden head went up, a pleased light dawned in the blue eyes. This clause related to the live-oak, whose position and surroundings were minutely described. His Majesty the Tree, so named in the will, was given to himself, — the tree, — in perpetuity; all grounds, walls, shrubs, landmarks, etc., covered by his shade at any or all moments of the day, or touched by his limbs or branches, were his to have and to hold so long as he should live. And that he might dwell in peace in his own place, and no man's hand be laid in violence upon him, a certain lot of ground (described) was deeded to the town for the payment of his taxes, if such there should be. In the case of his death, or downfall, the said lot should revert to the testator's second son, David Hartwell.

The town laughed not a little over this singular bequest, but in the breathless changes which soon fell upon it — for it awoke from its century-old slumber to the whirl of a boom — the town council builded a school-house on the lot, and forgot the clause.

"It is a foolish bit of sentimentality," said James, when the brothers came to talk over the will, "but of course it stands."

"You bet it stands!" cried Young David, "and so does His Majesty the Tree. May he stand forever!"

There was no wrangling over the division of the property. James in his pompous way claimed the Hall by virtue of being the older son. Young David agreed to this heartily; also to the taking

over by James of certain lands, "of absolutely no value," for a small amount of cash.

"You are a trump, James!" shouted Young David when matters were finally settled. James winced under the blow which fell on his shoulder from David's admiring hand.

"You will wait for me, Cissy!" David said one sunny afternoon a week or so later. The two were sitting, as usual, hand in hand, on the bench under the live-oak.

"Oh, always!" sobbed Cissy, her dove eyes welling over with tears; "but oh, *why* must you go?"

Why? He could not explain to anybody, least of all to nestling, soft little Cissy, how a voice, composed as it were of many tones, — known and unknown, gay, tender, tragic, angry, appealing, solemn, mysterious, — called him overseas, where the great masters of music have lived and wrought.

He went away blithely, with the greater part of his inheritance converted by James's help into ready money. Blithely he went — he was just turned of twenty-one — and blithely he spent, did Young David. Every capital of Europe saw him scattering abroad the coin of the realm as a sower scatters seed. Not, be it said, along those ignoble byways in which spendthrifts commonly walk; he kept his life clean and honorable, less for Cissy's sake than for his own. If he held his purse upside down, it was that less fortunate brothers in music might study at ease; it was to convey, or send, such from Paris to Berlin, from Dresden to Bayreuth, from Milan to Naples, that they might come in touch with the great artists — pianists, violinists, singers of the day. He became, himself, a student; but one who winged an ardent, erratic, exasperating flight, far beyond the ken of any master.

Meanwhile, he poured out his soul to Cissy, in confident, exuberant letters, scarcely noting that her replies, after the

first year, grew constrained, and came farther and farther apart. At the end of the third year Young David wrote two letters home: one to Cissy announcing his immediate return; the other to James cheerfully setting forth the fact that he, David, had come to the end of his funds, and asking the loan of enough money to enable him to settle certain debts, and to pay his passage across — and to the Hall, where he made no doubt a welcome, and his old quarters, awaited him. There was ample room in the west wing, he reflected, for himself — and Cissy. He would teach, of course, and — his thoughts trailed off; he seemed to see himself sitting, always, under the live-oak's green span, forever making music for dove-eyed Cissy.

A letter in James's admirable handwriting came so quickly in return that he thought, whimsically, it must have been shot through space. "Good old James," he murmured, opening the fat envelope. "Smug, but true as steel, old James!"

A sealed letter tumbled out of the envelope, — David's own late letter, addressed to Miss Narcissa Marshall. James himself wrote (upon a single sheet of legal cap) that the herewithin letter, returned, had not been delivered, the lady to whom it was addressed having been for several weeks already Mrs. James Waterman. The sum of six hundred dollars, he further stated, — David's share of the last piece of ground owned by the brothers in common, — had been placed to his, David's, credit with Blanc et Cie, Paris, France. He regretted, coldly, that David had squandered his inheritance, but desired to say that he, James, absolutely declined to receive then, or afterward, into his own decent and orderly home, a *roué* and beggar such as David had become. Any further application for assistance, he added, would remain unnoticed; and he begged to subscribe himself

Very truly,

JAMES ALBERT WATERMAN.

Young David laughed, loud and long, over this letter from James the Smug, the humor of it going far toward easing the pain of Cissy's treachery. Poor Cissy, her dove eyes indeed seemed to reproach him for what she had done!

The six hundred dollars served for the last payment on a Stradivarius which he had run to earth in the Rue de la Paix; and therefore young David settled down in great contentment to teaching for a daily living. He could easily have been the rage, this handsome young maestro, with his prestige, his magic personality, his rare gift of imparting to others what he knew, his spiritual insight into the souls of his followers. But his wants, he argued, were few, his need for freedom great. A handful of pupils guaranteed him both.

Young David turned out of the dusty road and walked a little way into the pine woods; the brown-needed turf was soft and springy under his feet; the warm air which he drew into his lungs in long inhalations was charged with a resinous perfume; his nostrils quivered with sensuous delight. The faint far-away sound of chopping, and above it the echo of a negro voice floating and falling in the hazy stillness, brought a reminiscent smile to his lips.

He sat down on a fallen pine and took the joints of the flute from his knapsack. As he fitted them together his eyes danced; they were very blue, Young David's eyes, and very bright and young; though in truth they had no right to be either, for Young David himself had long ceased to be young. Thirty years since he turned his back on the Hall! thirty years passed in voluntary exile. But his tall spare figure in the threadbare suit he wore was erect and graceful; his movements had the old-time elasticity; the long hair floating over his shoulders was curiously golden still. There were lines about his eyes, and in the corners of his sensitive mouth; but his face kept at fifty, and past, the rare, almost boyish



charm which no one had ever withstood — except James. He closed his eyes, wondering idly how Cissy had fared in her life-journey with James; and set the flute to his mouth.

It was all that was left to him of his famous collection, that flute. The Stradivarius? given away with enthusiasm, oh, years ago, to a brother in music. The pedigreed 'cello? loaned to a brother in music who had forgotten to return it. The priceless harp which had belonged to the Queen of Harpists? raffled for the benefit of a needy brother in music; and so on. The grand and the baby piano were sold but the other day, when a sudden inexplicable longing had seized him, yonder in Paris, to behold once more His Majesty the Tree.

He was making his way toward that glorious green round now—afoot, having quitted the railway-train when he found his purse well-nigh empty. Through the mountain-ways of Virginia and Carolina, where the young spring lay like a delicate green veil over tree and shrub; by the sandy hills of Georgia, weaving as he walked the June lilacs into a flute-song; down through Alabama greenwoods, and across Mississippi where Spanish daggers lifted waxen-white cups to the midsummer sky; and at last, into his own state of cane-field and rose-hedge, he had trudged as blithely toward the Tree as ever he had speeded away from it by rail and boat thirty years before.

The melody which exhaled from the flute was scarcely audible even to the player's ears; he was merely trying it, the air which had come to him as he tramped homeward, and with which he intended to salute His Majesty when, standing at the head of the slope yonder, his eyes should fall once more on the Tree.

"A foolish bit of sentimentality, James would call that," he murmured, rising and walking on. "Cissy, too! for no doubt Cissy by this time is as smug as James himself!"

His heart beat more quickly as he

drew near the top of the slope; he halted, catching his breath, a spasm of physical pain passing like a shadow across his face. "It comes oftener, that warning," he commented quietly to himself.

A few steps beyond, he stood still, his eyes downcast, his arms hanging inert; a wave of poignantly sweet emotion shook him from head to foot. "I — had not — dreamed — I could — care — like this! Home! Home!" he stammered aloud. Then he lifted his eyes, sweeping them across the shallow dip of the valley; and shrank back as if from a blow.

Well, and after all, had he not known it would be changed, the boom town? He pulled himself together and slowly measured its growth, — its climb into the low hills to the north; its eastward and southward spread; and sought among its clustering spires and massed roofs the old landmarks, — the school-house, the court-house square, the town hall; the shady by-way that led out to the ball-ground, the pecan grove by the spring, the — his tall frame stiffened into rigidity, the flute dropped from his nerveless fingers.

Certainly, there was the old place, lying like an island amid an encroaching sea of houses. But — the Hall? He made out at length that the ancient mansion was still there, but its stately whiteness had given place to a vivid green with capricious facings and stripings of red; the sloping roof was here hollowed, there rounded; drawn up to a peak on one side, shoved out into portentous eaves on another. The wide, columned galleries were gone; in their stead were jutting balconies, bay windows, fantastic little porches. The deep-breasted yard was become a lawn, clean shaven, with asphalted footways; the flower-beds and the japonica and pitosporum "walks" had disappeared; so had the summer houses with their burden of vines. Where the rose-garden had been, — beloved of young David's mother, — a tennis-court flaunted its netting.

And the wall, the dear encircling wall! not a vestige of it remained; the lawn stepped down to the very highway, — fenceless, hedgeless, shamelessly inviting the first comer, as it were, into the family life.

Young David's momentary paralysis had passed; a torrent of passionate invective was pouring from his lips; he shook his clenched fist at the modernized house; he rolled angry bloodshot eyes over the prim lawn; he cursed his brother with a fluency and in a variety of foreign-born oaths which would have frozen the blood of that correct individual, had he heard them.

"May his soul serve the Devil for a pocket-handkerchief! May Satan turn a rusty knife forever in his bowels! May he lie in melted glass throughout eternity! May —" suddenly he drew a long breath, and a low chuckle eased his fury. He had for the moment forgotten the Tree. But there He stood, glossy-green under the July sun, unshorn of any limb, untouched by the profane hand that had "improved" the Hall. And — again the easing chuckle — a bit of the old wall, fifty feet or more, had perforce been left standing, since one of His Majesty's mighty limbs rested upon it! It had an odd, incongruous look, that length of yellowed brick lying alongside the immaculate lawn. "What an eyesore it must be to James the Smug! But at all events he has respected my father's wishes," said Young David at length, softening a little.

He picked up his flute and turned away, spent to exhaustion.

A quarter of an hour later, he came by a well-remembered woodpath to the family burying-ground. He was not surprised to find that the whitewashed picket fence had been replaced by an iron grille, painted green; but it stirred him anew to see that the weeping-willow which had shaded his mother's mildewed tomb had been cut down. He wrenched open the locked gate with an angry hand, and went in. Seated upon the flat tomb

of his grandfather, — another David Waterman, — he looked about, trying vaguely to fit the old tombs and headstones into their new setting. Gradually he became aware of an inscription which seemed to draw his gaze insistently toward a new, unremembered shaft, over against his father's.

#### NARCISSA MARSHALL

the deep-cut inscription ran,

BELOVED WIFE OF  
JAMES ALBERT WATERMAN

DIED JUNE 17TH, 1886

AGED 27 YEARS

Cissy! Dead these twenty years!

When the dry sobs ceased to shake him, Young David lifted the flute to his lips. But he lowered it again; he would have liked to play for Cissy once more, yet —

A full moon rode, large and yellow, in the cloudless sky, when, skirting the pecan-grove in the rear of the home place, he came to the Tree on the close-clipped side-lawn. The Hall was brilliantly lighted, its many windows flung open to the night; but the shadows were dense under the live-oak, save where the moonlight sifted through the leaves, to fall in ghostly-white splotches on the ground. Young David passed in with head uncovered and laid his hand reverently upon the gnarled trunk. But the salutation he would have uttered was arrested by the sound of a voice. It was a girl's voice, soft, and sweet, and young.

"Yes," it said, and there were tears in it, "my father has given orders that it shall be cut down — to-morrow morning."

"What!" burst in another voice, a man's, young also, and very firm and resonant. "The Tree? *Our* tree, Cissy? Mr. Waterman is going to have the tree cut down! What for?"

*Cissy!* Young David's heart stood still.

"Because it interferes with the view. Besides, he wants to build an Italian



pergola out here, and a tea-house. Isabel and Katharine are delighted. But I — oh, I — ”

There was a break in the musical voice. Young David divined, with a lump in his throat, the reassuring pressure of an encircling arm about the girl's waist. For the speakers were sitting upon the bench on the other side of the tree-trunk.

“They like the improvements in the house, too, my sisters. I suppose I am different, somehow. I liked it best as it was. I know my mother would have liked it best as it was. And she never could have borne to see the Tree cut down. I never knew my mother, you know, Jack,” the girl went on wistfully; “she died when I was born. But old Unc' Jesse and Aun' Hannah have told me how she loved the Tree; she used to come out every day, as long as she lived, and sit under it just as I do. Aun' Hannah says,” the voice dropped almost to a whisper, “that when she was a girl my mother used to sit here with my Uncle David — the one who is so wicked that my father never speaks of him. Perhaps he is dead now, my Uncle David. O Jack, I cannot *bear* to have the Tree cut down!”

“Don't cry, Cissy,” soothed Jack; “we will have a tree of our own when we are married.”

“Yes,” sobbed Cissy, “but it can never be *the* Tree.”

Young David stole forth softly. He made a wide circuit around the moonlit tree, unjointing the flute as he went, and slipping the pieces one by one into his knapsack. He strode up the asphalted walk, under the full moon, to the front door of the house. There were some people sitting on one of the flighty porches; he judged the young women to be his hitherto unknown nieces, Isabel and Katharine. They watched him idly as he pulled the bell.

“Looks like a gentlemanly tramp,” commented one of the young men.

The door was opened (the Hall front-

door shut, and in midsummer!) by a weazened old negro in white gloves and a tail-coat.

“Is Mr. Waterman at home?” asked the visitor.

“Mr. Waterman,” began the negro pompously, “is havin' a genteman's dinin', sah. He — Gawd a'mighty, Marse Dave, is dat *you*!”

“Of course it is, you old rascal,” said Young David, grasping his hand affectionately; “who else?”

“Gawd be praise', Marse Dave. You is come back home at las'. An' you looks des lak you uster. Lawd, Hannah will shout hallelujah!” The tears were streaming down his black face.

“My brother is in the dining-room, eh, Unc' Jesse?” Young David was handing hat and knapsack to the old man.

“Ya-as, sah, Marse Dave. Mr. Jeems is in de dinin'-room — ”

“Mr. James?” frowned David.

“Yas, sah, Mr. Jeems. I done quit callin' *him* Marse. Yas, sah, Marse Dave, he's got a dinin',” — anxiously, — “he don't lak to be 'sturb'.”

“Never mind, Unc' Jesse.” Uncle Jesse had dropped to his knees and was brushing off the traveler's worn shoes with his handkerchief. “I don't mind disturbing him. The old dining-room?”

“No, sah, Marse Dave. It's in de wing. Todes yander.”

“Very well. Stay where you are. I will be back presently.”

He went down the unforgotten hallway, and turned into the west wing, where his own bachelor quarters used to be. His lip curled scornfully as he cast a glance here and there upon the new furniture, the new hangings, the new papering on the walls, the new chandeliers. But his face was quite tranquil when, lifting a heavy portière, he presented himself to his brother and his brother's guests seated around a richly-appointed dinner-table.

“How do you do, James,” he said pleasantly, advancing a step or two.

Mr. Waterman, who had started up at the appearance of a dust-covered intruder, dropped back into his chair, purple with indignation. He had grown stout and bald with the drifting years, had James; and prosperity and self-sufficiency were written loud all over his correctly clad person.

"I have merely called in passing —" Young David was beginning, but several chairs had been suddenly pushed back.

"By the gods! it's our Pied Piper!" cried Judge Robert Stafford, hurrying around to clap the intruder on the shoulder.

"Young David! Welcome home!" shouted Mayor John Reed and banker Henry Griffin in a breath.

The others, strangers to an earlier past, looked on curiously while the threadbare newcomer returned the joyous greetings of his old-time chums, asking and answering questions, filling the stiff room with that beguiling atmosphere which no one had ever resisted — except James.

"Why, boys, it is like our old game of buttons," laughed Young David at length. "Mayor, judge, banker —"

"Chief!" interrupted Judge Stafford, touching Young David's breast with an earnest forefinger. "Do you think that we have not heard of the great things you have been doing all these years, *maestro*? You were always at the very top, Young Davie. You always will be the chief."

"You'll stop at my house, you know, old man," cried Mayor John Reed.

"And you boys will all dine with me to-morrow," said Mr. Griffin.

James came forward. "Will you not join us at table, David?" He could hardly be blamed if his tone was slightly acid, seeing that his dinner-party was in danger of failure.

"Thanks, no," said David politely. "I'm sorry, boys, but I leave within the hour. I am hurrying to meet an important engagement on the Other Side. By the way, James, I am glad to see that

His Majesty the Tree holds his own. May he live forever! Curious clause that was in my father's will, Bobby." He turned to the judge, but his eyes addressed the mayor while he ran lightly over the story of the will.

"By Jove!" ejaculated one of the strangers. "How interesting! Belongs to himself, hey?"

"Forever," returned Young David emphatically. "Nobody can cut him down but God Almighty; eh, James!"

"Now that you recall it, I remember it all perfectly," said the mayor.

"Of course you do, Johnnie. And you and Bob can help James to remember that clause, and keep that piece of town property from reverting to the testator's second son." Young David laughed gayly.

When he came out Uncle Jesse was waiting for him.

"You ain' gwine *away*, Marse Dave!" groaned the old man. Young David was passing the strap of his knapsack over his shoulder. "An' you *des* come back! Lawd, chile, I don't want no *money*! You keep dat dollar, Marse Dave. You needs it. Not but what you don't look as gran' as *any* gentlerman, but — O Marse Dave, you ain' *gwine*!"

Young David had to master himself before he spoke. "Easy, Unc' Jesse," he said. "Don't you remember what you used to tell me when I was a boy? *Where the head must lie the feet must carry you*. I've got to go. My brother James has some daughters, has n't he?"

"Yas, sah, Marse Dave. He got Miss Belle an' Miss Kate, an' Miss Cissy. Miss Cissy, she's de younges'. She name' for her ma, an' she's sutenly de spit 'n' image of *yo*' Miss Cissy, Marse Dave. She's settin' out yander onder de Tree now, des lak —"

"Uncle Jesse, when, — when Miss Narcissa comes in —"

"She'll be comin' in turrectly, Marse Dave."

"As soon as she comes in, you tell her that her Uncle David says not to



worry about that Tree. Her father will not have that Tree cut down, to-morrow, or ever."

Young David made even a wider circuit about the live-oak in returning than before; he walked rapidly, adjusting the flute as he went. At the edge of the pecan-grove he turned and took off his hat with a flourish to the Tree. The

moonlight touched his hair into a crown of gold. A moment later, a flute song, clear, penetrating, heartbreaking, floated out into the night.

"What is that?" cried Cissy, hand in hand with her lover under the live-oak. "Listen! Why, I never heard anything like it!"

Nobody ever did! It was Young David's farewell to the Tree — and to life.

## CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN

BY K. ASAKAWA

To the student of human society, as well as to the friend of propaganda, few things seem more interesting than the struggle of Christianity with a nation whose long history, diversified civilization, and startling changes, the church does not comprehend to its own satisfaction. Japan and Christianity had not come in contact before the sixteenth century, when they met only to be separated within a hundred years. When they again came together in our own time, both Japan and Christianity had so immensely changed in the mean time, that they seemed perfect strangers to each other; and the former has since been so absorbed by its incessant activity, that they have hardly had enough time to know each other as fully as they should. Japan being the host and Christianity the guest, the latter has been obliged to make perhaps more blunders and larger waste of energy than the former before finding itself in a position to reflect and learn. The period of understanding and application now at last appears to have fairly begun. The present article aims merely to suggest how interesting must be a fuller account of this important social evolution.

The history of Christianity in Japan is divided into two distinct periods, separated by a long interval. The first pe-

riod began with the coming of Francis Xavier and two other Jesuit missionaries in 1549, and ended with the rigorous enforcement from about 1640 of measures for excluding Japan almost completely from foreign trade and absolutely from the alien faith. After two centuries of closure, Japan's door was again opened, in 1854, to the material and moral influences from abroad, an event which has heralded an age of tremendous activity along all lines of her national life. These two periods of Japan's church history present important points of contrast to each other. The first period, during which Catholicism was the only proselyting force, was marked by a comparative unity of the purpose and methods of the church; while, in the second, diversity and mutual independence have, for good or for ill, characterized not only the numerous orders and denominations, Greek, Roman, and Protestant, but also the races and nations that have sent missionaries of the same description. Their perfect unity of control and discipline enabled the Catholic teachers of the first period to command undisputed obedience of their followers, and, whenever possible, even to wield large temporal powers; as, for example, for several years till 1588, when they acted as political masters of the city

of Nagasaki, and used fire and fagot to persecute Buddhists. They were animated by the traditional passion to rule, and had not learned the historic lesson of tolerance. Nothing could be more different from their attitude than that of the Christian workers of to-day, who as such are entirely out of political life, and are even accused by some of being too conciliatory to one another and to Buddhists and Shintoists to be sufficiently self-assertive and aggressive. The difference has been recognized in a manner no less distinct by the government in its religious policy: in the first period it began with perfect non-interference, but experience taught it to increase in severity, until the result was a thorough extermination of the Catholics. The second period saw the process reversed, namely, from the prohibition of "the evil cult" to an absolute freedom of religious belief. In our historic discussion, therefore, we should constantly bear in mind its two large factors, that is to say, the changing conditions and attitude of the church, and the progress of the religious policy of the government; and to these should be added an even more important element, the position in society which the church at the different periods has occupied.

## I

The story of the first period has been so well told in English, in Mr. James Murdock's *History of Japan*, and, more briefly, in Captain Brinkley's *Oriental Series: Japan and China*, that it would be superfluous to summarize it here. It is enough to emphasize a few points of importance. Coming at the time when the Japanese nation had long been subject to violent changes of men and things during centuries of civil strifes, the Portuguese traders and missionaries were received with curiosity and open-handed freedom by the rough-and-ready warrior-princes. The Jesuit discipline, too, with its combination of sentimentalism and implicit obedience, seems to have so

strongly appealed to the moral undertone of the feudal society as neither Buddhism nor Shintoism could have done. Political reasons further favoring its progress, the Catholic Church of this period grew much faster than the Protestantism of to-day. It was at this point, however, that the Jesuit expansion was marred by that intolerance and love of power above which men of the sixteenth century knew not how to rise. The advent of other orders from Manila made matters worse. The internal variance of the Catholics, and those social, political, and legal evils of their communities which are so familiar to the student of the Christian history of China, became so apparent in Japan that Toyotomi Hideyoshi, the feudal suzerain, sought in some measure to control the propaganda from about 1587. This, however, only served to intensify the well-known evils. These were also in constant danger of being magnified into political dimensions by the malcontents, eager to seize upon anything to undermine the power of the new lord Tokugawa Ieyasu, — the fear which was realized in 1614 and 1615 in connection with the battles of Osaka. For the sake of his own security and of the nation's peace, therefore, Ieyasu had begun, from 1612, not only to control, but to prohibit propagation. Under these measures the Catholics now increased at a marvelous rate, numbering at one time not less than 600,000 scattered through the country, or six times as many as all the Christian brethren living in Japan of to-day. In 1608 a papal bull was issued, throwing Japan open to the proselytism of all the Catholic orders, and thus directly opposing Ieyasu's will and ignoring his authority as suzerain. The Dutch and English visitors also whispered to him how serious a political danger from abroad might result from suffering the Roman Church to expand itself in Japan. Milder policy having thus failed to accomplish the desired end, and prohibition having only served to increase enormously the power of the Catholics, Ieyasu now determined



not only to prohibit propagation, but to exterminate all the Catholics of the realm who would not recant. Sharp and cruel persecutions which defy description followed one another; and also the subtle method of taking, through the Buddhist churches, a compulsory religious census of all the subjects of Japan. The measures adopted were so exhaustive that in 1637 a large part of the remaining Christians of Kyushu were goaded into the great rebellion of Shimabara. Here the besieged Christians, perhaps 25,000 in number, maintained themselves for four months against an army nearly five times as large. When Shimabara at length fell, the Tokugawa *shogun* not only persecuted the Christians with increased rigor, but forbade trade with all Europeans but the Dutch, although it had, only twenty years before, been unmolested along the entire coast line of Japan, and had been tolerated even at the time of the rebellion. The chief reason for excluding European trading ships was the danger that they might bring missionaries and tracts. Investigation leaves little doubt that the political conduct of the Catholics was to a large extent responsible for the extension of the policy of seclusion from religion to trade. Henceforth, for more than two hundred years, the Dutch at the tiny islet of Deshima, the site of which may still be traced at Nagasaki, monopolized the small but highly lucrative trade, and served as the only connecting link between the sealed Japan and the West.

The foreigners who next came a-knocking at Japan's closed doors, at the time when her conditions were so ripe for a new activity that merely a match was needed to kindle the all-consuming fire of nationalism, — these foreigners were no longer the half-mediaeval Catholic Portuguese and Spaniards, but, for the most part, a new set of foreigners with new ideas and methods. A more opportune combination of favorable circumstances for the advent of New Japan could hardly be imagined. Feudalism had decayed in spirit, after having taught

the people what to learn from it, and had then vanished as vapor before the light of the new civilization of the West, which shone in to animate the long-trained intellect and the sacred hope of growth of the new nation. It was a new Christianity that now entered, and it was a new Japan that it found here.

## II

Impatient Protestantism had invaded Japan even before the fall of her feudal régime. The first treaties she made with the Powers, in 1858, recognized the right of belief of the foreign residents at the treaty ports. It is true that the propagation of the new faith was not as yet legally permitted, and that the old sign-boards prohibiting the "wrong cult" (*jashūmon*) of Christianity still stood by the wayside all over the land; but the first Protestant missionaries, namely, two Episcopalian and four Dutch Reformed, arrived from America so early as 1859, the year next after the conclusion of the treaties. The ardent effort, however, of these six apostles — who comprised names memorable in the history of the church of Japan, such as C. M. Williams (Episcopalian), and J. C. Hepburn, S. R. Brown, G. E. Verbeck, and D. B. Simmons (Reformed), — bore little fruit amid the great turmoil which convulsed the nation, until the feudal rule was finally superseded by the new Imperial government, in 1867–68. Before this event, the missionaries succeeded in converting, in 1864, only one Japanese, a teacher of English.

The new administrators found themselves confronted by the herculean task of restoring peace, reorganizing the state on an entirely novel basis, reconciling the foreign powers, and, what was the worst, of performing all these and other duties with an almost empty exchequer. Naturally, they were too busy with these primary questions to investigate the nature of Christianity and define their attitude toward it. Many an idea bequeathed from the feudal forefathers, including the

conviction that Christianity was incompatible with the good sense and the loyalty of the citizen, still lingered among the people, and, in like manner, the government seemed at first to follow the anti-Christian policy of its predecessors. The thirty-seven hundred Catholics about Nagasaki, who had, during the Tokugawa period, been veiling their faith under Buddhist guise, — a practice performed so subtly and for so many generations that many devotees had actually forgotten the original meaning of their services, — now came forth at the dawn of the new era, and were at once, in 1870, arrested and treated as inveterate felons. The government, however, had not yet framed its policy toward Protestantism, the difference of which from Catholicism it seemed to appreciate in some measure. The American missionaries, now twelve men and three women, labored, therefore, among an unfriendly nation and under no law's sanction, — or, more correctly, against law. By 1872, after thirteen years' work, less than twenty Japanese, a number nearly equal to that of the missionaries, had been baptized.

These years of adverse conditions and meagre success were, however, the apostolic age of Japanese Christianity, the pristine vigor and faith of which will ever gladden the memory of the church. The historic truth that a new church among a hostile nation attracts strong souls was nobly exemplified here by the few men joining the brotherhood. They were all young students, typical sons of the time, who were full of hope and ambition and were animated by a tremendous sense of responsibility to the future of the nation. They comprised such illustrious names as Oshikawa, Honda, Uemura, Okuno, Kozaki, Yokoi, Ebina, Miyakawa, Nitobe, and Uchimura, most of whom are still among the foremost in ministry, education, and politics, and whose names are inseparably associated with the history of the Japanese church. These men lived not in one place, but in south, central, and north Japan, and became in as

many places powerful nuclei of small but strong Christian communities.

In 1872 the government awoke to the injustice of the restrictions and prohibition of religions, so that it rehabilitated Buddhism to the position of which it had so lately been deprived, and regarded it as on a parity with Shinto. The same spirit of justice was in a large measure responsible for the termination in this year of the prohibition of Christianity. Christianity had entered Japan from small openings and achieved but slight success, but its powerful position abroad and its possible progress in Japan were brought home to her administrators through the representations of foreign diplomats and the reports of the first Japanese embassy, under Iwakura, that went round the world. It seemed now as untenable to deny an equitable treatment to Christianity as it was to continue to favor Shinto at the expense of Buddhism. The former step was, however, an important advance upon the latter, inasmuch as it implied the end of any state religion. Shinto had been such since 1871; but from 1872, when Buddhism was accorded the same position, no religion as such has been identified with the state, while, on the other hand, the just policy begun in these years was, as has been suggested, carried to its logical consequence in the Constitution of 1889.

From this consideration we are led to consider who was most responsible for the important act of 1872. It has been said that the foreign representatives in Japan had persistently urged that the continued prohibition of the Western religion was barbaric. These remonstrances would, however, have carried but little weight, nor would they have been made so vigorously, but for the arrest of nearly four thousand Catholics at Nagasaki, and also for the presence in several places of a certain number of Protestant teachers and disciples. The latter fact must be considered an important background of the diplomacy of this period, while the former incident had called forth a unani-



mous protest of the envoys of the Catholic and Protestant Powers alike, and a loud voice of indignation in the foreign press. Tomomi Iwakura, who had been obdurate under diplomatic pressure at home, succumbed to the public opinion abroad during his embassy through Europe and America, and his telegraphic reports to the home government were perhaps more decisive than anything else in determining the latter's religious policy. Thus began Japan's march toward that absolute fairness and freedom which now characterizes her religious policy, and which is hardly excelled in any modern state. It is interesting to observe that the felicitous beginning of toleration made in 1872 had been occasioned by a Catholic persecution. Nor should the handful of Protestants be denied a due share in that unconscious influence which went far toward deciding the issue in that propitious year.

A far greater influence was, it should not be forgotten, the moral and material power of foreign nations, which might be turned against Japan, as it had been in China with frightful effects. The Japanese statesmen did not, as did their feudal forefathers, politically fear the Christians at home, but they had learned to be mindful of the mood of the so-called Christian Powers. Herein is evident the great psychological difference between the Japanese and their neighboring nation. History has again and again shown that circumstances had developed too little catholicity in the Chinese mind, while it is one of the predominant traits of the Japanese and has extricated the latter from difficulties each of which might have committed a Chinese nation to disastrous errors. The same fairness with which Japan adopted Chinese institutions in the seventh century, gave up the Korean dependency in 663, overthrew feudalism in 1868, and accepted the treaty of Portsmouth in 1905, manifested itself in 1872 in her new religious policy. If, in this year, the government did what the nation at large would have

hesitated to do, it was because the former had, in this case as in others, a more intimate knowledge of the difficulties, and bore a greater responsibility, than the latter. What the government saw the nation also soon discovered, or else there would have been in Japan a Tientsin massacre and a Boxer uprising, as well as continually recurring religious troubles, disturbing the peace of the East, and endangering her own independence.

#### IV

Japan's repeal of her anti-Christian laws in 1872 may be said to mark at once the end of the period when her inchoate church was as small in size as great in spirit, and the beginning of the new period in which it made the most brilliant successes in numbers. To this latter result many circumstances contributed. Who can forget that this was an era of excessive Europeanization of Japan? The powerful reaction now felt against the long seclusion in the past was intensified to an abnormal extent by the dazzling splendor of Western civilization. The thoughtful minority emulated achievements of the West from worthy motives and with deliberation, but the vast crowd hastened blindly to imitate things occidental, not excluding Christianity. The people were curious to see the owner of the talismanic white skin, and to listen to his sermons delivered in peculiar Japanese, even to the brogue and the coarse grammar to which they would persuade themselves to take a fancy. The Bible was bought in large numbers of copies, and the impure style of its version was widely reproduced in the prose writings of the day. Mission schools, ill-equipped with teachers and careless in the curricula as they were, proved a winning novelty and were thronged with pupils. The church which could show less than twenty converts in 1872, had in 1889 nearly 29,000, the Roman and the Greek Catholic churches having also gained the surprising numbers of 39,000 and 16,000,



respectively. It was often hoped and predicted that Japan would be thoroughly Christianized before the end of the century. The tremendous growth was, however, built upon a foundation at once untrue and unsafe.

It is interesting to note that the same argument was preferred in the nineteenth century in favor of Christianity that was urged in the sixth by the advocates of Buddhism on its first entry into Japan. Then as now the gospel came from beyond the Western seas, and was identified by its professors with the civilization of the Occident. The teaching had been accepted, said they, by all the civilized nations of the West, — why should you alone stand aloof from it? A similar contention was reëchoed in the nineteenth century, with various degrees of sobriety of judgment, from the most frivolous feeling that Christianity should be received as another ware of luxury and refinement emanating from the fascinating West, to the earnest appeal to the conscience of the nation to reform itself, not only externally, but also in spirit. Even the last idea, however, noble as it was, contained one of the most serious intellectual errors of the church. No student can concede, but the idea still obtains among well-meaning missionaries, that Christianity is the spirit of the entire body of Western civilization. The examples are too many to be cited to show that the so-called progress of the West in philosophy and art, in law and constitution, even in science and industry, as well as in commercial veracity, is ascribed to the influence of Christianity. A little reflection will make it clear, it is superfluous to say, that, while much of this progress is owing to religion, some of its important phases have either been independent of Christianity, or have even arisen as a protest of the mind against the enthralling church; while some others have developed from so diverse and still obscure sources, that it would be wide of the mark to attribute them all to Christianity. Perhaps a comparative study of the Christian and the non-Christian com-

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munity will reveal more excellences of the former than it is conscious of; but they may not be explained, or even be found, along the line of the crude argument that has been set forth. What a multitude of intellectual sins this innocent bias conceals, and yet how few churchmen are free from it! It was therefore with almost astonishing persistency and clamor that the idea was proclaimed during the period under discussion. Coming at the very time of the mania for novelties, the force of the charming generalization seemed irresistible. The old order of society having been upset, it was urged, the new one should be based upon Christian teachings, whatever one may precisely mean by them. The claimants, who were many and increasing, for greater popular rights were also told that they should go to the fountain head of all the freedom and liberties of the West, Christianity. It was absurd, so it was said, to develop the natural sciences and mechanic arts and to neglect religion, for the latter had inspired the former into being. So long as the people were dreaming that European civilization was their ideal, nothing would be more welcome than what was asserted to be its motive force, and no one would be stronger and wiser than one who had acquired it. If there were still cases of family and social ostracism of converts, and of the ridicule of the press, and petty annoyances from the Buddhists, these trifles seemed only to arouse the pride of the professed or intended church-member, who esteemed himself a clearer thinker and nobler being than his fellow-men. It is easy to see that under these circumstances there inevitably appeared among the multitudes who thronged the churches, persons not of the same fibre as those who accepted the faith before 1872.

V

The year 1889 saw the promulgation of the Japanese Constitution, the twenty-eighth article of which reads: "Japanese



subjects shall, within limits not prejudicial to peace and order and not antagonistic to their duties as subjects, enjoy freedom of religious belief." This important clause reveals Japan's religious policy in its full maturity, — a policy which, since its first departure in 1872 from earlier traditions, had progressed with unmistakable steps toward that complete freedom now clearly set forth in the fundamental law of the land. Those who would further study the history of the policy are referred to the Private Schools Law of 1899, and the Religions Act of the same year, the latter of which the Imperial Diet did not pass, but which was an extension of the principle of 1889. The principle implied, it is needless to say, is that the state should not identify itself with any one of the religions, and that the latter are, in the eye of the law, on the basis of equality with one another. It only remains now to see the promulgation of a law similar to the unpassed act of 1899, enabling the Christians to incorporate their churches and societies so as to place their properties under special protection of law.

The ground was cleared in 1889, so far as law was concerned, for a free competition of the religions. The arrangement was perhaps entirely pleasing neither to the Shintoist, who would regard Japan as the land of his gods, nor to the Buddhist, who could point to the ages past in which the church of Sakya swayed the nation. Nor were some Christians more satisfied, who would not rest until Japan should cease to be "pagan." They were often heard to complain that the constitution had made Japan a confirmed pagan country, by its absurd dictum that the state should stand above all religions. Nevertheless, it may not be unfair to say, historically, that the government's policy was even more largely due in 1889 than it was in 1872 to the unconscious influence of the Christian church in Japan. But for the latter the religious clause of the constitution, and all the subsequent laws and acts embodying the common

principle, would have been superfluous. The Christians may well be proud of their triumph, if an achievement largely unconsciously gained by them and unsatisfying to some of them may be called a triumph.

Thus, in 1889, Christianity had not only gained a legal status, but had also secured legal equality with any other religion in the realm. It, moreover, seemed full of youthful vigor, and its growth irresistible. It was, however, suddenly confronted on every side by a tremendous reaction, — a reaction against Europeanization in general and against Christianity in particular. All the important arguments once urged by the church now recoiled on itself. If Christianity was the motive force that had inspired occidental civilization and differentiated it from the oriental, was it also responsible for the materialistic and grasping tendencies manifested by the Western Powers, and their subjects among themselves and in the East? Had not a voice of reaction been already raised in Europe against the evils of individualism and popular freedom, to which Christianity was said to have given rise? It was a time when the external and internal conditions of Japan had awakened in her an ardent spirit of patriotism and loyalty. Christianity was considered by the conservative as antagonistic to this spirit, and tending to enervate national life and invite foreign aggression. Seldom have superficial arguments been met by cruder rebuttals. Nor has want of thought and tact been mutually provoked and intensified with greater ease. If the bigotry of the opponents of Christianity went often to the verge of savagery, there were also Christians who refused to hoist colors on national holidays, and bow to the emperor's portrait, and there were others who applauded such acts as heroic. Neither side had a nobler cause in its favor than the other. The popular opposition to the Christian church in this period could hardly be worthier than the latter's popularity in the last period. Christianity as

such perhaps deserved neither the one nor the other.

All these circumstances also tended to make an alien religion of Christianity. In spite of its oriental origin, it was conceived as occidental; and, universal as its teachings were reputed to be, they were so burdened with accessories that the believer was stigmatized as a slavish imitator of outlandish fashions. The Christian would now fain modify his old position so radically as to say that his religion was born in Asia, and that, in Europe and America, it was fighting valiantly with the evils of their civilization. Such an idea, however, was as yet ahead of the time, the general trend of thought being that Christianity was as much foreign to the time-honored culture of Japan as to the rising spirit of intense patriotism of her subjects. The pride of the old native civilization and the growth of patriotism drove many people to the study of the ancient lore of the nation, particularly Japanese and Chinese classic literature, and that multifarious religion, Buddhism. Christianity could hardly be domesticated in a retrospective nation.

The perils of reaction from the outside world were unfortunately aggravated by the internal discord among the Christians themselves. The rise of the scientific spirit in historic and theological studies in the West was loudly reëchoed by the more susceptible of Japanese Protestants. The idea of evolution as applied to human society and religion had a charm for the spirit which had triumphed over the traditions of the long past. One would not emancipate himself from the dogmas of the Tokugawa period in order to fall under the yoke of the Episcopalian or Puritan dogmas. The Unitarian and the Universalist, as well as the German Evangelist, found ready listeners in Japan, and were even surprised by the rise of thinkers more liberal than themselves. It was not long before this state of things provoked a spirited opposition of the conservative churchmen. One is appalled to read to-day the mis-

sionary letters of those days, and find the opprobrious epithets flung at their liberal friends by some of the conservative missionaries. The former were "agnostic" and "atheistic," and their ideas were calculated to disturb the peace of the church and increase the number of renegades. A liberal religion, however true, could not, it was contended, be a living force among the heathen, for it chilled the zeal for propagandism; as if to say that a faith must be untrue in order to be proselyting. It was mainly this situation, intensified by the general progress in the West of scientific and industrial pursuits and decline in theology, that drove several important Japanese Christians from the church to other professions.

The troubled church made comparatively small numerical gains during this period, increasing from 28,977 members in 1889 to 42,454 in 1900. These remarks, however, do not entirely apply to the Roman and Greek Catholic churches, which were laboring under considerably different circumstances, and had quietly grown in the mean time from 39,298 to 54,602, and from 16,000 to 25,994, respectively. Let it be remembered that we are mainly concerned with the history of the Protestant church in Japan.

The period of reaction, from its very nature, could not last long. By the year 1900, both the sentimental expansion and the sentimental reaction had nearly spent their energy, and had already been succeeded by a new period of deliberation, silent progress, and increasingly cordial understanding of and by the nation at large. The following figures<sup>1</sup> obtained by the Home Department from the local

<sup>1</sup> These figures, shown by the courtesy of the Chief of the Religious Bureau, Home Department, have been gathered from the information submitted by the various cities and prefectures, and may not coincide with the figures kept at the headquarters of the denominations. Nearly one half of the Greek Catholics are in Tokyo and the two northern prefectures of Miyagi and Iwate, while nearly three fourths of the Roman Catholics are in the island of Kyushu, especially about Nagasaki.



authorities throughout the empire (excepting Formosa and Sakhalien) indicate the comparative numerical strength of the various churches at the close of 1903 and 1905:—

	Dec. 31, 1903.	Dec. 31, 1905.
Protestants . . .	48,967	55,275
Roman Catholics . .	54,235	53,010
Greek Catholics . .	11,885	13,613
Total . . .	115,087	121,898

## VI

It would be interesting to consider the effect upon Christianity in Japan of the great historic events that have occurred in the East since 1894, but let it suffice to point to some of the conditions prevalent at the present moment. One can hardly fail to recognize the fact that the recent victory won by Japan over a so-called Christian and European nation, and the puerile encomiums showered upon her by Western writers, have not tended to produce in her an illusion that she had little more to learn than she has learned from Christianity and Western civilization. It would seem surprising that the old champions of reaction should not now rise to exclaim that the enervating influence of the Christian religion upon a nation has again been demonstrated in the case of Russia. If they did, however, their declamation would be universally derided, so much more has the nation understood its own strength, as well as the nature of Christianity, its claims, and its limitations. It would be difficult to find an intelligent person who suspects political designs even in the Russian missionary. On the side of the church, also, the great effort it made during the war to cheer the soldiers at the front, and comfort the bereaved families at home, has never appeared as an act of feigned patriotism, but has been recognized as a natural and sincere endeavor, and seems to have brought the church measurably nearer at least to some portion of the people.

How have these people come to be

less satisfied than before with their moral condition? Is this feeling shared by the other classes of society? If so, do they also look to the Church of Christ for the solution of their problems? Will the church be competent to give satisfaction to them?

No one who has lived among the people, and felt the pulsation of their spiritual life, will fail to be struck with the gravity of these questions. Japan, it would seem, has just entered a critical stage of her moral evolution, the early effects of which are beginning to be reflected in the conduct of certain classes of the nation. Here the question is much broader than that of the Christian church; and it is not enough to say that, after the costly experience of nearly fifty years, Japan and Christianity have begun to understand each other, and that the understanding has bred sympathy among the middle classes. During these years Japan has completely transformed herself from a feudal into a constitutional state, from a secluded nation hidden among the Eastern seas into a leader of the Orient, and a first power in the world's council. The transformation has, however, been partly scientific and industrial, but, above all, political; for the nation has been too busily occupied with more urgent affairs to find leisure for a new social, spiritual, and artistic development. Thus the social changes on their moral side have hardly kept pace with the political. The old order, based on custom and on class distinctions, having been destroyed, the society has been thrown into a state of disordered and selfish license in which the conceit and the love of comfort of the individual reign supreme. Spiritual transformation, as may easily be inferred, has been even more delayed than the social. It is true that the old feudal ethics, *bushido*, has been tempered into modern patriotism and loyalty, so brilliantly exemplified during the late war by the entire nation. This invaluable moral treasure of Japan, however, is not designed to satisfy all the spiritual needs of man,

and nowhere is the truth better seen than in the results of the moral instruction in the public schools under the rigid, uniform system of national education. While the systematic teaching in the lessons of patriotism and loyalty may indeed have largely contributed to the victory of the nation in the war, it has had little power to curb the growing tendency toward that unbridled sentimentalism and frank selfishness both of which are enthralling the youth, nor does it seem to have done anything to build up a new social order and sanction worthy of the name. The national education and the actual conditions of society have not, in a word, been of a nature to furnish the individual with a spiritual motive in time of peace. The external crisis having passed and peace being restored, the nation appears at last to have been compelled to feel, as yet blindly, but none the less deeply, that it is a miserable nation without a spiritual inspiration for its individual citizens, without a commanding moral sanction of its society, and without persons embodying its common ideals, and giving tone and standard to its conduct. It seems to exist in the midst of a moral chaos, in which each creature gropes alone on a cheerless, aimless journey.

It is this feeling of unspeakable loneliness that is in the air, and has touched the more susceptible persons. Observe how differently the different classes are affected by it. The poor, unlettered people in the city and in the country are, for the most part, still too deeply immersed in the old superstitions and mode of thought to realize what is passing above them. The highest, on the other hand, in aristocracy, in official rank, and in education, do not seem to have yet been smitten by that sense of desolation. The nobles still stand away from the newest moral activity, the wealthy are perhaps either too comfortable or too preoccupied with material cares, and the officials are too keenly interested in the ways of bureaucracy, while the educated are, on the whole, too selfish and conceited, to acknowledge

that they are not less destitute spiritually than the lower classes, and are utterly unable to give moral tone and sanction to society as they should. Both the lowest and the highest layers of society still seem impervious to that spiritual longing that is already beginning to seize upon the middle classes and the students.

Turning to the middle classes, we again perceive among them phenomena as varied as their conditions of life. Some women, especially married ones, realize that they are bound to the traditional customs of the family, which appear as tyrannical in form as dead in spirit. Some merchants and farmers of moderate circumstances are listening to the teachings of the Christian Church with the modesty of one who would be respectable himself and rear his children rightly. School authorities welcome the Christian minister, for they are apprehensive lest the pupils under their charge might be spoiled by the immoral society and the trashy literature of the day, and are confident that the minister would not be so impolitic as to preach his theology before the immature youth instead of giving a wholesome moral exhortation.

It is not until we leave the middle classes and turn to the students that we discover persons most dangerously stricken by the moral famine. It is true, they have not yet advanced beyond the first stages of their starvation. Nor do they all realize what ails them, some of them being impelled hither and thither by momentary impulses. Those of the coarser grain give themselves up in bravado and sentimentalism to that false heroism which sees little reason to be ashamed of itself in this society of chaotic individualism. A cleverer set of young men takes to the doctrine of success-at-all-costs—of success justifying means and sacrificing principles. Students of finer sentiments seek satisfaction in a form of art and literature and a sort of love so sentimental and trite as to be almost pathetic to behold. There are, however, those of nobler instincts who consciously and violently call for



truth through whatever channel it offers itself. No more eager listeners and sharper critics has the Christian minister of Japan met than these students, who hail the appearance of every notable book or sermon, and then cast it aside as soon as its contents are exhausted. It is owing to the presence of these radical spirits that the last two years have seen, for the first time since the revolution of 1868, the rise, followed by the quick oblivion, of half a dozen self-styled prophets. These have proclaimed no new doctrine, but they were acclaimed, while their inspiration lasted, for the warmth of their utterances. If they have shone and vanished like meteors, they have only reflected the sharp but unsteady light of those who have called them forth.

The very fact that the students are more affected by the moral unrest than any other class of society, suggests the important explanation that the spiritual crisis of the nation is at its dawn, and that the students have first been overtaken by it because they are the most susceptible and least responsible class of persons. If this be true, one may reasonably expect that their unrest will become clearer and steadier, and will soon spread over their brethren in the remoter parts of the country; and, what is more, that it will irresistibly invade other classes of society. In what form and order this will take place is unknown, but who can say that he may not yet live to see a greater and more universal moral chaos in Japan than is to-day evident to those who have eyes to see?

#### VII

All these circumstances, it is needless to say, must have a tremendous reaction upon Christianity, for the latter must demonstrate whether it is able to cope with the critical situation now opening before it, and its character will be largely influenced by its relation to the spiritual life of the nation. Here again the future is unknown to us. As to the church of the present day, its most loyal ministers

will be the first to acknowledge that it is sadly ill-equipped for the momentous task. Just at the moment when it is beginning to understand the character of the nation, and its sincere purposes are at last finding response among its former enemies, — on the eve of its supreme mission, — the church finds that it has long been running behind the outside world both in men and in knowledge. Several of the older leaders have left the ministry, and those who enter it are none too many or too great. When young hungry souls come clamoring at its door, the church is obliged to give them a stone instead of bread, lifeless words instead of thrilling energy. If even the younger students are disappointed, one may well imagine the attitude of the more educated, to whom the church has little to show. They regard it with a mingled feeling of indifference and ridicule, and none are more given to this feeling than those scholars who have pursued advanced studies in Europe, or have otherwise an intimate knowledge of the West. The church has hardly if ever touched them, simply because it cannot. They appreciate the historic importance of Christianity in the West, and the valuable services it has rendered Japan; but, were they urged to speak frankly, would perhaps class most of its teachings among human superstitions, and decline to coöperate with its ministers in spiritual matters. Nor is the church unaware of this state of things, and the consciousness saps its strength.

No more vital position does the missionary of the present day occupy, nor does he enjoy a higher esteem within the Christian Church, than the latter does in general society. It is true that in those denominations which are still financially dependent upon foreign mission boards, the latter's emissaries exercise a rather extensive influence over the native Christians, compared with those of Congregationalism, which, as we shall see, now forms an independent Japanese church. Even the influence of the former, however, hardly bears comparison with that



robust faith with which the earliest teachers and pupils bound themselves together into an inspiring brotherhood. It is well not to say too much on this point, and be widely misunderstood by those who have not seen the situation. The reasons for the waning of the missionaries' influence must be many, one being that they do not count among themselves so many winning personalities and great intellectual minds as one might perhaps expect from their number. Their wholesome influence in practical moral life can never be overestimated, but the high average of their intellectual attainment — their training and insight in spiritual affairs — might advantageously be higher. Too high it can never be. Sermons of the ordinary missionary are not admired as they once were, and sometimes church members frankly ask their minister to bring them any visiting preacher but a missionary. Young men, whose expectations are probably inordinately high, often express their wonder that the missionary dares preach with so little fire and so coarse an intellect. These may refer to extreme cases, but it remains a fact that, while the church has been graced with the coming of several missionaries of extraordinary moral power, there have appeared few during the last forty years whose minds seemed subtle enough and trained enough to make them authorities on Japanese history and civilization. It is feared that neither the student of sociology, nor of literature, nor of philosophy, can find the works of the missionaries on Japan sufficiently accurate and impartial to be of scientific value. If we remember that the present is a time calling as much for men of spiritual insight as of moral force, we cannot but regret the want of great intellect among the missionaries. There is an abundant and increasing work reserved for them among the lower classes of society; but they must always stand outside the central activity of the moral life of the nation so long as the present conditions prevail.

One may perhaps aver that at no other

time in history has Protestantism in Japan been more harmonious among its divisions. He may, as proofs of his remarks, point to the meetings of the Evangelical Union which took place on May 2-4, 1906, followed on May 7 and 8 by the second session of the religious association, composed not only of Christians, but also of Buddhists and Shintoists. While we appreciate the enthusiasm and the salutary influence of these gatherings, we surmise that the wisest of those who took part in them will admit that the proclaimed coöperation of the denominations or of the religions represented in the meetings was rather one of intent, — that it would be long before it might translate itself into active practice on vital questions of national morals. It is true that between the rival sects and religions one no longer sees that tension which once held them from one another. The faces have been brought nearer, but do the hearts beat together? Nor does one perceive that, excepting only a few in the whole country, the individual worker is to-day more vigorous in action or more confident of his mission and strength than he was a year or two ago. One looks in vain for that overflowing energy and freedom and that coöperation, through which alone Christianity might cope with the spiritual crisis of the Japanese nation.

What ails the Christian workers? What deters them from hearty coöperation, and chills their individual ardor? There is little doubt that the general coolness of the European and American public toward Christianity finds here a reflection. For one seldom meets foreign visitors, or Japanese students who have studied abroad, and who are not ministers, who do not tell him that the church in the West is continually in danger of being left behind the outside world, which, they think, it serves less, and which regards it less highly than at any time since the Reformation. Few indeed have any firm belief in the great latent power of the Christianity of to-day, and its still greater potential energy for the future.



Granting these facts, however, we venture to suggest another cause peculiar to Japan for the unsatisfactory condition of the church. We refer to the financial dependence of the denominational churches in Japan upon their respective foreign mission boards abroad. We deeply realize that this relation has made it possible for each church to achieve whatever success it has made. Nor do we forget that some churches, if they would at all exist, must maintain the same relation for some time longer than others. Making allowances for all these and other considerations, however, it would seem none the less true that the fundamental fact that the foreign mission board may be, and is, supported only through sectarian churches, has given rise to conditions seriously interfering with the sound progress of the Japanese church.

What makes the situation worse is, it would seem, that every one in the church is at least vaguely aware what the general silence and tranquillity signify. The relation between the missionaries, ministers, and church members of the same denomination may be likened to one that prevails among a community whose members understand and condone the delicate position of one another. It is thus that among them one perceives more courtesy than trust and love, and this single remark should suggest a volume concerning the subtle effects of the system upon the general situation of the church. If this condition is true within each denomination, it will not be difficult to see that inter-denominational relations are even cooler. Subsidized as they largely are with foreign money, the churches must unconsciously feel a lack both in self-respect and in the respect of one another. Neither individually nor together will they establish a respectable footing upon the soil of Japan, so long as they are largely maintained by foreign sectarians who do not know their spiritual conditions, but exercise a large, indefinite power over their opinions. When the conditions of society call for a united ef-

fort of the churches, the division of which carries little significance out of the land of its origin, they proclaim their identity of purpose with apparent enthusiasm, as they have already done more than once, but their hearts have not come as near each other as their faces. At least no vital work has come out of the loud declarations for union.

None are more alive to these conditions than the more thoughtful men within the church. It is with this intelligent understanding, gained after years of bitter experience, that some of the denominations have of late years been seriously considering means of financial independence. Already has Congregationalism realized, since January, 1906, its long-felt desire to maintain its Japanese church and mission work with Japanese money, and the example will shortly be followed at least by the united association of the Presbyterian and the Reformed churches. The movement will no doubt extend even farther during the coming decade over a few other larger Protestant churches. Of course, the independence will not be free from certain evils and disadvantages. It, however, seems safe to say that, at least so far as the larger churches are concerned, Japan with her increasing wealth ought to be able to support them, while her general knowledge and training will be no less able than that of the missionary to prevent a lapse into aberrations in theological thought.

The average intellect of the missionaries appears to have long since ceased to be the safe medium of Christian knowledge between Japan and the West, to which her students turn directly for unprejudiced information. Independence will probably remove the missionary even farther than to-day from the central spiritual activity of Japan, make his life perhaps more monotonous if not less occupied, and in general reduce his position from that of a master and mentor, which he has once held, to that of a councilor and co-worker. The field of his activity will, however, be immense and

grow in extent, if he is independent of the mission board, and puts his heart and soul into an evangelical work among the lower middle and the lowest classes of society.

In the mean time, many new movements will naturally arise within the church as a result of its financial independence. For it is easy to imagine that, in the first place, the keen stimulus from the outside society, the force of which is so dully felt under the present system, will cause a fresh and continual readjustment of the doctrine, the method, and the talent of the church. Competition between rival thoughts and policies and between leaders will become much freer. Unexpected results might follow from the general toning and vitalizing process. In the second place the church may become sensible to the needlessness of maintaining the foreign denominations, with the genesis of which Japan has not been the least concerned. Old divisions might in part be obliterated, and new ones might arise from conditions peculiar to Japan. It would then become apparent that the futile attempts that have thus far been made between churches for union had been undertaken from the wrong end, for a financial independence alone would make a wholesome union feasible. These and other important changes, good and evil, will

come into far more intimate relation than at present with the moving conditions of the outside world. For the spiritual unrest already brewing in Japanese society will perhaps spread over a large part of the nation, while the Christian movement in Korea and China will likewise call for a determined effort of the Japanese church. Then for the first time since its entry into Japan, Protestantism will be *of* her society.

These anticipations are no empty dreams, for, on the one hand, the church's own movement for independence has so unmistakably begun that, unless entirely unforeseen evils be caused by it, it will not cease until it shall have accomplished more definite results. On the other hand, the present church, fettered as it is with the old bonds, is not so dull as not to be growing uneasy under the increasing pressure from outside urging a freer and deeper thinking and more hearty coöperation. The old bigotry has so far disappeared, in spite of the remarkable absence of serious controversy in the church for several years, that it will very probably be again voiced abroad. A large measure of independence will, then, be established in no distant future, and the church will in consequence become more articulate in thought and action, and will at last begin an evolution of its own worthy of the name.



## CALVERLY'S

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

WE go no more to Calverly's,  
For there the lights are few and low;  
And who are there to see by them,  
Or what they see, we do not know.  
Poor strangers of another tongue  
May now creep in from anywhere,  
And we, forgotten, be no more  
Than twilight on a ruin there.

We two, the remnant. All the rest  
Are cold and quiet. You nor I,  
Nor fiddle now, nor flagon-lid,  
May ring them back from where they lie,  
No fame delays oblivion  
For them, but something yet survives:  
A record written fair, could we  
But read the book of scattered lives.

There'll be a page for Leffingwell,  
And one for Lingard, the Moon-calf;  
And who knows what for Clavering,  
Who died because he could n't laugh?  
Who knows or cares? No sign is here,  
No face, no voice, no memory:  
No Lingard with his eerie joy,  
No Clavering, no Calverly.

We cannot have them here with us  
To say where their light lives are gone,  
Or if they be of other stuff  
Than are the moons of Ilion.  
So, be their place of one estate  
With ashes, echoes, and old wars, —  
Or ever we be of the night,  
Or we be lost among the stars.

## THE AMUSEMENT PARK

BY ROLLIN LYNDE HARTT

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, in his quaint little philosophical mosaic *The Pleasures of Life*, entirely omits to mention those felicities which, selected and compounded with due discretion, fashion the amusement park. This delinquency argues no intellectual or emotional snobbishness on Lubbock's part. With insatiable curiosity he probed the activities of Battas and Cambodians, of Fijis, Bachapins, and Bourriats, and recounted them in *The Origin of Civilization and the Primitive Condition of Man*. With equal (perhaps analogous) concern, I fancy, would he have contemplated the joys of shrieking multitudes such as frequent the "scenic" railway, the "shoot the chutes," and the "house of follies." But *The Pleasures of Life*, appearing a score of years ago, came too early to admit of these fascinating considerations.

And yet, precisely at that period, Mr. Erastus Wiman was evolving the first amusement park, progenitor of the two thousand with which the nation is now beatified. To his iridescent electrical geyser at St. George's, you had access only by his Staten Island Ferry; to his Wild West, somewhere in the Hinterland, only by his Staten Island Railway; thus, whether by boat or train or by entertainment, it was always Mr. Wiman who transported you. And so remunerative became the dual rôle that later, when the trolley began its conquest, speculative genius snatched a leaf from Mr. Wiman's book; and you could scarce find a company unenterprising enough not to stimulate traffic by opening a grove or park supplied with alluring bears, irresistible simians, and the enticements of al fresco vaudeville. Meanwhile, the Saturday half-holiday and the Continental Sunday augmented the

response vouchsafed by an adoring public.

It was commonly by milder measures than Erastus Wiman's that his disciples applied his theories. They judged that the town-stayed summer millions would yield up dimes and nickels gladly in purchase of idyllic and faintly sensational enjoyments. In this they had the wisdom of their day; and, as eras overlap, in pleasures as clearly as in creeds and philosophies, many charming examples of that somewhat placid, not to say languid, style of amusement park still survive. The people love them; love them better at heart, I believe, than they love the corybantic frenzies that seek to supersede them. Happier, though less frolicsome, than at Luna Park or Wonderland, they taste the delights of restful contentment, commingled with a tempered and soothing gayety,—the shade of noble elms and oaks and beeches for coolness; flowers for radiant beauty; forest folk, in open-air cages, for things to pet and to wonder at; the theatre as at least a tolerable substitute for melody and humor; the river, with luscious wooded banks and glassy surface, for cruises in pretty launches or prettier canoes. Besides, there are swings, and a tiny electric fountain, and a "palace of electrical marvels," to say nothing of the paradise of bonbons, tinted drinks, and peanuts; everywhere contentment, shining from sunny faces, particularly from the faces of wee children. Once, as it seemed to me, I saw the genius of such a place personified in a sweet little maid of three, who clapped her chubby hands in ecstasy before a bed of flowers as she cried, "Oh, see these pwitty, pwitty, pwitty woses!"

Nevertheless, there arose certain mis-



guided schismatics who found the idyllic pleasure grow a trifle dull, or fancied they did. People don't always think what they think they think, even regarding their amusements; indeed, it is there, most especially, that they manifest their autogullibility. This our perveyors of recreation have known from of old. Witness Barnum. Given, therefore, a populace prone to worship strange divinities, and capital will soon enough supply the altars. Here and yonder, springing up sporadically and without effort at organization, arose sierra-like funiculars, whirling death-traps, and mad, cyclonic — even seismic — bugaboos. Such won proselytes, who exhibited the traditional zeal of the convert, to the vast discomfiture of those who still confessed the fascination of bears and swings and peanuts. Folly, like would-be wisdom, has its poses, chief of which is sophistication; and what had been at first a mere inarticulate dissatisfaction with the tamer, but pleasanter, diversions became outspoken disdain. And all along, the charming grove had attracted many supercilious souls of the sort that affect to despise cheap amusement, as who should say, "Ah, yes, we went there, but pray don't imagine that's our notion of a lark!" It was, and they fibbed; and now the fib served to aid the propaganda of heresy.

Meanwhile capital, with ever an ear to the ground, had caught murmurs that set it thinking; why not kidnap the institution, cram it with heathen allurements, put it where the proletariat was already wont to go a-pleasuring, and make the reincarnated and expanded elysium independent, henceforth, of the broomstick train? In this there should be dividends! And just at this juncture, when speculative interests sat plotting, there arrived a concrete suggestion, brilliant and convincing.

Expositionism set in. It became epidemic. American cities were of two classes only, those that had had the dis-temper and those that wanted it; Ameri-

cans likewise of two classes, those that had visited expositions and those that counted themselves debased and undone because they had n't. If, therefore, a miniature exposition should lift its towers and opal-tinted minarets close to some enormous centre of population, it would pay for itself in a season or so. Sound logic, wanting only the revision that makes assurance doubly sure.

Problem: what features of the world's fair to reproduce? The most popular, of course. And which were they? To determine this, the capitalists studied expositionitis by isolating the germ. They watched its growth in the culture tube, and as soon as it got big enough for its name to be made out, they knew their duty. The Midway, as they had already guessed, was the *clou* of the exposition. Americans had owned themselves half-Latin in their zest for carnival; the gala mood, long held in abeyance by Puritan tradition, had leaped forth in a day, claiming and winning an uproarious recognition. Hence the reincarnated amusement park, while feebly imitating the exposition architecture and providing a garish replica of its illumination, gave the Midway a dominant rank, — indeed, permitted nothing but Midway, — and, in needless tremors lest the people might have tired of those somewhat familiar distractions, combed Christendom for supplementary felicities. The Middle Western street-fair, the Parisian *fête foraine*, the mardigras, the fiesta, the penny vaudeville, the circus, the dime museum, and the jubilant terrors of Coney Island, were rifled of their magic. Never was Midway so frantic, so extravagant, so upsetting, so innocuously bacchanalian!

Meanwhile an unsuspected economic secret had been disclosed. Whereas Wiman and the Wimanites had naïvely financed their own "attractions," the brazen Midway compelled its concessionaires to purchase the right to exhibit. Thus its expansion knew practically no bounds. It realized the boast of the country circus, becoming literally "a stupen-



dous aggregation of monster shows." The more numerous and effulgent those shows, the more multitudinous the crush at the general entranceway. So, what with tolls at the outer wickets and imposts at the countless little counting houses of vassal princes, you had here a scheme for money-making that would tempt investments till, according to *The Railway and Engineering Review*, the total capitalization of amusement parks in America has reached the great figure of \$100,000,000.

On the other hand, economic law involved a limitation. Summer empties the town of the class that flung away money so riotously at the expositions; instead of a fifty-cent admission fee at the gate, the park humbles itself to be happy with a dime, and very modest must be the additional fees within. Its patrons, the residuum of the mountain-ward, shore-ward, and Europe-ward hegira, make up in numbers what they lack in opulence. Besides, knowing world's fairs chiefly by hearsay and the half-toned photographs in the Sunday newspapers, they are indulgent of sham. Have patience, then, with a world of shortcomings well calculated to scandalize the classic Burnham and cause the great Roltaire to beat his breast. A hot board walk replaces the delicious lawns and shrubbery, tinsel architecture the exquisite façades, a few plastic fol-de-rols the lavish sculpture-groups, a heartrending "lagoon" the iris-bordered waterways, a jargon of ill-combined hues the gracious harmonies of color, and a crudely magnificent illumination the sweet poetry of radiance that once — ah, so rapturously! — turned plaster to opalescent glory. And yet, if you dismiss those visions of supreme loveliness, you call the place very pretty, while to those for whom it is particularly designed it represents a jubilant paradise of beauty. Indeed, it contributes not a little to æsthetic education. The people, like yourself, arrive at artistic appreciation through an ever-diminishing series of humbugs.

In its main purpose, though, this barbaric ensemble attains the very pinnacle of success. It expresses joyousness — sings it, shouts it, a hundred times re-echoes it. In cupolas and minarets, in domes and flaunting finials, in myriads of gay bannerets, in the jocund motion of merry-go-rounds, circle-swings, and wondrous sliding follies, in laughter and in shrieks, in the blare of brazen music and in the throbbing of tom-toms, it speaks its various language — joyous ever.

Yet somehow, amid those frisky multitudes, you detect traces of reaction. Aimless spirits drift hither and yon, wary and hesitant, "like green pigs far from home." With hilarities awaiting them on every hand, they are teasing their souls with such questions as, "Is it worth a whole quarter?" or "Should I come off alive if I tried it?" And this counter-current of grimness results, I suppose, from a popular (and highly unpopular) fallacy. A dime takes you into the park, or pretends to. But you are never so emphatically outside it as when merely inside it. Upon that central space converge all its gaudy shows, and you are n't inside any one of them. Tantalus, I dare say, was a much-abused man in his time, but they did n't make him purchase his affliction. Unlike Tantalus, you may gain the delights that now torment you, yet vaguely you imagine that they should of right be already yours. You know in your heart that they should not; you know that the initial dime simply qualified you to pace the board walk, hear the bands play, watch the parades of show people, — Indians, Arabs, firemen, and the rest, — and witness the antics of your contemporaries. Nevertheless, you cherish resentment, — the bitterer because of its lack of logic. How fallen your nature since you passed that metamorphic wicket! Outside it, you were Mark Tapley; within, you are Scrooge.

To unscooge Scrooge, all the beguilements of the art persuasive are let loose at you through megaphones; for your mood has been anticipated, and a race



of coaxers, wheedlers, spell-binders, and bamboozlers raised up to make attractions attract. Nothing can surpass their moral earnestness, granted you don't wink at them. They cry up the shows with passionate eloquence, sometimes even exhibiting the performers as a guarantee of good faith and a stimulus to zeal. "Esau here — the ape-man — only specia of his kind in existence!" "Princess Fatima here, a full-blooded Bedouen from the storied city of Nineveh, will dance the mystic anaconda dance, exactly as danced by Hypatia in Holy Writ!" "Don't miss the Fatal Wedding! Sixty laughs to the minute!" "Foolish House — cra-a-a-zy house — only a dime, ten cents, the tenth part of a dollar!" "You'll ha-a-a-ave to hurry! The whale is about to enter the ring!" Zounds, what a hubbub!

Laugh, if you must, at their methods, but laugh much more heartily at the need of their being here at all. For nowhere else, save in that most absurd of situations, a battle, will you find the case paralleled. Ten thousand men strut gayly forth to annihilate ten thousand others; but, once arrived upon the field of glory, they don't know about that battle. That is why talented exhorters, called officers, have been scattered through the ranks to persuade the slayers to slay; without those subaltern cries of "Come on, boys!" there would be no battle. Likewise these pleasure-seekers, after braving the horrors of stifling railway trains and hideously over-crowded trolley-cars to reach the blessed portals, have now to be barked through them.

Within, there is generally a ripple of rather ironical comment, an exchange of I-told-you-sos. And as you wait, wait, dripping with perspiration, you analyze the economies that permit the modest charge for admission — walls of painted burlap, gaps where the wood shows through, perchance even confessions of that tarred black paper suggestive of huts for Italian ditch diggers. And all the while, the "ballyhoo" keeps baying

the crowds without, though the performance was "about to begin" and you "had to hurry." You declare that you are not so much before a stage as behind the scenes, — that the real proscenium was the gorgeous entrance-way, the real performance a petty tragedy in which the overborne hero (to wit, yourself) got robbed of his money. But actors draw their pay, and you shall yet draw yours. See! Yonder comes the chief showman — with some natural pangs you recognize him as the barker. Hound of a cheat! — yet away with anger; the curtain goes up, the frolic begins — full value for the dime. However, it achieves its finale with surprising alacrity, and out you rush, unreasonably satisfied and unaccountably eager to be snared again.

For somehow you have caught the spirit of the place. You tingle with it from crown to heel. To slip dimes and quarters through silly ticket windows, to swelter in stuffy amusement pens, to cancel every canon of conventionality, every rubric of discretion, to court perils, discomforts, and mellow swindles — such is your symphony. You spy on your soul and laughingly exclaim, "Lawkamassy on us, this is none of I!" Theoretically an institution for the vulgar herd, the park is preëminently a delight for the cultivated, since the *pro-fanum vulgus* remains involved in the embarrassment of possessing no personalities in particular to slough off.

Emotions, however, they have, — though of a primitive sort, responding only to extreme excitations. Or so, at least, you would conclude from the emotional stimuli here provided; but perhaps, as so frequently happens in picture-shows, literary competitions, and the architectural exploits of a parvenu street, each phenomenon assumes exaggerated virulence by reason merely of desperation, hoping against hope to outdo the rest. On the other hand, the popular response seems to justify the managerial philosophy, which asserts that the people crave three things only,



— a chance to wonder, a chance to shudder, and a chance to be scared out of their wits.

"That most fascinating expression upon a child's face," cries Professor G. Stanley Hall, — "that most fascinating and most beautiful expression, the expression of wonder!" Children thrive in the park; at fifty they're children still. Once they paid "five pins, crooked ones not taken," to peep through a hole in a paper box; now they pay real money for Eleusinian delights. The word "mystic," printed in huge letters on the bill-boards, draws its scores of thousands, who burn to purchase pigs in pokes. And if, having entered the "mystic" gate, the middle-aged child should come upon illusions yet more mystical, he would be as elated as was Moses Primrose when he had sold his horse for a pair of shagreen spectacles.

To get the maximum of wonder out of an illusion, you must n't be too rational, since at bottom the marvel is n't that the eye can sometimes be fooled, but that the eye can so rarely be fooled. When, at the age of four, you thought your railway train had started, and discovered that, instead, the train next yours had been moving in the opposite direction, you crowed with glee; you felt that something most extraordinary had been taking place inside you, and you valued yourself more highly on account of it.

To be gulled, to know you are gulled, and to know that the people who gull you know you know they're gulling you — ah! the bliss! Here at the park a mimic railway carriage, with biograph pictures at its farther end, takes you spinning along the funicular "up Mt. Vesuvius;" likewise a make-believe airship transports you to realms beyond the stars, since a descending panorama connotes an ascending beholder; still subtler mysteries of optics permit your fellow mortals to be innocuously burned alive before your eyes, or turned into skeletons, or waited upon by spooks. But for illusions *par excellence* commend me to

yonder fat and sleepy pythoiness, who sits within the Temple of Palmistry and between yawns deludes the eye of faith. There is something magnificent about those yawns. As when the wire-dancer goes blindfold, they attest sublime self-confidence; also a conviction, majestic in its immovability, that whoso has paid a half-dollar for a hoax will find grace to swallow it.

Let us not be censorious; the palmist's case verges less closely upon deceit than upon romantic fiction. You consent to illusion, just as when you opened *The Prisoner of Zenda*. If, however, instead of surrendering yourself to Mr. Anthony Hope, you had chosen a book by George Gissing and detected flaws in its realism, vast disgruntlement would result. And so it does when you cross the threshold of Fair Japan, that "revelation and perfect, unabridged realization of the Kingdom of the Mikado and the Chrysanthemum." Later, though, you find it a very agreeable psychological lark, since the people are obviously undismayed by American girls in Japanese costumes, or by wistaria reproduced in paper, or by shabby little pools bordered with Portland cement; and as for vermillion gateways and the crudest and most inartistic of decorations, not the jiu-jitsu performance itself gets a serener acceptance as "the real thing." Well, Cimabue's Madonna was a pretty sad counterfeit of womanhood, though his contemporaries carried it in triumph through Florence; and they of the amusement park still tarry within the archaic era of æsthetic development.

In Beautiful Orient, on the contrary, you see the anachronism turned literally end for end. Thanks to Mr. Frank Carpenter and Mr. William Eleroy Curtis, — newspaper heralds of the American invasion, — the spectators think the Levant a sort of incommensurable Bowery, where racial customs already give way before an overwhelming tide of occidentalism. The Princess Zuleika (née Flannery) trips forth in a second-hand cos-



tume that once lent decorous adornment to a vaudeville soubrette, and you trace her theory of the dance less to Cairo or Stamboul than to Broadway. So be it! If we must have an American invasion, we must put up with the result. Nevertheless, some would fain have proof that "East is East," as "West is West," and that "never the twain shall meet." Such take comfort in camels, in wondrous narghiles, in jugglers and sword-swallowers, in whirling dervishes and musicians from Tangier. They cherish at least a faint hope that the Turkish Theatre will reflect oriental viciousness with something approaching fidelity. But fidelity, which thrives none too well in the Levant itself, fares ill indeed in a make-believe Levant; and if you will put yourself in the manager's place, you will see that there remains no necessity for fair play. A show as old as his, long advertised by its loving friends, is bound to draw. Says Tom to Jerry, "Gee! This is what Bill seen in Chicago!" Emerging, — deeply grieved, but in excellent ethical repair, — they horribly arraign poor Bill. Not so the average visitant, who would rather quaff his orientalism in tincture than in essence.

Yet, when our pleasers aspire to craze their souls with vicarious terror, they insist upon "the real thing." How sweet that moment when a man — preferably a woman, ideally a young and comely woman — struts among lions, or drops from a balloon, or vaults through space in an inverted automobile. Barbarism? Yes, but whereas the Coliseum gloated upon the spectacle of death, these modern Romans glory in the escape from death. Light and cruel were the mob in Cæsar's day, serious and cruel are these — unconsciously serious, unconsciously cruel. They don't comprehend that their hunger for shudders forces the management to gratify it, or that it is they who have put another's life in jeopardy. Neither do they comprehend the far from trivial source of their enjoyment. Flaming sympathies, wild upsurgings of

desire, and mad jubilation, — when the dread crisis has passed, — give the spectator a panoramic view of his own soul. Incapable, commonly, of introspection, he has experienced an interval of dazzling, astounding self-revelation. Out of his littleness, he rises to momentary greatness — feels himself terribly, almost epically, alive.

Still, there's no denying that beneath these nobler passions lurks something morbid — morbid or (more precisely) primitive. Blind instinct leads thousands of men to congregate before the prison when a criminal is to be executed; they see nothing, hear nothing, nor do they expect to. Ah! but when somebody gets under the fender of a trolley car, the same blind instinct brings the same seekers after shudders; yet, once there, they lift the car bodily, rescue the sufferer, and exhibit civilized mercy almost simultaneously with prehistoric savagery! Nor will you particularly revere the more delicate individuals who pass by, with averted faces, too tender-hearted to witness pain. However vile the horror-thirst, its ulterior purpose (if you sanction that degree of teleology) is beneficent. The more shame, then, that it should be played with, here at the amusement park, where men and women see life imperiled without lifting a finger to prevent it, or even desiring to! The more amazing that these are the very men and women who, so brief a while ago, were cheerfully paying money to visit, and thus to support, the infant incubators, whose sole object is the saving of endangered lives!

Self-contradiction — forgive it without disdain, in those undisciplined minds and hearts; it is a rather common failing with the best of us, and we have here to do with by no means the best or wisest. How easily they are deceived! They imagine they are witnessing a carnival of heroism — the performer goes so smilingly to his task; they overlook the necessity, circumstantial or temperamental, that has driven him to adopt such an



atrocious calling. Besides, they're bad judges of danger. They think the young lion-tamer in especial peril, whereas it is usually the seasoned one who comes to grief. And they delight in the brandishing of whips — "Dauntless fellow, he even dares strike them!" Well, I once rubbed elbows with Mr. James J. Corbett, but not for worlds would I have ventured to punch him.

With equal innocence, the crowds deduce valor in the bronco-busters at the Wild West Show and Indian Congress, whereas few of our fellow-countrymen enjoy a more secure existence. The danger is n't in the breaking of a wild horse after you know how, it is in trying to break one when you're green. To applaud the courage of acquired skill becomes a mere *ex post facto* procedure. For "the real thing" the audience should transport itself westward to Wolfville and backward to 1890.

Yonder, at "Fire and Flames," the same guileless lack of discernment. Half a million dollars invested in tinder-boxes necessitates expensive fire-fighting apparatus and a large squad of firemen, and the park makes the people pay for them. Seated in a huge grandstand, you look out upon a tenement street, which swarms with such improvident Thespians as have laid by no money for the summer. As guttersnipes, factory girls, policemen, pawnbrokers, Chinese laundrymen, newsboys, and roisterers, they enact a travesty upon the life of the quarter, and what with fights, ambulance calls, robberies, arrests, and the clangor of patrol wagons, they do it full justice. But see! a wisp of smoke curls upward from Cohen's pawnshop! Then flames, and more flames. The alarm rings out, shouts rend the air, and in a moment the Department, with two steamers, a hose cart, a chemical, and a hook-and-ladder truck, comes charging through the throng, and attacks the conflagration, which has spread to adjoining buildings, at whose windows some forty women stand screaming. Up go the ladders, out

spread the life nets. Girls leap headlong and are caught in safety. Others the firemen carry shrieking down their ladders. And all this, remember, amid clouds of smoke and frequent explosions. But the spectators — missing the point, as usual — forget that those who climb and those who leap have had long training either as firemen or acrobats, and that the only people really in mortal danger are the unfortunate Thespians. How they dodge the rushing engines, that Providence which watches over inebriates, babes, and play-actors alone knows.

Suppose, now, that in room of watching others coquet with Death, you should toy with her yourself. With infinite ingenuity, the amusement park affords you opportunity. Tempt any one of a dozen thanatopses, and you will derive an emotional reaction that shames literature, the drama, and the dare-devil exhibition as well. Note the ascending scale. The ballad-singer tells you about the imperiled hero, the actor impersonates the imperiled hero, the hired dare-devil *is* the imperiled hero. This passage from romance to realism, from realism to reality, can go only a step further. Its final achievement makes *you* the imperiled hero. Hitherto, by the exercise of sympathy, through imagination, you "put yourself in the place of" that wretched wight; sweeter were it to change places with him outright. Thus, by substituting the subjective for the objective, the acme of thrill would result. And, bless you, it shall!

Moreover it does — from the moment you first front the terror-breeding mechanical Torquemada. The bright face of danger, challenging the eternal juvenile within you, seems — exactly as in years gone by — to be taunting, "Fraidy-cat! you dass n't!" Eagerly you retort, "Yes, I dass!" Ah! but *do* you "dass"? An army officer, they say, once suspected that his courage was dwindling, and set his mind at rest on that head by going up



in an airship. By an analogous recourse to empiricism, you buy your ticket and suffer yourself to be packed into the abhorred vehicle, which will soon go leaping, flying, or diving till you're sure of your grit. If you only knew it, though, the act of supreme audacity has already been performed. What follows is the mere secondary heroism which Jackies display in an naval engagement. It takes nerve to enlist in the navy; a fellow could back out, even after entering the recruiting office. It does n't take nerve to fight; a fellow can't possibly run away. And this, just now, is your status. However, you resolve to cut as brilliant a figure as may be before your own conscience, and you summon up that sham valor which consists in thinking it is n't afraid when it shakes in its boots. A rumble, a tug — you're off! A sharp pang of fear; then relief. "Not so bad after all!" you exclaim. A moment later you revel in a perfect delirium of speed, bumps, yanks, vaults, and sickening descents. You utter the cry of a tiny boy, "Scare me again! Scare me — scare me worse!" When finally you make your escape, — gasping, panting, and bewildered to find yourself still alive, — you flatter yourself that you could brave the very doors of Dis, you who only yesterday quivered like an aspen while discharging the cook!

Cook! Say not "Cook!" you have reverted to that cookless era when men hunted the mastodon. It is n't enough to describe the "chutes," for instance, as an apotheosis of the banister, or as the cellar door *in excelsis*. The passion that gets its satisfaction from these varied deathtraps takes you back to the troglodyte, perhaps even to the ape. Your simian ancestors, swinging from tree-top to tree-top, had much your sensation. They of the Neolithic Age sought it in the chase and in battle. A small boy gets it when a kind and thoughtful citizen turns him upside down. And you yourself, by a personal application of Darwinism, find it here and pronounce it glorious. Said

an enthusiast to Mr. Charles Belmont Davis, "Easily the best sensation at the Island is the scenic railway with a wooden beam that looks as if it was going to hit you on the head. It's great!" Seneca was right: "the most happy ought to wish for death."

Nevertheless they don't. They want only a brush with it. For a brush with death makes life unutterably precious. We never love it so dearly or feel it so keenly as when it seems to be slipping from us. That is why people climb Matterhorns, drive motors at breakneck speed, and take pleasure rides in submarines. And even the most adventurous select a reliable guide, scrutinize every shaft and bolt of the chassis, and seek reasonable hope that the submarine will come up again. Besides, they welcome the hair's-breadth escape only when they have chosen it freely, — a circumstance which explains the anomaly noted by Mr. Mark Sullivan when he declared, "If a man suffered in a trolley car what ten thousand New Yorkers pay ten cents to have done to them at Coney Island, he would go to a hospital for a month, call himself a nervous wreck for the rest of his days, and sue the trolley company for \$20,000 damages."

Apart from their sensationalism, these ready-made thanatopses charm also by their mystery. "I wonder how it feels?" muses the neophyte. Pray don't insist that imagination should suffice, for in the case of emotional reactions induced by mechanical deviltries or untried shake-ups of whatever sort, there's a world of unexpectedness. How does it feel to drive an automobile a hundred miles an hour? Mr. Barney Oldfield reports that "you are conscious only of a desire to go faster." How does it feel to be up in a balloon? Mr. Roy Knabenshue tells me the sensation is one of sweet repose. How does it feel to be shipwrecked? Mr. Winthrop Packard, thrice a castaway, says your first emotion savors wholly of disgust; you have confided yourself to a supposedly respectable, rightminded, busi-



nesslike ship, and now she plays you false.

What wonder, then, if *a priori* judgment flies wide of the mark regarding what a mortal goes through when he shoots the chutes. I had said it was like riding on the stone that somebody sends skipping across a mill-pond. I had not foreseen that the aquatic comedy would serve only as the epilogue to a gloria of speed, a downward rush that tossed all creation up to meet me; nor had I imagined that when the boat took the water I should suffer a sting of regret at the anticlimax. Or what more transparent in its intentions than the "sceenic" railway — "sceenic" because it now and then dives through tunnels enlivened with representations of Venice, the Klondike, and Araby the Blest? Nevertheless, it deceives you by presenting its terrific "thank-you-ma'ams," so to speak, beam on, whereas you don't ride a railway in side elevation, — you ride it lengthwise, and thus get its bumps and dips foreshortened. They rise like palisades, fall away like canyons. Moreover, lest familiarity breed contempt, the worst come last.

Surprised by chutes and funiculars, you are yet more surprised by "flying airships." Imagine a gigantic steel Maypole with steel rods dangling from its top instead of ribbons, and little roofed gondolas at their lower ends instead of dancers. The central mast rotates, the rods fly out by centrifugal force, and your tiny craft not only revolves, ever faster, ever taking a wider orbit, and ever soaring higher, but at the same time tips inward toward the centre, like a skater rounding a curve. This you call a rather wanton and extravagant complication of afflictions, concluding that any man with the hardihood and sanity to survive them should receive both the sabre of the general staff and the white ermine of the judiciary. When the barker assures you his victims "feel only a refreshing coolness," you remind him that Dr. Guillotine said the same of his. Then, at cost of drastic self-abnegation, you try it, when

lo! you experience no more disquietude than a bird on the wing or the stars in their courses. The laws of physics uphold you, seem almost to caress you. You are silent, yes, and happy; while beneath you the world reels and swells and topples to and fro like mid-ocean billows, since every successive moment gives you a new scale of perspective. This, which you had in no wise foreseen, is what chiefly amuses you.

Behold now the bugaboo shows — Hell Gate and the Foolish House. Veiling or half-veiling their interior shudders and shocks, they spur the impulse for exploration, an impulse compounded of inquisitiveness, bravado, and the thirst for incident. As you watch the little shallops thread the whirlpool within the Hell Gate grotto, and see them sucked down at its vortex, you yearn to know what destiny awaits them. Also what torments rend their occupants. With certain highly Dantesque forebodings, you embark. Slowly, grimly, your circling boat drifts nearer that atrocious abyss. Sardonic jokes, from adventurers in craft ahead of you or behind, so dismay you that if it were possible you would purchase deliverance at cost of half your lands. At last, it is but a single coil of the spiral that separates you from the drop to Avernus! Zounds, what suspense! Then a rush, a sinking of the heart, a sound of grinding wood, and a plunge down a twisted cataract into chaos and resounding night. With your whole soul you combat fear, even transform it into joy. "Hail, horrors! Hail, infernal world!" And now you laugh. Light comes, and with it red devils amid flames, volcanoes spitting fire, gorgeous grottoes all dripping with stalactites, and — very soothing to the eschatological emotions — icebergs and polar bears! Gradually you retrace the spiral, traversing canals built just under those of the preliminary whirlpool, and finally come out upon a little quay, rich in varied grotesqueries.

If half-veiled scares attract so powerfully, were it not still shrewder to veil



them totally? Roar, "My attorney will call upon you!" and I squirm; mutter darkly, "I'll not say what I intend for thee," and I quake. Hence the charm of the Foolish House. It is vague and mysterious, — without, a blend of the awesome and the comic; within, well, let's see! Darkness, a winding passage — innocuous enough, but wait! Next moment a frolicsome tornado has all but knocked you senseless. The floor wallows and shakes. Horrifying bumps confront your feet. What with tempests and earthquakes and night and labyrinthine confusion and stumbling-blocks combined, you wish yourself dead. Then relief! A crystal maze, humorous but not alarming. A row of concave and convex mirrors, showing you yourself as Humpty Dumpty, or as that gracefully attenuated celebrity, Jack the Beanstalk. Five minutes of laughter. After that, you bravely run the gauntlet of supplementary distresses, and when you emerge it is with a shining countenance as of one newly initiated by the "joiners."

Once free of its terrors, you begin to revere the psychological acumen that arranged them. One might fancy that a bugaboo show ought to be made as harrowing as possible. Not so. The crowd wants only enough hazing to shock the nerves agreeably; give it more and it bolts. That is why the mirrors and the crystal maze were introduced — a palliative like that employed by a dramatist when he weaves funny incidents into a "me-child, me-child" melodrama.

Such, then, are the more conspicuous joys — of wonder, of vicarious terror, and the first-hand hair's-breadth 'scape — vouchsafed by the amusement park. Others, still unmentioned, abound, beyond the wildest surmises of the higher mathematics. Who shall number the beatific Moxie stands, the popcorn and peanut stalls, the rapturous candy-mills; who shall compute the tintype galleries, bamboo slides, penny vaudeville, sand-bumps, graphophones, merry-go-rounds,

strength-testing devices, nickel-in-the-slot machines, Japanese "gambling" games, rifle-ranges, and establishments where "you get your money back if I fail to guess your weight within three pounds"? But chiefly there remain the contrivances for the better promotion of romance — the ball-room, Love's Journey, and the gay camaraderie of the board walk.

Then young folks arrive in couples? Yes and no. Many come singly — each lad with an as yet unidentified pompadour in his heart, each lass cherishing a shy anticipation. But how, you ask, shall those youthful strangers be made acquainted? Leave that to them. In the ballroom any well-seeming youngster may invite any girl to dance — an arrangement long since sanctioned by that maelstrom of proletarian jollity, the "social," where tickets ("gents 35 cents, ladies 25") connote partners and more partners, till everybody knows everybody else. Moreover, if you study the People's Column in a penny newspaper, you will see how puzzling to the masses is our custom of letting one another alone until introduced. "Introductions," writes Johnnie Blue, "are a fad that is greatly overdone."

The little shop girl shares her convictions. Nor need we waste shudders on her behalf; keen and knowing, ever on the defensive, she discourages such advances as perplex her — whether in the ballroom, or, a shade less decorously, upon the board walk. Especially she distrusts cavaliers not of her own station. I have heard of a venturesome aristocrat who, seeing a handsome young woman, hastened to present himself; whereupon the fair one exclaimed, "Say, ain't you the gally article? Go *sell* your papers!"

And look not too harshly upon certain other somewhat disconcerting marvels of deportment. Arms, it is true, encircle waists, and half the allurements of the Foolish House inheres in its inky, winding passages. The proprietor of a Coney Island maze unblushingly announces,

"The men like it because it gives them a chance to hug the girls, the girls like it because it gives them a chance to get hugged." Viewed vertically, from the altitude of personal dignity, such license takes a coloring by no means pleasant. Viewed horizontally, it becomes a mere convention. To the popular mind the caress means no more than the mildly affectionate phrases with which we begin and end our letters.

But what went ye out for to see? Youthful *gaucherie* repressed in an amusement park? Say, rather, youthful *gaucherie* granted full freedom, and neither more nor less uncouth here than elsewhere. The park was not founded for the culture of decorum; it was founded for the culture of wild hilarity, in which mission it brilliantly and gloriously succeeds. It is the gayer too, by reason of its moral cleanness. Its laundered diversions attract a laundered constituency; and if it refuses to sell liquor (some parks do refuse), it expunges those hints of wrong-doing, which for all their bravado never fail to depress; and although its little shams and booby-traps need ethical tinkering here and there, they usually give the gullible their money's worth; a permanent amusement park can't afford out-and-out swindles. Still, I sometimes fear it's an economic nuisance. Adding up your expenditures, you perceive that an evening's frolic has cost as much as a ticket for "*Lohengrin*," or two for "*Candida*," or three for Herr Rübe-neck's instructive lecture; it has cost the young gentleman in the erroneous neckwear a sum that would have liquidated a week's board; and yet both you and he have enjoyed that sense of monetary frivolity which is the heart and soul of a holiday. Down with the Dismal Science! Let us assert our superiority to cash — and swallow the consequence!

Nevertheless, I cannot escape the pathetic humor of this whole tumultuous situation. What more ludicrous and what more sad than the spectacle of vast hordes of people rushing to the ocean-side, to escape the city's din and crowds and nervous strain, and, once within sight and sound of the waves, courting worse din, denser crowds, and an infinitely more devastating nervous strain inside an inclosure whence the ocean cannot possibly be seen? Is it thus they seek rest, by a madly exaggerated homoeopathy? Is it thus they cure Babylon, not with more Babylon, but with Babel gone daft? We Anglo-Saxons have scandalized the seaside long ere this, building our miniature London at Brighton, our miniature Bowery at Coney Island; we have spoiled our holidays from of old, hiding behind newspapers on coastwise steamboats amid entrancing scenery, talking Wall Street on the Grand Canal, transplanting high fashion to the very forest; yet not till of late have we achieved so frantic a travesty upon recreation (which ought to re-create) as in the tom-tom foolery of an amusement park.

Mr. Guy Wetmore Carryl, contemplating its marvels, exclaimed, "Never tell me again that Americans are a nervous people!" They are, though, and yonder amazing institution proves it. *Manhattanitis*, with its numerous congeners, is n't merely a disease, it's an obsession. It does n't ask relief, it only asks aggravation. The sole treatment that it welcomes is the counter-irritant — powerful, drastic, and like in kind to itself. Of all the shrewd observations noted down in the now very considerable literature of this subject, the shrewdest, I judge, is the one that calls the amusement park "an artificial distraction for an artificial life."



## LOVE AND THE MACHINE

BY ARTHUR STANWOOD PIER

IN the combination passenger and freight car, our canoe was the only freight, and Fred and I were the only passengers. Our car was the only car on the train; our train was the only train on the railroad. It was the Northern Newfoundland Trunk Line; and inevitably Fred, with his tendency to be facetious, had termed it the Junk Line.

On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays the traffic was from Marshall to Wingates; on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from Wingates to Marshall. The distance was about sixty miles and the train traversed it in approximately five hours. Fred and I were going to Wingates. There we expected to set our canoe in the river indicated on our map, paddle up stream, carry across to another river, and come down fifty miles to St. John's.

The rolling stock of the Northern Newfoundland had no doubt been discarded by some American railway years ago; the locomotive had the funnel-shaped smokestack, small boiler, and large wood-burning capacity — for wood it burned — of an antiquated period. But the train crew were modern and original. Our acquaintance with them was developed in the three stops made for water — one of which was prolonged into a stop for luncheon; the engineer, the fireman, and the conductor sat with us under the pines and shared our feast.

"Is n't travel unusually light this trip?" I asked.

"Well, no," the conductor acknowledged. "You see, there's nobody at Wingates now; place is all closed up. When the fishing season's over, the folks all navigate down to Marshall."

"Then why do you run this train?"

"We run it only a month longer.

There's a steamer over from Labrador every Tuesday, and then there's folks from the States like yourselves every now and then, going into the interior. The road don't lose much money by it, and it's a convenience to some people."

"T will be the fine, money-makin' road some day," quoth the engineer, an enormous man, with a sandy beard and blue believing eyes. "Some day they'll be shippin' at Wingates this here asbestos. Oh, we'll be havin' the big place at Wingates some day."

"It will be doubling its population within a week — and tripling it, maybe, in a year," said the conductor.

"Eh?" The engineer looked puzzled.

"Ain't we delivering Tommy McCance his bride day after to-morrow?" said the conductor.

The fireman chuckled; but mirthful intelligence dawned more slowly upon the engineer's face.

"What's the joke?" asked Fred.

"Wingates has now a population of one," explained the conductor, — "Tommy McCance, — telegraph operator, railroad and steamship agent, and generally caretaker for the town. He never leaves. He has some notion of staying and building up the place. He's bound to make it a metropolis."

"So he's gettin' married to begin with," added the engineer.

"To a little French girl from Quebec," stated the fireman.

"She come to teach school at Marshall, and Tommy met her there last winter — the time his aunt died, and he went down and spent three days burying her. The little French girl was boardin' in the aunt's house."

"And she could n't speak much English then — for she was just green from

Quebec," said the fireman. "And Tommy, he could n't speak no French. I wonder how he managed it. I ain't ever managed yet — and me and my girl, we both speak the same language."

"I guess it's in the French blood to be readier about yieldin' in such matters," said the conductor.

"Tommy is savin' up to surprise her with his parleyvooring when she comes. Do you mind how he warned us to say nothing to her about the talkin' machine?"

"I'll bet," remarked the fireman, "that when we get in he'll be sittin' with that rubber hose-pipe to his ear."

"I'll bet," agreed the engineer. "It is sure the cute little trick, is that there talkin' machine."

"It's about time for us to be sa'ntering along," remarked the conductor.

Fred and I would have questioned him further in regard to this vaguely sketched romance; but he settled himself into two seats for a nap — a desire which we respected. So we sat in chairs before the open doorway of the baggage-end of the car and looked out upon the passing scenery. It was now a small growth of forest, spruce and fir, and now barren tableland, in either case monotonous. Once we caught sight of an inquisitive staring caribou, — which in its motionless moment, with its grotesquely stupid face and fantastic antlers, seemed more conceivable as a bizarre idol set up by dwellers of the wilderness than as the native living creature of the land.

Then suddenly we came into an area of desolation. Fire had ravaged it; there remained blackened skeletons of trees still standing on blackened earth, and nowhere a spray of green. Now and then a crow, startled by the train, winged its way tirelessly out over the charred branches; there was no other living thing.

"Nice country we've come to," said Fred. "I suppose our wood-burning locomotive did this."

"We must be near Wingates." I drew out my watch.

At that moment I was thrown forward with a lurch and sprawled on the floor. The train, which had seemed for an instant to stop short, proceeded by a series of bumping shocks. The conductor flew by us and leaped out through the open doorway. I caught sight of him landing on all fours; then, shouting to Fred, "Come on!" I followed.

By the time I had picked myself up, the train had stopped a few yards farther on, and the engineer was clambering down from his cab.

Fred and I ran forward, and, with the disconsolate crew, inspected the damage. The connecting rod of the locomotive had broken, and in the shock the forward truck of our car had been derailed.

Our concern was purely selfish.

"Are we far from Wingates?" I asked.

But in their sorrow they paid no attention to this trivial inquiry.

"That's the first what you might really call a breakdown I've had," said the engineer lugubriously.

"Can you mend her, Bill?" asked the conductor.

"Maybe I'll get an idea — maybe I will."

The fireman threw out a suggestion. "I bet Tommy McCance can fix her."

The engineer's face brightened.

"Why, maybe he could; I think likely. Why don't you and Jake go and fetch him? I'll stop and tinker."

"All right." The conductor looked at us. "If you folks want to come along, it ain't much of a walk."

So we all four stumped, single file, up the narrow-gauge track. It was a fine warm afternoon, but even the bright sun had no power to cheer that forlorn country. The soil was full of peat, which, in the fire that had swept the forest, had smouldered until all the vegetation had been killed. The breeze that was stirring bore the acrid smell of old wood ashes; and sooty particles floated in the air and smudged our faces. Occasionally through the charred trees we saw stagnant pools, from which clouds of mos-



quitoes and black flies came joyfully dancing to us. In the course of twenty minutes we emerged upon the town of Wingates — the terminus of the road.

It was worse than the desolation by which it was surrounded. Fifty or a hundred cabins made of rough slabs of pine, each with its little stovepipe protruding from its slanting roof, littered an area of open level plateau. Beyond we had sight of the wholesome sea, into which it would have seemed a gracious thing to sweep the town of Wingates. How the little tinder-boxes had escaped the fire I wondered, for it had eaten to the very edge of the village. All grass about the houses seemed to have been trampled out by the feet of the departed dwellers and their animals. Rotting caribou hides lay in the dust or were tacked upon the cabin walls. But in one cabin, through an open window fluttered a white dimity curtain; and on a small flagpole projecting from the house labeled "General Store," flapped the Union Jack.

"Let's crawl up on Tommy and see what he's about," said the fireman.

The conductor had a quality of boyishness, and assented. So we all advanced with a felonious caution, making no sound — which was easy in walking through such powdery dust. We crept up to the General Store and there, I confess, we crouched and listened. Within, a singular faint whine, hardly human, was continuous. The conductor and the fireman peered through the window, then politely made room for Fred and me.

With his back to us sat a young man, collarless, in his shirtsleeves, holding to his left ear a rubber tube and listening attentively. In his right hand he had a book on which his eyes were fixed. On the table before him was a small machine to which the rubber tube was attached and which was producing the continuous half-human whine. I picked out one sentence — "*La prononciation est très difficile* —" and then to my ears the thing became inarticulate. After a while it began to count, distinctly, emphatic-

ally, — "*Un, deux, trois, quatre,—*" up to *trente*. Then the student laid down the book, pressed a small lever, and the obedient teacher subsided.

I looked round, thinking the conductor would make some demonstration, but our unsuspecting subject spoke aloud and held us all silent. It sounded like this: "Asa Kevoov, Mamie? Asa Kevoov, Mamie, ma Sherry?" Then he began dreamily to chant,

"J'aime  
Tu aimes  
Il aime  
Elle aime  
Nous aimons  
Vous aimez  
Ils aiment  
Elles aiment ;

and all same," he added whimsically. "Women and men — both got to do it."

The conductor coughed, and I dodged.

The young man came out with a jump.

"Jake! Sammy! How'd you get here? Where's the train?"

"Back up the road a bit. Busted. Bill can't fix it."

"Busted!" The shocked expression on his face seemed to me humorously out of proportion to the accident. "We'll go down and see what can be done. I'm afraid you gentlemen are put to some inconvenience."

"We have a canoe aboard, and we don't much fancy lugging it and all our stuff to the river," Fred answered.

"We can transport that for you on our handcar." He pointed to the miniature object that stood on the rusty siding.

He was a good-looking, clean-cut chap; when a man who wears no collar makes that impression, it means something. Alert, sensitive, and resolute — I wondered that one whose face showed these qualities should be a dweller of the solitudes.

During the brief walk to the siding, I noticed for the first time his scarred and discolored hands.

"You've had a pretty bad fire here, have n't you?" I said.



"Yes, three weeks ago. It was quite bad."

"I don't understand why the town did n't go."

"Well, it had a pretty close call — and if the wind had n't changed and the rain had n't come at just the right time, there'd have been no saving it."

I saw the fireman nudge the conductor.

McCance unlocked one of the huts, which seemed to be a tool and repair shop. He brought out various implements and loaded them on the car, and last of all he directed the conductor and the fireman to put aboard a jackscrew and rollers.

"We have so much to carry that I'll have to ask you gentlemen to help pump," said McCance. "I'm rather ashamed — but — my hands" —

So we four, the conductor and Fred on one handle, and the fireman and I on the other, sent the car trundling along, while McCance squatted on the jackscrew. When we arrived at the train, we found the engineer sitting beside his locomotive dejectedly. McCance made a brisk examination and ordered up the jackscrew. Under his superintendence, after an hour's labor, we restored the truck to the rails.

It was then nearly sunset; the light was striking horizontally through the trees. McCance stood for a few moments looking at the broken connecting-rod. "That's not so easy," he said at last. He crawled under the tender and removed the brake rods. Then he took off the two broken pieces of the connecting-rod. "If I can drill through and rivet these pieces together with the brake rods —" he muttered; and with his hand-drill he set to work. "The steel needs tempering; it will be a long job," he said at last with a sigh. "Nothing more we can do here to-night."

He turned to Fred and me. "We'll take your canoe on the hand-car now, and in the morning we'll put it in the river for you."

With the canoe on the car, there was room for only three of us. "I like run-

ning this machine," said Fred. "I'd rather run it than walk."

I agreed with him; we took the fireman aboard to help us and started off.

"What's the matter with his hands?" Fred asked.

"Burned," said the fireman. "We left these woods green enough one morning three weeks ago; come back to 'em the next afternoon to find 'em like this, or still smoulderin', and dirty gray smoke comin' up in places from the earth. Tommy McCance was hunched over on his doorstep with his two arms across his knees, and his hands looking like big greasy swabs — all done up loose they were in rags, and soaked with oil. He'd bandaged 'em with his teeth. I had to laugh when he told you the town would have gone except for the shift in the wind."

"He saved it, did he?"

"Well, he never said so. He carried water and wet down the houses and beat out the fire with wet caribou hides, — and got both his hands cooked. He looked on it as his duty to save everything — and he done so."

"Pretty hard just when he's about to be married."

"Yes, but it's mighty lucky he *is* to be married. He needs another pair of hands to help him. Lord knows how he's managed to take care of himself."

That evening at any rate he was relieved of certain duties. The conductor cooked the supper, and afterwards the train crew insisted on the privilege of washing the dishes. McCance invited Fred and me to accompany him to his shop. There he made a fire in the charcoal stove and began heating his drill.

"Awkward time for the train to break down," he observed. "I was expecting to be married day after to-morrow."

We expressed our interest and good wishes.

"But I don't know now if I can be. The minister comes to-morrow from Labrador; the steamer to St. John's drops him on the island out there, and



I'll bring him over in my row-boat. Then the next day he takes the steamer back to Labrador. He's an old friend of mine, and used to be in charge of this settlement; we both wanted to have him. Now the train, day after to-morrow, if it was n't late, would get Marie here three hours before the clergyman would have to leave. But most likely it won't be running. Even if I can fix it up so that it can crawl back to Marshall, they won't let it go out on the road again until it's been more permanently tinkered. So it looks to me as if I'd have the minister but not the bride."

"Is there no other way of getting her here?"

He shook his head. "It's pretty hard on Marie anyway. She's French and has some taste about the — the form of things, you know. We'd planned to have it done out under the trees, in the forest; that would have been about right. But the forest has kind of gone back on us, as you saw. So then my idea was to go down on the beach and turn our backs on that desolation, and have it done looking out over the water. But maybe that was just a notion."

"Well, if one has it," I said, "it seems a pity that it should n't be gratified."

McCance drew out the drill, hammered sparks from it, and thrust it back into the fire.

"There's another thing that bothers me," he confided. "If I could patch the train up and it should get through and bring her here — yet not in time — not until after the minister's sailed for Labrador — why, it would n't do. You see, she's trusting me — coming on to marry me when I can't go to her. But I don't know why I should be putting my puzzles up to you gentlemen."

"Because we can help you solve them!" I cried. "Let us take the hand-car to-morrow morning, run it down to Marshall, and bring back the bride."

"Fine!" It was n't often that Fred was so enthusiastic over one of my suggestions. "We can do it — sixty miles

each way, and if we make an early start, nearly thirty-six hours."

"Ah, thank you. But it's impossible."

"Of course," I said, "I realize that you don't know us — and that it's asking you — and her — to trust a couple of strangers. But if you'd be willing to do it —"

He laid a roughened, twisted hand on mine.

"How," I asked, "can you row a boat?"

"Oh, I make out to do it. — I'd trust you. But you don't know what it would be to run a handcar over this road in that time."

"I came up here for exercise," said Fred. "I could get as much running a handcar as paddling a canoe — and more novelty."

McCance laughed and shook his head. "You'd keel over before you'd gone half the distance."

"Now we'll do it just to show you."

"The hand-car is subject to my orders."

"Very well; why don't you take it yourself, then? We'll help you — and you have a whole train crew in there."

"We have the business of the road to attend to — fixing up the train and starting it back."

"The business of the road!" — Fred began in an exasperated voice. I struck in.

"You won't be using the hand-car — so let us take it and see what we can do. We're here for exercise; we expect to have blistered hands and lame backs anyway. So why not give us the hand-car?"

McCance did not answer. For some time he devoted himself to the tempering of his drill.

Finally, after he had hammered the steel and thrust it back into the fire, he rose.

"I'll show you where you can sleep," he said. "If you take the hand-car, you'll have to make an early start. So you'd better go to bed now."

We did n't question him; we thought

that it was probably a sacrifice of pride on his part to concede so much.

"This is my own house," he said as he opened the door of the cabin with the dimity curtains. "That other belongs to the road."

We knew, the moment we entered it, that we were in the bridal chamber; it was all so spotless. There was a large new white enamel bed, with fresh pillows and counterpane. McCance turned down the covers and said, "I hope you'll sleep well."

After he had gone we stole down to our canoe, brought back our blankets, and made with them our bed on the floor.

"The girl's name is Mamie; who is Asa?" said Fred when I was almost asleep.

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you remember his mumbling to himself, with that machine — something about Asa and Mamie?"

"The girl's name is Marie, not Mamie. And he said nothing about Asa. He was practicing a phrase for her — '*Est-ce que vous m'aimez?*' Shall I translate?"

"No," Fred muttered sulkily.

At half past four o'clock the next morning McCance roused us.

"If you gentlemen are still in the mood to help me out—" he said. "But a night on the floor is not the best preparation."

"We came here to rough it," Fred answered, "not to have all the comforts of home. There's nothing like a night on the floor for putting a man into condition."

McCance grinned. "Anything for an argument when you want to dodge a fellow's thanks; ain't it so? This is what I've written to Marie: 'These two gentlemen that take my love to my love will bring my love to me.' I'm educating her all I can in the fine points of the language." He laughed and gave Fred the note.

"I had an idea," said Fred, "that you spent your time learning her language."

"Well, yes. I'd just as soon you would n't mention to her that I'm studying French; I'd like that to be a surprise."

"And we need no other introduction?" I asked.

"I'll telegraph her that you're coming. The minister will be here until four o'clock to-morrow. So if you reach Marshall this afternoon, you can get some sleep, and start back early in the morning."

By the time we had finished breakfast the engineer, the conductor, and the fireman had appeared. They took us on the handcar down to the stalled train; then all five of us trundled the car past this obstacle and set it again upon the track. That was such violent exertion that after it my knees shook and my hands trembled. I noticed that Fred was panting; but we climbed aboard and laid hold of the handles. "Good luck!" "Good-by!" cried the conductor and the engineer as the car rolled away; and the fireman sang, "Bring back, bring back, bring back my bonny to me."

"That was about the equal of ten miles to begin with," grunted Fred.

"This will rest you," I answered. The perspiration was already starting on my face.

At five o'clock that afternoon Fred and I walked up the main street of Marshall. Our hands were raw and swollen, our bodies ached, our weary legs supported us but languidly. We limped in at the gate of a cottage on the outskirts of the town. The door was opened before we knocked.

"Oh, you have arrive' — from Tommy, is it not?"

She had tripped down the steps, holding out a hand to each of us, with a sunny smile — a slender, pretty, dark-eyed girl.

"From Tommy," I said; "and you are Miss Marie Perret."

Fred drew our credentials from his pocket.



"Ah, so fatigue as you mus' be! In the house we will sit."

She led us into a little room furnished with the marble-topped table and black walnut chairs of avuncular gentility. I adjusted myself on the tightly rounded, slippery horsehair surface of a sofa; Fred slid about on the rocking-chair; and Marie read Tommy's note.

"You bring me his love — but for you it is all hard work. It is so very good — so kind." She broke off suddenly in her rapid speech. "Your hands — you will let me baze ze hands. In one moment — queeck."

She darted from the room. Fred looked at me and laughed. "I don't feel half as tired as I did," he said.

"She will be quite a help going back," I answered.

It was luxurious to let her wrap cool damp bandages about my hands and to glance from her deft and pretty fingers to her absorbed, unconscious face.

"Such dirty hands!" I said when she touched them.

"In ze good cause!" she answered.

"It's too bad you could n't have done this for Tommy." Then I was sorry I had said it; a shadow fell across her face; she paused in her bandaging and looked at me with grave, anxious eyes.

"His hands will not be well?"

"Oh yes." I wished I could have been sure of that! "But so much sooner if you'd bandaged them."

Then she laughed, thinking it an idle compliment. Roguishness and tenderness seemed to melt together in her eyes.

"And you mus' use your hands so soon again," she said commiseratingly. "But to return will not be so bad." She crossed over to Fred. "I am a strong lady. I will help."

"We can't allow that," said Fred. "Why, if you helped, your fingers would all swell up and Tommy could n't slip on the wedding ring."

She laughed merrily. "If he balance it on ze tip — it will be enough."

"We can't take any chances. Now,

Miss Perret, when will you be ready to start?"

"When you say. But you mus' eat and sleep."

"We ought to leave soon after midnight. Suppose we say one o'clock. We'll go to the hotel and rest all we can — and come for you at that hour."

"I will be all in readiness." She accompanied us to the gate. "But sleep so long as you wish. For when I am aboard — I will make ze car arrive — no matter when we start."

Her merry laughter followed us down the narrow street.

At a quarter to one o'clock I was roused from my troubled slumbers. So lame was I in every joint that I drew on my shoes with difficulty; Fred moved about the room groaning. We limbered up somewhat in our walk to Marie's house; but I wondered how I could ever stand and pump for sixty miles.

A light in an upper window proclaimed that Marie was stirring. When we knocked, she appeared at the door, with a lantern in one hand and a small traveling bag in the other. I took the traveling bag, Fred took the lantern, Marie locked the door — and we started on our journey.

It was a dark night; our lantern was the one illumination in the town. By its light Marie disposed herself on the car, and Fred and I resumed our treadmill task. In the darkness, and with our shrinking hands, and protesting muscles, we did not fall readily into the rhythm of the movement; and every unexpected jerk, every unanticipated recoil gave poignancy to our suffering. I lost my temper and muttered fiercely at Fred under my breath; he shot back a retort — and then Marie began to sing:

"Roulant, en roulant,  
Voyageur chantant" —

In her voice, so modestly raised, was a quality of such sweetness that ill temper could not hold; our ugliness was reproached and rebuked, consoled and forgiven. When she had finished, we



asked her to sing more, and so she did, lifting up her voice now freely and joyously; she gave us "*Bergère légère*;" the rattling of the car wheels and the clicking of the lever made a discordant accompaniment, but true and sweet her notes floated away, and as they died awoke through the woodland gentle echoes. I think she would have gone on singing indefinitely to keep the peace between us; but the night air was chill and damp, and at last we forbade her to put her voice to any further test.

"We'll call on you when the sun comes out," said Fred. "But I promise now to be good."

After a while she said,

"It is now my turn; I wish to pump."

"Oh no," I answered. "You're just a passenger."

"I wish to pump," she repeated. "I wish to be warm."

Of course if she was cold, she must be allowed to exercise, and I surrendered my place. By and by she insisted that Fred drop out and I go on again.

"It is what ze fishermen call — my trick at ze wheel," she explained.

"It was a trick all right, or you'd never have got there," said Fred. "I don't believe you were cold."

"I did not say I was cold. I say I wish to be warm."

Later we circumvented her. When we had to yield to her claim that it was her turn, we both discovered that we needed a rest; and the best way of obtaining that was to get off and push the car. Then she would walk with us; after a little while we would spring aboard, take our places at the handles, and declare we were rested. Even with this stratagem and such others as we could devise, she bent her slender back far too many times and blistered her unaccustomed hands; I caught her twice blowing pathetically upon her palms.

The sun came up, gorgeous and golden, the birds began chattering in the trees, the day grew rapidly warm. At seven o'clock we stopped for breakfast; at

nine we crossed the stream that meant we had traveled forty miles. By ten o'clock the heat was making us wretched; and Fred and I were again wearing on each other's nerves. When one of us bent down, the other inevitably straightened up; and consequently our occasional remarks often miscarried. The repeated failure to hear, the reiterated "What?" became irritating. Finally after I had said "What?" three times, Fred bawled at the top of his voice in one continuous sentence, —

"I said we ought to get to Wingates by three o'clock for heaven's sake say something else than what!"

"*Comprenez vous français?*" interposed Marie.

"*Un petit*," responded Fred with instant urbanity.

"*Un petit!*" I scoffed. "*Un peu*, you mean — or *pas du tout*, to be accurate. *Un petit!*"

I laughed sarcastically as I straightened up; Fred gave me a glowering glance as he bent down.

"I," said Marie in her even, gentle voice, "I do not care if one knows not French. I marry a man who knows not French. A man may be as good as anozzer — and yet know not French."

"Ya-a!" bleated Fred in the instant that our eyes were level.

"*Un petit!*" I retorted.

"I will now sing a little song," said Marie. "In English — *pour faire comprendre*. I learn it from my school children." And she sang: —

"I woke before ze morning, I was happy all ze day,

I never said an ugly word, I smiled and stuck to play."

"Quit it," cried Fred, "quit it! I'll be good."

"I beg everybody's pardon," I said. And Marie cooed gently to herself with satisfaction, and, when we begged her, sang for us some more French songs.

At last we entered the burned-over region and began rejoicing. We did not at first notice that Marie sat silent. We



both stopped our labors, arrested by the tone in which she asked,—

"And is it all — so?"

"Yes," I said. "Did n't you understand?"

"I — I did not have ze picture."

Fred and I looked at her in distress. Poor little girl, of course she could never have had any realization of this, however honestly Tommy had written about the conditions. To see that brave and cheerful spirit so appalled was utterly disheartening. Tears started from her eyes.

"And Tommy has lived here all alone!"

She rose and pushed me aside gently, saying, "It is my trick at ze wheel. Maybe" — she smiled a little, — "you will help your friend on his side. For I am so strong now — so strong for two. I wish to have Tommy wait for me no longer."

We were bound to finish after that. But the stops for rest became more frequent, the sun climbed up overhead and dropped behind our shoulders, and in the blackened waste was no landmark to tell us how far we had to go. As we were laboriously pumping up a grade, we heard a thin whistle.

"That's thê train!" cried Fred.

I dropped off the car and ran ahead. Round a curve poked the locomotive; I stood and waved my hands. The train whistle let go once more, the steam was shut off, and the train coasted slowly to a stop. But before it had stopped, the conductor, the fireman, Tommy McCance, and a stranger in a black coat were on the ground and running towards me.

They did n't bother much with me; they dashed past and on down the track, and the engineer and I followed. We saw Tommy and Marie fly into each other's arms — but when we came up Marie was talking with the clergyman.

The train crew tumbled our hand-car off the track.

"Pretty near dead?" asked Tommy.

"Depends on how near home we are," I answered.

"Less than an hour. But you'll ride as passengers the rest of the way."

"No indeed," declared Fred. "We want to have the credit of bringing in the bride."

"With just a little help from me," pleaded the clergyman.

He was a fine, strapping big man, and we yielded. I was afraid for a moment that Fred would be too proud.

The engineer ran his train past us; I noticed the connecting-rod of the locomotive — the two broken pieces beautifully riveted and bolted together.

"Ain't that a good job!" said the conductor. "Well, Tommy, I wish't I could stay and hear the wedding bells — but orders is orders and I'm takin' 'em from you."

"Yes, you'd better be pegging on into Marshall," said Tommy. "Marie and I will give you all a wedding supper, French cooking, on your next trip — eh, Marie?"

The crew pushed the hand-car back upon the rails; Marie, Tommy, the clergyman, Fred, and I climbed aboard, and with the clergyman at one handle, Fred and I together at the other, we bowled away, while the engineer, the fireman, and the conductor waved their caps and cheered.

The bride and groom sat on either side of the car and smiled at each other.

"Je parle français, Marie," said Tommy. "Voilà! Je vous aime — oh, très bien. Est-ce que vous m'aimez, Marie, ma chérie?"

"Oh, je t'aime on ne peut davantage, mon petit drôle!" Marie answered with a gay laugh. "Mais ton accent — pardon, c'est à rire! N'importe; je vais te l'enseigner. Dites moi; comment les pauvres mains vont-elles?"

I was facing Tommy; I was sorry for him, such hopeless bewilderment was in his eyes.

"The machine never handed me out those words," he complained. "Give it to me in English, Marie."

But after that they did not talk much;

I suspected that they were both thinking of the ceremony that was before them.

We arrived at last. The clergyman had an hour before he must start for the island. Marie went into her little house to prepare; Fred and I made our toilets on the beach. In half an hour came the clergyman, the bride, and the groom. Marie's head was bare; she wore a white waist and a black skirt; nobody passing would have guessed from our little group that a wedding was in progress.

The bride and groom faced the sea; its quiet waves purred on the sand. It stretched away beyond the bleak island, shining, clean, and pure. It held the island close and firm; in its mood that day it seemed the perfect type of gentleness and strength, and I understood why Tommy had clung to the thought of a marriage by the sea.

The clergyman had spoken the last words; the husband kissed his wife.

Fred and I stepped forward.

"If it's the custom in these parts," began Fred.

Marie, with tears in her eyes and an emotional little laugh rippling on her lips, turned up her face.

"And now, Professor," — which was Fred's informal title for the parson, — "whenever it's time for you to go, we'll take you."

"No, no!" cried Tommy. "I'll see to that."

"I think not," said Fred. "You don't desert your bride at this time."

As a matter of fact, on the way to the island the clergyman did most of the work. We landed him just as the steamer hove in sight. And when we had seen him safely aboard, we turned and made our way back to the shore where two figures stood watching us — and where half an hour later we left them to themselves.

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## THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT

(1858-1862)

### IV

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

### XII

#### THE BACKGROUND OF WAR

WHENEVER I review my cadet life, my fellow cadets, West Point, its buildings, its surroundings, and its ceremonies all seem to be clothed in the sweet distance and softness of shadows in a pool, — as gravely beautiful and far away as the shadows of the trees and slowly drifting clouds I used to look at as a boy in a quiet spot where a brook (we called them "runs" in the West) halted and brimmed near some old beech trees on its glistening way

through the sheep pasture. And yet, when the war is interposed for a background, and the fields that I have been on, and where some of them lost their lives, come back into view, with the quickness of a dream the battalion becomes distinct and real. The other day I saw the name of Pelham; and at once West Point flashed upon my sight, and I saw him as if he were alive, walking across the "area;" and then I saw myself riding across the field near Brandy Station, where he was mortally wounded on the 17th of March, 1863.

Of all the men at West Point in my



day, either as cadets or as officers, his name will possibly outlast all save Cushing's; and I have sometimes thought that at the last the dew will sparkle brighter on Pelham's memory. And that for two reasons. First, he was closely associated with Lee, whose towering fame, like a softly burning torch, will light the face of the Confederacy down the murky galleries of time, wooing atonement for the South at every step. And, second, poetry and sentiment, under some mysterious and inexorable impulse, seem loath to turn away from great displays of courage and sacrifice of life for a principle; most lovingly of all will they cherish the ashes of brilliant youth associated with failure. The romance of defeat has more vitality, I think, than the romance of victory, — like the morning glory, it blooms freshest over ruins.

But however this may be, his name, the "gallant Pelham," is now almost a household word throughout the South. He went directly from West Point into the service of the Confederacy, and soon was serving with Jeb Stuart. By his courage Stuart's artillery checked our attacking column at Fredericksburg right under the eye of Lee, who, it is said, exclaimed, "Is it not glorious to see such courage in one so young?"

Later, in his general orders of that disastrous defeat of our army, John Pelham's was the only name Lee mentioned below that of a major-general. He spoke of him as "the gallant Pelham;" — "and *that* from Lee," says one of his distinguished Southern friends, "was worth more than any rank in any army, more valuable than any title of nobility or badge of any order." He was known henceforward as "the gallant Pelham."

There was something about him that gave to Lee's extolling epithet that immediate response of aptness such as we feel when in poetry or elevated prose a word or phrase strikes the eye and ear as the complete expression. It was felt in our lines; for one of his West Point acquaintances, — I think it was Custer, — taking

advantage of a flag of truce shortly after the battle, sent this message to Pelham, "I rejoice, dear Pelham, in your success."

He was gracefully tall, fair, a beautiful dancer; it may well be asserted that nature was in a fine mood when she moulded his clay. Her final touch was to give him a pronounced cowlick on his forehead, which added a mounting swirl to his blond hair. His eyes generally were cast thoughtfully downward, and a little wrinkle on his brow gave just the faintest suggestion of a frown on his otherwise unclouded face.

In the winter of 1863-64, while with the Army of the Potomac, more than once I traveled the road to Kelly's Ford, where he was killed, little dreaming of the height of his present fame. I have always thought of the circumstances connected with the coming home of his body to his widowed mother in Alabama, as having about them all the beauty and mystery of night. It was on a night when the moon was full; and her still, white light lit the way by the cotton fields he knew so well, and lay softly white on the roof and in the doorway of home. His mother stood waiting for him on the doorstep, and, as they bore him up to her, she whispered through falling tears, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb that was slain." She is buried beside him in the little village graveyard at Jacksonville, Alabama. He was only twenty-five years old.

And while I have been writing about Pelham and the battle of Fredericksburg there has come into my mind another face, that of a member of Pelham's class whose fate was in marked contrast with his distinguished comrade's. His case in brief was this: His first action was with the regulars in one of the battles before Richmond in 1862, and, to the absolute surprise of all who knew him, he disappeared with the first volley. Had one passed down the battalion searching for the bravest cadet in it, his square, bulldog jaws and resolute face would have certainly caught the eye for the honor.



After the engagement he reappeared and acknowledged his failure to do his duty, alleging in explanation the low state of his system. But at the next fight off he went; and then his commanding officer had a private interview with him, telling him that such conduct could not be overlooked, that he must remember he was a graduate and a regular. The poor fellow cried, and begged for just one more chance to redeem himself. The chance was given, and it occurred at Fredericksburg.

Forward moved the regulars. The fire swept them; still they went on; but not —. White as the moonlight that fell on Pelham's dooryard, he broke to the rear, and was dropped from the army. And I have never had anything but pity for him; for I am as well satisfied that fear is often congenital as I am that there is courage in the world. He should not be blamed. What must have been his feelings as he struggled with himself before the command moved forward! Pelham was in D Company and — was in C, and to the latter I loaned my trunk when he went on his furlough in 1858. The details of his conduct were given to me by a fellow officer who was present on both occasions; and I have no doubt there are grizzled old regulars living who with charity remember the "Leftenant."

Had the corps been called upon in my day to name its best type of soldier and gentleman, the one who by manners, bearing, and dignity wielded unconsciously the widest and most elevating influence, it would have been Kingsbury of Pelham's class. He was from New York, stood near the head of his class, was high-bred and distinguished in appearance, and had that composed voice, natural dignity, and air of command, which cannot be mistaken. There was nothing studied and nothing artificial about him, none of those strides, attitudes, and fierce glances which are often the amusing concomitant of what is termed "military." He had the fortune of good birth and inherited wealth, both of which were re-

flected in his ease, address, and cultivation. He remained loyal, distinguished himself early as a battery commander, and was mortally wounded, a colonel of volunteers, at Antietam, at the early age of twenty-six. Like so many who fell, and who are long since forgotten, his name will be that of a stranger to the reader; but if out of the overarching West Point her spirit could speak for her ideals, I believe his name would be among the first to pass her lips.

His father was a graduate; his brother-in-law, also a graduate, was the Confederate General Buckner of Kentucky, who surrendered Fort Donelson to General Grant in 1862. Buckner, a stocky, broad-chested, and ruddy-faced man, I saw at West Point twenty years after Donelson; his hair was then snowy white. In the suit of a Kentucky planter he sat alone on one of the benches under the elms near the superintendents' quarters, taking a puff from time to time from a long, white-stemmed pipe. Was he living the days of his youth over again, and looking wistfully backward upon them as the cadets passed and repassed him?

In the battalion with me, there were many more than those I have mentioned, whose records and fate it would give me a sweet pleasure (though sometimes sadly tinged) to record. Ames, who stormed and carried Fort Fisher; Babcock of Grant's staff, one of the best friends I ever had; Beebe of my class, who won a medal of honor; Mordecai, who, although Southern in all his family connections, remained loyal, and who, with Michie, was brevetted for conspicuous daring while carrying on the siege of Fort Wagner; the handsome Guenther, whose battery will be remembered by hundreds of veterans of Sherman's army; and Blount, Willett, Faison, Ball, Wearing, and many more who went South; but I cannot do more than I have done. The dear fellows do not need my pen; history, it is true, is silent; but as long as West Point lives they will live with it; and when (to give her personality) she and



the spirit of our country — and may I add that of the dead Confederacy — meet on nights to come and talk over those days of trial, when epochs closed, and history was made, then they will all be mentioned.

While in 1858 and 1859 the heart of the country was stirring to its depths under the impulse of the inevitable conflict, at West Point there was absolute calm and peace. It is barely possible that the dire tragedy of oncoming events may have so weighed on the heart of the future that, at last, to some one of the officers or professors she unburdened herself, revealing to him, as an angel did to St. John on the Isle of Patmos, "things which must shortly come to pass." But the chances are that no such revelation was ever made, at least to any one in uniform. For the military spirit, owing to its mediæval habit of thought and aristocratic isolation, rarely has felt those deep movements which, in the hearts of the people, have preceded great events and kindled the imagination. And so, however overcast the future may have been elsewhere, at West Point it lay glowing to us all. Not a word was said about politics; days came and went; the river flowed on, and the flag which we now call "Old Glory," and which was so soon to feel the hot breath of civil war, with a spirit light as our own, rippled out its gleaming colors to every passing breeze.

To leave the above as the final image of West Point would be misleading. Away down beneath this political calm lay awake those unappeasable antagonisms which sooner or later always develop whenever members of a state make concessions of any kind to the social and political prestige of other members. Haughty disdain on the one hand, crouching hate on the other, invariably breed under such conditions.

The attitude of the New England colonies at the outset of their political intercourse with those of the South was one of stand aside, with bowed head, and hat in hand; while the patriot planters, with

fine, dignified, unconscious good manners, acknowledged the honor as a matter of course. The sons of those planters carried into the life at West Point their fathers' notions of precedence, and, to its honor and glory, their fathers' tone of the soldier and the gentleman. But unfortunately, — yet very naturally, for once we grasp a sceptre we are apt to flourish it, — vainly asserted precedence every now and then marked the conduct of some of them. After slavery had become a national issue, they did not hesitate, when angered, to show their inherited contempt for the North; and I am glad to say that the North, and especially the West, would not and did not stand it. This spirit of domination on the part of the South lay at the bottom when Jessup of Maryland attacked Paine of Massachusetts with his sword; when Quattlebaum of South Carolina forced Strong of Massachusetts into a bitter fight, — the same Strong who fell so gallantly with Shaw at Fort Wagner; and later, when "Rip" McCreery pitched upon Harry Wilson, the captor of Jefferson Davis, more because he was a Northerner than from the nature of the affront.

But while these instances illustrate an elementary difference between sections, yet for the honor of the men themselves, and above all, for the welfare of the country, — for West Point friendships did more at the close of the war than any other agency to heal the scars, — the state a man came from, the political views he may or may not have held, or the name he bore, had little or nothing to do with determining his roommates, and the growth of the warm ties of friendship which blessed our youth.

When the question of politics was broached to me for the first time, — and I may say it was the only time, — it gave me quite a surprise. I was passing through the Sally Port just after our first encampment in 1858, and, falling in with Willis of Georgia, I was accosted with the question, "What state are you from, Mr. Schaff?"

I answered, "Ohio."

"What are you, a Democrat or a Republican?"

"A Democrat," I replied.

Then, with the cordial, fascinating Southern manner, he observed, "You are all right," and passed on.

It made an impression, for up to that time the question where a man came from, or what his politics were, had had no importance whatever with me.

"Ned" Willis was small, lithe, and noticeably voluble; he had yellowish hair, and a voice which, when raised, screamed like that of a hawk. The night when the late General Upton of New York and the late Major Wade Hampton Gibbes of South Carolina had their great political battle, I heard him scream well. In many ways he was the incarnation of the fierce, wild, and delirious spirit which got control of the South at the breaking out of the war. In many ways also he resembled his classmate, Cushing, especially in the color of his hair, the high, quick tones of his voice, and wide, open, laughing mouth. In due time the Upton and Gibbes fight will be described; but now I would rather think of Willis in the light of the letters he wrote to his mother from the field. Some of them appear in the *Southern Historical Papers*, and are very sweet and lovely. He was Colonel of the Twelfth Georgia, and was killed near Bethesda Church the 31st of May, while on our campaign from the Rapidan in 1864; and I suppose his ashes are resting with those of many others of whom Georgia is justly proud, and whom she bears tenderly upon her breast.

### XIII

#### "JOHN BROWN'S BODY"

When the news of the John Brown raid reached West Point, and it was learned that the father of one of the cadets, James Barroll Washington, the great-grandson of the brother of Washington, was a prisoner in the fanatic's

hands, the feeling was very great. The release of Colonel Washington, the trial and the execution of Brown, with its upheaving effect on the country, followed rapidly; and at each step in the tragedy West Point was deeply engrossed.

Oh! how little we cadets at West Point realized what the death of that tall, gaunt, gray-bearded and coldly gray-eyed man meant! that the trap of the gallows creaking beneath him was the first wail of a dying age; that civilization was facing about; and that the creative spirit had her brush in her hand once more, and was outlining a new field for the imagination, one darkly and mysteriously suggestive, as are all the works of God in the affairs of men.

I have called John Brown a fanatic. If we view him in the light of a slave auction where father and mother and children are all under the hammer, their pleading eyes on a brutalized audience, he appears with the halo of a martyr; if we estimate him by the feasibility of the means he employed to carry out his scheme, he appears an unmitigated crank; if we dismiss both reason and sentiment and direct our view across the plain of history, he rises into the blazing company of those who have marked the epochs of the world.

But let this be as it may, I hear voices floating, as it were, down a valley of the past! Have they ascended to some open crest? Surely their notes are growing clearer. Sing on! I know you well, for I have heard you more than once. It is the old Army of the Potomac. It is the surging of that deep refrain which proclaims that John Brown's soul is still marching on, — as we marched under moonlight and starlight along the roads of Virginia.

When the full purpose of Brown's devilish plot was divulged, involving as it did on final analysis a general massacre, if need be for its complete fulfillment, many of the Southern cadets broke out into natural and violent passion, de-



nouncing in unmeasured terms the Abolitionists, and indirectly also every one in the North who shared their antipathy to slavery.

And now, indirectly as an outcome of the John Brown raid, the first collision at West Point of an unmistakable political nature took place between Northern and Southern cadets. It is true there had been instances where combats had been more or less tinged by sectional feeling, — to which reference has already been made, — but this one, between Wade Hampton Gibbes of South Carolina and Emery Upton of New York, was distinctly political in every feature. It was the most thrilling event in my life as a cadet; and, in my judgment, it was the most significant in that of West Point itself. For it was really national and prophetic, in this respect, that this battle between two of her spirited cadets, one from the South, the other from the North, duly represented the issue between the states, and duly the courage and bitterness with which it was fought out to the end.

I have been urged by one whose friendship I cherish, whose blood is all Southern, and whose record of loyalty and courage during the war has added lustre to his name, to pass this battle over lightly. But it foreshadowed too much; leave it out of West Point history, and one of her most presageful pages is gone. No, it threw into our life visions too ominous and foretelling to be suppressed; it was the first determined stand by any Northerner against the long, aggressive, and unchallenged dictatorship of the South. I had no bias through acquaintance, friendship, or sympathy with either of them. Upton I came to know well while serving with the Army of the Potomac, and loved him. Gibbes, four years my senior as a cadet, I never exchanged a word with socially; but he was a gentleman through and through, and worthy of his historic name and state. I am told that, after his gallant services to the Confederacy, he manfully endured the never fully appreciated disappointment of de-

feat, passing into an old age of engaging sweetness.

Now Upton, before coming to West Point, had been a student at Oberlin, an institution hated and despised by the South for its pronounced attitude on slavery and for admitting negroes as students. While he was being quizzed on his arrival as a new cadet, as to what he had studied, and where he had been to school, he openly and frankly declared that he had been at Oberlin and was an Abolitionist, — the first and, I believe, the only cadet who ever had the temerity to plant himself squarely in the ranks of that unpopular band of liberty-loving dreamers, who, bigoted as all reformers are in their views, were impatiently unwilling to listen for a moment to any further compromise with slavery. Upton's sincere declaration of his position — obnoxious in the last degree to the South — made him a marked man at once.

Under the natural exasperation over the Brown raid, men from the South, as already intimated, gave vent to their feelings; and, in the course of some talk with his fellows, Gibbes, in referring to Upton in connection with his student life at Oberlin, made remarks on his intimate association with negroes, of a character keenly offensive, and such as no self-respecting cadet could stand for a moment. There has never been a suspicion in my mind that the South Carolinian expected these unpremeditated remarks ever to be repeated; but they were, and Upton promptly called for an explanation. It was just after the battalion had broken ranks from the march from supper; and soon the word was passed through our companies beyond the Sally Port that Gibbes and Upton were to fight in a room on the first floor of the First Division.

The national significance of the affair was interpreted at once; there were more than personal matters involved; and a crowd soon gathered on the pavement, on the stoop, and packed into the hall. I squeezed my way into the First Division, with Willis, "Comanche" Robin-



son, and others from beyond the Sally Port, and with them gained a place on the stairway. The sentinel, an inexperienced "yearling," brushed aside and unheeded, was calling loudly for the corporal of the guard. But no one cared for him or his corporal of the guard, or any authority vested in them or in anybody else: the excitement was too great, as from time to time during the progress of the battle we could hear angry voices, the scuffling of feet, and those other dull sounds which fall so heavily on the ear and mean so much. Personally I do not know what took place in that room; but there are those living who do, and who, wisely enough, perhaps, are unwilling to disclose what they saw and what they heard. I do know, however, what was going on in the hall and on the stairway.

I have heretofore told how Willis and Robinson were screaming, and I remember distinctly the face of the latter as he howled about the use of bayonets; but how or when he was to use that savage implement I have no remembrance. I do remember this, however, that when the fight was over I saw Upton's resolute face bleeding.

And now came an incident that burned its way into my memory. John Rodgers, Upton's roommate and second, overheard, amid the mighty turmoil after the fight was over, some of my immediate friends shrieking their maledictions. He came to the head of the stairs, and, with eyes that no man ever looked into and discovered fear there, called out, "If there are any more of you down there who want anything, come right up." His eyes were glaring like a panther's.

It is needless to say that nobody wanted to face that man. I am satisfied that the South then and there beheld what iron and steel there was in the Northern blood when once it was up. I was born and bred in a family some of whose ties were Southern and all of whose political views were sympathetic; but I felt proud of Rodgers as he stood on the stairs defying that mob—for it was nothing less than a

mob. When it was over we all went back to our rooms, little dreaming that this was but the prelude of that mightier collision between the states. It is fortunate that we cannot penetrate the future, for then there would be no Past, that vast ocean whose long, silent beach is the playground of Imagination.

Almost fifty years have passed since that December night. Gibbes and Upton are in their graves;—the south wind breathes softly over Auburn, where Upton's ashes lie;—the dawn breaks, the twilight comes softly on, the stars appear, and lo! the mocking-bird is still singing among the hollies that redden above Gibbes's grave. Not in anger, not in malice, and not with indifference to the feelings of the living, have I referred to this episode in the lives of these men, both so brave, both so high-minded, both sure to be honored and mentioned with affection, as I believe, when the spirits of West Point meet in her upper sky, and talk over the battalions of '58 and '59.

There was another incident connected with the John Brown raid which, besides being characteristic, has a bordering of humor. The late Major-General Pierce M. B. Young of Georgia, a conspicuous cavalry leader, a member of Congress after the war, and minister to Russia under Cleveland, observed one day during Brown's trial, in the hearing of a Massachusetts man, as they were marching off guard, "By God, I wish I had a sword as long as from here to Newburgh, and the Yankees were all in a row. I'd like to cut off the head of every damned one of them."

Newburgh, faintly visible up the river, lies about eleven miles from West Point, or something over fifty-eight thousand feet. If we allow two heads to the foot, Pierce would have beheaded over a hundred thousand Yankees at a slash, which might have made a material difference in New England's ability to fill her quota two years later. I am afraid, however, that, if Young had had his gory West-



Point-and-Newburgh blade, it would have been bothersome sometimes. It was too long; he never could have got away as he did when Custer and Merritt and Wilson got after him on several occasions. But he was a very good fighter and a very good-hearted fellow, and, as a member of Congress, never failed to do cheerfully all in his power for his old West Point friends.

The Massachusetts man, who was my first roommate, and for whose ears Young's extravagant wish was intended, preserved in 1859 that discreet silence which was characteristic of his Puritan blood. At Gettysburg, however, in 1862, he spoke. The position his guns occupied is still pointed out to the visitor of that field, and when the official guide reaches it he says, "Here are Calef's guns; they opened the battle."

There was another occasion that autumn when the smothering feelings of the Southerners broke into a little flame which, for the time being, was very amusing. It was at a meeting of the Dialectic Society. I wonder if that celebrated society is still in existence. It never held but two meetings while I was a cadet, and yet when I graduated it gave me a dignified and almost stately diploma, adorned with a copper plate engraving, and a broad red ribbon bearing a large seal. I never see it that it does not evoke a smile. Well, on the programme was a play (I think it was *Bob Acres*) given wholly by cadet talent. The narrow, bare, cold, and high-ceiled hall over the Sally Port was crowded; and during one of the scenes there was a fierce stage combat with swords between Kilpatrick of New Jersey, the great cavalry leader, and the handsome and popular "Jack" Garnett of Virginia. It was reported that the former during his furlough had made a Republican speech, and well he might, for he was a most blatant and interminable talker. Both were good swordsmen, and they clashed and lunged at each other in great style.

As the battle progressed the excitement

grew, till Ned Willis and "Comanche" Robinson of Texas concluded it was the South against the North, and yelled from the pit, "Kill him, Jack, kill him!"

Counter voices screamed, "Go it, Kil!"

It was the funniest performance, I think, I ever witnessed. All four of these cadets were cast for parts in a greater play: Kilpatrick, well known as a brave and reckless fighter, became a major-general of cavalry; Willis has been mentioned; "Comanche" Robinson, so named for his resemblance to an Indian in more ways than one, attained rank in the Confederacy; and "Jack" Garnett commanded Garnett's battalion of Confederate artillery at Gettysburg. I met him after the war. He was still the same handsome and popular Virginian; but life for him was clouded, and in a few years he died.

The mention of Garnett recalls the one other meeting of that wonderful Dialectic Society. It was held in the library, the only time while I was there that the old authors on the shelves had a chance to hear the voices of youth. On this occasion Garnett read Horace Porter's famous lines on "Life at West Point." We thought it a mighty good production then, and as I read it over lately, it still sparkled. The other night, while the Loyal Legion was banqueting at Delmonico's, and Porter was delivering a memorial on Schofield, he referred to our cadet days, and to officers on duty at the time. As I listened to him the years fell away from him; I saw him again as cadet adjutant, and heard once more the thundering applause with which we welcomed his rhyming effort.

#### XIV

##### FURLOUGH IN 1860

In June, 1860, our class went on its furlough, which, by way of explanation, is a leave of absence during the encampment, granted to each class at the close of its second academic year. It is a great



event in a cadet's life, for it is the only time he can leave West Point during the four years' course, and he looks forward to it with longing. It steals in upon him as he rambles alone; it is floating in his mind as he goes to sleep; and I am acquainted with one, at least, who never failed to think of it in church. And how could he help it, with his forehead cushioned in gloves and handkerchief on the pew rail, and the clergyman solemnly droning the stately Litany, lulling the very air of the chapel into slumber?

And, by the way, Robert E. Lee, Jr., in his delightful recollections of his father, says, referring to their life at West Point while General Lee was superintendent of the Academy, "I never knew him late for Sunday service at the post chapel . . . and I remember he got always very drowsy during the sermon, and sometimes caught a little nap." However many little naps the Confederate chieftain (and for one I am willing to vote him the leading gentleman of his time) may have caught in that dear little chapel, there were some of them still left haunting the choir loft in my day.

After the *Te Deum*, the curtains were slyly drawn, and I saw more than one of my fellow choristers take advantage of the opportunity: Wesley Merritt, the cavalry leader, "Jack" Garnett, Harris, "Lengthy" Smith, and fiery red-haired Randol, whose clear soprano voice led us all. It was his battery at Frazier's Farm, on McClellan's retreat to the James, which fought the enemy at their very muzzles, stirring the blood of friend and foe to admiration. How firmly then his tenor voice must have rung out to his cannoneers, — with another tone than when he sang the *Venite*, and with another vibration than when I heard it singing, "When shall we meet again, meet ne'er to sever," on the last Sunday before graduation. On that occasion there was deep feeling and sweet pathos in his voice, and in every other voice, too; and well there might have been, for down below us in the body of the church were a

good many splendid-hearted cadets who in a few years were killed.

But it is while the cadet is performing sentinel's duty in the dead hours of the night, while there is around him the mystery of darkness, that he dwells on his coming furlough most fondly. He clothes every hour of it with the light and beauty of dreams. In his fancy he hears the timber and the fields welcoming him home again; he feels the paws of the old dog he hunted with as he leaps up on his breast to kiss him; he sees the plain, country church spire reverently pointing starward; and soon, in his uniform, he is walking up its aisle, and his mother is at his side. Yes, yes, furlough days! you are lifting again through the mists, and with all the freshness and spicy odor of blooming sweetbriars. And yet no old graduate ever looks back to them that a smile does not gather. And why? Oh, because he sees not the visions of his boyhood's fancy, but a youth gloriously unconscious of his rank callowness.

On reaching home we found the political campaign of 1860, probably the most exciting and certainly the most fateful which our country has gone through, in full swing. The very air was charged. Lincoln had been nominated by the Republicans; Breckinridge by the Southern extremists. The Democratic party of the North had rallied behind Douglas, the Unionists of the South had put forward Bell of Tennessee. I was too young and altogether too immature to realize the situation; but it was easy to see that the haughtiness and disdain of the South had at last challenged the manhood of the West; and that the followers of Lincoln were ready to face the issue for good and all, and, if need be, to fight it out to the bitter end.

The following incident illustrates fairly well, I think, the depth to which the feelings of the North were moved. I was visiting an uncle, who, born and bred in Rockingham, Virginia, was a giant in stature, but mild in disposition, of upright walk, and blessed with a child's



faith in his Bible and religion. In his dignified manner and old Virginian respectfulness of tone he turned to me just before the dinner was served, and asked, "Morris, what does the South say about this presidential election?"

I had started to tell him what I thought they felt were their rights under the Constitution as to slavery,—and I believed then and I believe now they were right,—when my uncle Sam interrupted, exclaiming, "Morris, I tell you slavery has no rights either before God or man; it is a curse and a disgrace to this land, and the South shall not bully us under the threat of disunion into its defense any longer;" and he brought down his big hand firmly on the table where lay the old Bible which he read every morning and every night before kneeling in prayer.

I looked at him with amazement. His face was illuminated, and in the light of the fires of his conviction I got my first clear view of the shadow of war; and I had nothing further to say. Could we have laid our ears to the lids of the old Bible, which must have felt the jar of his hand, I am inclined to believe that we should have heard the voice of Joel rising far above those of Miriam and David, saying,—

"Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the Lord cometh, for it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness, as the morning spread upon the mountains. . . . Your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." . . .

It is true there were hundreds, yes, thousands, South and North, who were ready to make a compromise; who had no bitterness in their hearts; who loved the Union and could not bear to think of civil war. But the day for compromises had gone by. The crusade of the Abolitionists on the one hand, and the vanity, haughtiness, and disdain of South Carolina on the other, had got in their fatal

work, driving both sections into positions from which neither prayer nor appeal could extricate either one of them. How haughtiness and disdain have characterized the bearing of the rich and powerful just before every great revolution! I fear they will characterize those to come. And the pity of it all is that so much blood will flow, so many young fellows, who have no ill-will and are innocent of a base ambition, will be called on to lay down their lives for the wrongs of others, to be the food of wars which should and might be avoided by a little forbearance of one toward another, by invoking the spirit of Christianity, and by a steady display of the qualities of the real gentleman.

We returned from our furlough on the 28th of August, 1860. In the next six months Lincoln was elected, the South seceded, and the war between the states began. These events are the broad foreground of a great picture, and one in which is reflected much of West Point's life. The longer we gaze at it the more we see in it, and the more conscious we become, I think, of a mysterious historic effulgence. Does our imagination spiritualize the events, and make us see Fate forcing her way as she leads the country to its destiny; is it Slavery dragging herself death-stricken at last out of the world; is it the glow from faces of high-minded youths in gray and blue; or is the radiance in the face of Peace? My heart beats before it.

There is a strange fascination to me in the memory of my life at West Point during those fateful six months.

I have referred to the circumstance that, through the suggestion of my Southern roommate, I had by the help of the *New York Herald* been assigned to D Company. It was the distinctively Southern company; in fact, over half, perhaps two thirds, of its members were from the South. In it at that time were Rosser, Young, Deering, Pelham, Patterson, Willett, Watts, Faison, John Lane, and



"Jim" Parker, all of whom reached high rank in the Confederacy. From the North were Babbitt, Dimmock, of Dimmock's battery, pure-hearted Sanderson, "Deacon" Elbert, and Custer. The latter, with Jim Parker, lived in a room diagonally below me; and with that well-mated pair, whom I shall mention later, I fooled away many an hour that should have been devoted to study.

West and myself occupied a room on the third floor of the 7th Division. It looked out on the gardens attached to the quarters of Professor Kendrick, and of Lieutenant Douglas, a smallish man with a voluminous red beard, who was an instructor of drawing, and who, besides an artistic sense, had a greater propensity for chewing tobacco (fine cut) than any one I ever saw. Behind the garden rose the hills, streaked with ribs of gray rocks, clothed with tapering cedars and struggling trees, whence, as spring drew along, came many a richly warbled note.

Of course, between me and my roommate there was no concealment. We talked over the state of the country and everything else, as boys and loving friends might. He told me about his home, the slaves, and the plantation; and I got an impression — and I believe it was a true one — that theirs was a humane, just, and happy family.

And in this connection let me remark on what the North has never fully understood in the Southerner's character, — I mean, his reluctance to differ from his fellow Southerners on all public questions, and his natural hesitation to lay his heart bare to any one, and above all to a Northerner. His traits are the result of several forces, — provincial isolation, long submission to a dominating public opinion, and the reserve of an inherited dignity. There is nothing he hates like smooth cunning. If you want to be sure of his inward convictions, he must be sure of your sincerity; you must know him well, and you must see him alone.

Well, we had barely settled down to our work again before the smothered

excitement that had lain smoking ominously, blazed up all over the country, like fires in a clearing. What had happened to the patient and stolid North, that night after night the streets of her cities and towns should flicker with the torches of marching processions? There they go, marching up Broadway by historic and stately Trinity, thousands of them, and the sidewalks lined four or five deep. Along the grassy streets of little country villages here they come, under overbending elms; and now, in far away Iowa, their torches flare between fields of ripening corn. How significant that here and there are old, white-haired men in the procession! Has some martial spirit beaten the long roll? Or, what seems to me more probable, has not a spirit of deeper thought and closer ties with the heart talked low and confidentially to the bells in the steeples? For the moral sense of the North is certainly aroused! Look where you may, the hearts of the people are stirring.

This exhibition by the passive North, marching four abreast with flaming torches, now and then bursting into a deep, hoarse cheer for Lincoln, was hailed with sardonic delight by the original secessionists. It gave them the one chance they wanted, namely, to appeal to the sensitive pride of their naturally conservative yet impulsive people. They at once translated it into the terms of a challenge, something that no Southerner could overlook. The danger of oversensitiveness as to personal courage! what calamities it has wrought for nations, — and what saddened hours for individuals! The papers and the political orators took it up, and, before the conservative spirit could get into action, a fierce desire to engage in war with the North had bedded itself permanently in the hot blood of the Southern youth. Oh, gallant men who fell in Virginia, I have often thought that if your fathers could have met the North as equals, and, uninfamed by oratory, talked the question over calmly and without arrogance, the



extreme secessionists never could have swung your Southland into desolation.

It may sound strange to civilians, and especially to students of the history of that period, to be told that national affairs even at that time were not discussed at West Point. The discussion, by officers or cadets, of the politics dividing the nation into parties would have struck the average man as crude, and totally unbecoming young men or old men whose lives were consecrated to the service of the country, regardless of which party might be in control. I fully agree that there is nothing more amusing to the silent and observant bystander than a discussion over politics between two old fellows or two young ones. But during that critical period we offered no such diversion. The nearest we came to it was habitually, morning, noon, and night, to damn every politician in the country, save the one who had appointed us. Moreover, the tension was too great, and inasmuch as we professed to be gentlemen, we naturally refrained from touching on disagreeable subjects. Representing, however, as we did, every Congressional district, we were in miniature the country itself. The letters and local papers from home kept us acquainted with the state of public feeling, and, since the consciousness of a national crisis is always contagious, it was not long before it was felt at West Point.

As a result, a state of recklessness as to discipline, and a new indifference to class standing, were more or less noticeable in the conduct of the entire corps, save among that laudable few who worked day and night to get into the engineers; and — judging from one or two I knew — I doubt if anything short of a cataclysm that would have tossed half the sturgeon in the Hudson up into the "area" would have diverted them from calculus or engineering. The effect on the conduct and temper of some of the Southern cadets was marked by provoking arrogance; and strangely enough, savage encounters took place between Southern-

ers themselves. For instance, my roommate engaged in one with a fellow Southerner, which I believe was wholly due to the prevailing impatience and irritability aroused by the political situation. I have no idea what it was about, or who was to blame; but I do know that I urged West to settle it. His Southern blood was up, however, and seeing that I could do nothing to stop it, I asked him to get somebody else to go with him, for I could not bear to see those two friends in a fight. With a heavy heart I stayed alone in our room; and when he came back, terribly punished, I went with the impulsive, warm-hearted fellow to the hospital. The day came when he and his antagonist were the best of friends, and fellow officers of the same Confederate battery.

## XV

### THE STRAW BALLOT

In October, 1860, some evil spirit stole his way into West Point and thence into the room of a couple of the bitterly partisan Southerners in my division. The next day — as a result of his visit — a box was set up at a suitable place, with a request that cadets should deposit therein their preferences for president of the United States.

Now, the father of big, swarthy John Lane, a member of my company and one who subsequently joined the South, was running for vice-president on the ticket with Breckinridge. Although John was very far from being a leader intellectually, nevertheless he was a well-meaning, whole-souled, and generally popular man. Whether his personality had anything to do with the result of the balloting, I do not know, — the fact of his father's candidacy is mentioned only to give the situation a little more reality.

A better scheme than this straw ballot to embroil the corps, and to precipitate the hostilities between individuals which soon involved the states, could not have

been devised. When I went to deposit my ballot I met Frank Hamilton of my class, who had just voted. "How have you voted, Frank?" I asked good-naturedly.

"Oh, for Honest Old Abe," he answered with his peculiar bubbling chuckle.

"I suppose you are for Douglas?"

"Yes, for the 'Little Giant,' Frank."

Now Hamilton was from the Western Reserve of my state and a Republican, and I should have been surprised had he not voted in harmony with his courage and convictions. My roommate voted for Bell.

When the ballots were counted (I cannot recall the exact number of votes for each candidate) the South with surprise and indignation found that there were sixty-four votes for Lincoln. It was always a peculiarity, almost a childlike simplicity of the old South, to take it for granted that every one was going their way; it never understood the silence of the Puritan. At once, with almost astounding effrontery, the self-constituted supervisors of the election appointed tellers for each division to smoke out those whom some of them saw fit to designate luridly as "the Black Republican Abolitionists in the Corps."

And now was exhibited the most equivocal if not pusillanimous conduct that ever I saw at West Point. When the tally was over, only about thirty could be found who had voted for Lincoln, and, according to the tellers, every one of these was from west of the Hudson River, the bulk of them from north of the Ohio; while it was notorious that every member of Congress east of the Hudson, save, possibly, Arnold of Connecticut, was a Republican! What had become of Lincoln's backers from east of the Hudson? Well, well! I suppose the everlasting din the South raised over their voting for Lincoln was so disquieting to the intellectual repose of our New England friends that all took to reading Emerson — Emerson on "Idealism," wherein he says, "The least change in our point of view

gives the whole world a pictorial air." So, when the dreaded tallymen came round, with their proverbial shrewdness they concluded that they would give the world — at least a part of it — a "pictorial air" by changing their point of view from Lincoln and Hamlin to Bell and Everett. Or had those descendants of the heroic Puritans who, unshaken, faced the question of the execution of a king, answered the tallymen with stern and resolute countenance, "What business is it of yours how I voted? You get out of this!" Whatever may have happened, according to the tellers there was not a single recorded vote from New England for Lincoln.

One of the tallymen was from Vermont, a Yankee of Yankees, who with humiliating subserviency, as it seems to me, accepted complacently the duty of smoking out his fellow Northerners for the scorn of certain partisan Southerners. While performing his despicable mission (that term sounds harshly, but nothing softer describes the service), he came to the room occupied by Tully McCrea of Ohio and G. L. Gillespie of Tennessee. With a loud and impertinent voice he wanted to know how they had voted. When McCrea announced his vote for Lincoln, the tallyman made a disparaging remark, whereupon McCrea told him in significant tones to get out of the room, and after one glance from Tully's chestnut eyes he promptly complied. How often I have seen those same warm chestnut eyes swimming as they responded to the tender and high emotions of his heart!

On account of his political views, a Kentuckian, who fell at Chickamauga, assailed McCrea violently. Two or three years later, McCrea was called on once more to show his courage. It was the afternoon of Pickett's charge, and all through those terrible hours he stood with his battery on the ridge at Gettysburg; over him were the scattering oaks of Ziegler's grove; and with his commanding officer, Little Dad Woodruff, who



there met his death, he faced the awful music. In one way I really think it took more courage to vote for Lincoln than to face Pickett; but however that may be, he met both ordeals well. At the battle of Olustee, Florida, he was shot through both legs. He is now retired, a brigadier-general, and when I last heard of him, he was living at Atlantic City. I imagine him watching the long waves endlessly breaking on the beach; and I hope that as again and again they swish up toward him and sadly lull away, nothing but pleasant memories come back of our boyhood days.

I do not wish to encumber, mar, or lower these articles with combats between boys; but there is one I never look at from the porch of my memory without real amusement. This lively encounter took place between Dunlap of Kentucky and Kilpatrick, in the hall of the 6th Division, just after undress parade on the stoop, and while the companies were forming to march to supper. Hearing the row, I got through the crowd and on to the stairway. A very fair view of what was going on in the hall below me now presented itself; and whatever may be the speed of the thoroughbreds of Kentucky, New Jersey certainly had the pole and the race at the outcome that night. A funnier row I never saw in my life. Well, no sooner was it over than those of us who had remained to see it through discovered that we were hungry; but meanwhile the battalion had marched to supper, and the regulations provided that any one entering the mess hall after the doors were closed should be reported. We all gathered in front of the door and decided to go in together, each one flattering himself that he might be the lucky one to escape the eye of the First Captain, now the widely and favorably known General James M. Wilson of Washington. I got immediately behind the tallest man in the corps, red-headed Cowan of North Carolina, thinking thereby to be masked, at least at the outset of the movement.

The door was opened suddenly. We started with a rush; but unfortunately for me, Cowan stumbled at the threshold and nearly fell headlong on the floor, leaving me in full view.

The next night at parade, when the adjutant read the reports for delinquencies, my name was duly mentioned. I think Wilson spotted every one of us. I had a good many reports, far too many to be consistent with the exercise of common-sense, but this one I have never regretted; for a little spring of humor has always bubbled from it.

On the 6th of November, 1860, the people reversed our little boyish ballot, solemnly, and overwhelmingly; but the undreamed-of fiat had gone forth. With the election of Lincoln the doors of the new era, which in the fullness of time the Ruler of the World had ordered, began slowly and inexorably to swing open. There is always an idea of morning about the coming on of a new era; but to those who are near the opening doors, "the wings of the morning" (which I have always thought to be the most beautiful piece of imagery in the world) are not visible. And for very good reasons: for have they ever yet opened but that the dreadly-bosomed clouds of war were moving fast, and the sky growing fearfully black?

No, to the living there is nothing of the morning when the doors of a new era begin to open, creaking wailingly the mortal agony of ill-featured wrongs as they turn on their old and sin-incrusted hinges. The mornings of new eras have dawned only in the eyes of prophets and martyrs, whose foretelling lips and far-seeing eyes are generally dust long before what they have said, and what they have seen, have become accomplished facts. But the interesting thing about it all is this, that as soon as the mask is lifted from any great historical event, its resurrection begins before our inward eye, clothing itself in symbols, and appealing to the imagination for utterance. And the character of

our speech is directly related to our understanding of the spiritual significance of the event itself.

So it will be with the history of our great Civil War; and so it will be with the West Point of my day. We were at the birth of the era, and the sky was

black enough; but the history of those days, and above all of West Point itself, will have its resurrection morning. For Nature makes provision that at last every event which marks the upward progress of the world shall bloom in the heaven-dyed language of the poet.

*(To be continued.)*

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## ASLEEP IN UNION SQUARE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

HE dreamed he took the road again,  
Up Bald Fowl Mountain's back,  
Between the cobbles, Fox and Hen,  
And through the Hollow black,  
Where the loud floods of Roaring Ben  
Came down the Peaktown track.

In dreams he walked the Peaktown street,  
And heard the floods of Ben  
The slow and shallow river meet  
Below the saphouse glen,  
Whence faint his mother's bugle sweet  
Called home his father's men.



## GIOSUÈ CARDUCCI

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER

### I

IN the small hours of the morning of February 16, Giosuè Carducci died at his home in Bologna. It was a happy release from nearly twenty years of a gradual decline peculiarly distressing to so lionlike a soul. The same afternoon the Prime Minister announced in the Chamber that the government would propose the erection of a statue to the great poet in Rome, and the deputies resolved by acclamation that the burial should be in the Italian Westminster, Santa Croce, in Florence. The next day was Sunday, and there was probably no learned body in Italy that did not pay commemorative honors to the scholar poet. In the piazzas of many Italian cities he was acclaimed as the prophet of revolutionary Italy, for it was the anniversary of Giordano Bruno's martyrdom, and everywhere meetings had been called to denounce the Church. Such demonstrations, although he would have disapproved their socialistic and anarchistic expressions, befitted the lying in state of the great pagan Carducci. From the usually perfunctory columns of the press transpired a poignant regret. It was his pupils who wrote, and frequently a broken and agitated utterance attested a grief too profound for words. Since Garibaldi died there has not been a mourning so truly national.

All this was a remarkable tribute to the man and the patriot; it was a demonstration that would have caused no little astonishment, and possibly amusement, to the poet, could he have observed it from the Elysian Fields. For if he was venerated, he was certainly little read outside of ultraliterary circles. The average educated Italian could repeat you a

few strophes of the "Hymn to Satan;" he could tell you the idyl of the friendship between the bard of republicanism and Queen Margherita; but there his knowledge stopped; and when Carducci died, there was merely the vague impression that an heroic soul had passed. This deep and universal conviction is in a fashion the measure of the personal force of the man apart from his specific achievement in literature. He had become the impersonation of the greater Italy that was. Men divined in him the generation of Mario, Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi; and with his death one may say the personal chapter of the Risorgimento closes, and the harvest is white for the historian. Throughout his long career his position as poet and publicist was one of such extreme isolation that the ordinary parallels and comparisons utterly fail the critic. He resembles nobody of his times, and to find his spiritual peers one must go back to the Italy of Machiavelli or Dante, or, farther yet, to the austerer poets of Rome.

On the 27th of July, 1835, Giosuè Carducci was born in the village of Val di Castello, near Pietrasanta, between the Carrara Mountains and the sea. He was prenatally a rebel, one may say, for his father, the public physician of the village, was an active republican. His mother, as the poet later records with gratitude, taught him to read from Alfieri and imposed no superstitions upon him. Driven from place to place because of the father's relations with the Carbonari, the family passed the first thirteen years of his life between Bolgheri and Castagneto, in the gloomy Maremma, "whence," Carducci writes, "I found my proud bearing and my scornful song." It was a melancholy boy-

hood, passed in loneliness and poverty. Till the age of fourteen he had no master but his father, from whom he learned Latin and the habit of books. When the revolutionary movement of 1848 failed, the father lost his modest post, and the family moved to Florence. Giosuè went to the School of the Scolopi, and at the age of eighteen completed the course in philosophy. Even before this time his poetical gift began to manifest itself, among the lost productions being characteristically a soliloquy of Brutus, and amusingly, in view of his later abhorrence of Romanticism, a romantic novel in verse entitled *Love and Death*. A timely success in a competition for a scholarship took him to the normal school at Pisa, where, proceeding Bachelor in 1855 and Master the year following, he became the erudite student of literary history, thus acquiring what was to be a constant resource in the numerous chagrins that befell him as poet and patriot. For a year he taught rhetoric, Latin, and Italian, in the College of San Miniato al Tedesco, Florence. Here were begun or confirmed those friendships with Nencione, Chiarini, Gargani, and others, that one divines in the charming essay, "San Miniato al Tedesco;" here were passed those bacchic nights that scandalized the quiet suburb; here were held the memorable debates with the magisterial Fanfani, before Franceschini's bookstall; here finally was publicly shed that first collection of "Rime," the bitter satire of which justly won him enemies, the promise of which might well have appealed to others than the comrades who advised the venture and shared the loss. As it was, the neo-romanticists accused him of godlessness and servile worship of form, and Fanfani, then both literary dictator and minister of education, kept him out of the chair he had fairly earned in the Gymnasium of Arezzo. At this time, too, came a crushing personal grief in the suicide of his elder brother Dante, commemorated in several of the early sonnets. The next

year his father died, and Carducci, with the uncertain resources of the editorial work he did for the *Collezione Diamante*, a new enterprise of the generous publisher Barbèra, became the support of the family. Meanwhile he and the girl of his choice, Elvira Menicucci, had been waiting for many years. In 1859 they decided to wait no longer, and the tide began to turn in their favor.

The next year he obtained a professorship in a Pistoiese Lyceum, only to be appointed by Mamiani to the chair at Bologna which he adorned until his strength failed. In the routine of university instruction and research he buried a vast disillusionment. His adolescent muse had followed the fate of the war of liberation. In the Ode to Victor Emmanuel he had urged the king to cross the Po and become the "new Marius;" the ode to the victorious Cross of Savoy had been solemnly performed and sung in the streets. "I lacked little," he writes, "of becoming the poet laureate of the public opinion that later became unitarian. It gives me the gooseflesh to think of it."

He had imagined a democratic monarchy, and the actuality, with its sordid strife of factions, official recognition of hereditary nobility, and repudiation of Garibaldi, roused in him a *saeva indignatio* that was never wholly appeased. When he republished his *Juvenilia* in 1870, he refused to let these odes be reprinted. In the poem "Dopo Aspromonte" (contained in the *Levia Gravia*, Pistoia, 1868) he gave a eulogy of the great chieftain that was a fit precursor in verse of the magnificent funeral oration of 1882. These new poems he issued under the name of Enotrio Romano, which was already famous as that of the author of *The Hymn to Satan*, published in the fall of 1865, and widely reprinted two years later when the Ecumenical Council declared the infallibility of the pope. This pseudonym he used "in order," he said, "not to let my poetry diminish any reputation I might



gain in prose." In 1867, for signing an address to Mazzini for aiding Garibaldi's ill-fated expedition to Mentana, he was suspended from his professorship.

In general, however, he devoted himself to his studies. "To escape temptation," he says, "I took a cold bath of philology and wrapped myself in the funeral shroud of erudition." The evidences of these more sober pursuits soon appeared in the publication of his essays and addresses: *Primi Saggi* and *Scritti Letterari* in 1874, *Bozzetti Critici* and *Discorsi Letterari* in 1876. To these essays he added year by year, until the definitive edition issued by Zanichelli in the early nineties numbered no fewer than twelve volumes of prose, including important studies of Ariosto, Tasso, and Parini. Meantime he had not discontinued his early labors as editor of the Italian classics of Barbèra. Alfieri, Lorenzo de' Medici, Salvator Rosa, Tassoni, Monti, Poliziano, Rossetti, were some of the texts he revised with a scholar's conscience, supplying also in every case an introduction that was a criticism and an interpretation. For nearly forty years he worked at the monumental text and commentary of Petrarch, which, with the aid of Severino Ferrari, he published in 1900. To the narrower field of minute erudition belong his collection of *Poeti Erotici e Lirici dell' secolo XVIII*, his *Canti Carnascialeschi Rime dei Secoli XII e XIV*, *Cantilene e Ballate*, *Poesie Latine dell' Ariosto*, and the crestomathy, *Antica Lirica Italiana*, which was published without the intended commentary shortly before his death.

In 1873 the *Nuove Poesie* were published at Imola. These poems presented in still stronger relief the paganism of the author, and marked a decided advance towards the close imitation of Latin metres that characterized his later style. Moreover there is no abatement of scorn for monarchical Italy, although no circumstances call for so specific an expression as is found in the iambs of a few years earlier. One may say in

general that the literary preoccupation is greater. Reminiscence begins to appear in such charming poems as the *Idillio Maremmano*, and the way is being prepared for the more elegiac mood of the famous *Odi Barbare*. These were published in 1877 by Zanichelli, who two years earlier had taken over the Imola collection under the title of *Rime Nuove*. To the *Odi Barbare* Carducci added books from edition to edition (1883, 1889), and very little of his later verse was reserved for the miscellaneous category of *Rime e Ritmi*. The value of this attempt to revive the Horatian muse we will consider later. It is enough to say for the moment that the *Odi Barbare*, so called because in their author's opinion they would have seemed barbarous alike to the real culture of Greece and Rome and to the effeminate culture of modern Italy, made their writer famous. They were the subject of imitation and polemics. Being quite untranslatable, they became naturally the prey of German, French, English, Spanish, and even Bohemian translators. Finally they brought their author a notoriety that he never learned to support with equanimity.

It was the enthusiasm of the young Queen Margherita for the *Ode to the Victory of Brescia* that brought about one of the most ideal friendships that has existed between a poet and a queen. Carducci's two odes to her were taken foolishly as a recantation of his republican faith, as if to prove himself republican he should have shown himself churlish. As a matter of fact, in his later years he came to regard the monarchy as a sort of necessary evil, but he persistently refused the knighthood which so good a Republican as Zanardelli urged him to accept. In 1890, having held high municipal and provincial office, he accepted a senatorship of the realm, his duties taking him frequently to Rome, where he somewhat relinquished his aversion to general society. This senatorship with other signs of growing conserv-

atism brought upon him the displeasure of the Socialist and Radical students, a mob of whom in March, 1891, hooted him, invaded his lecture-room, and, but for the truly Homeric defense put up by a devoted handful of his disciples, would have done him bodily violence. This disgraceful incident, falling in a time of nervous decline, made a complete change in the open and fairly paternal relations he had borne to his classes. The lectures became a drudgery, the innocent advances of his pupils met with savage rebuffs, — in short, infirmity and disappointment somewhat soured the frank and friendly nature of the man.

Meanwhile the veneration for his genius, if anything, increased. By the splendid celebration of the thirty-fifth anniversary of his professorate in 1896, the university at large atoned for the offense of a few of its members; and five years later, against his humorous protest that there was neither scriptural nor canonical warrant for so prompt a repetition, he was "rejuvenated." The year following, Queen Margherita, learning his apprehensiveness lest the great collection of books he had painfully acquired should be dispersed at his death, bought the library subject to his life tenure, — an act possibly of unique graciousness in the records of royal patronage of letters. Last year the Nobel Prize was conferred upon him, for his advocacy of universal peace and his mastery in the poet's art. It secured the future of his widow and family, otherwise but scantily provided for out of the slender gains of poesy and erudition.

In 1871, after the death of his mother and his only son, he suffered such pain in his head that he believed his end was near. The first real warning came in 1889, though for some years yet, through the care of his wife and friends and the long summer in the Dolomites, he held the threatened paralysis at bay. Through the fifteen years of his declining powers the old Carducci still showed himself to his few and fortunate intimates.

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There were still the readings in his study, — he was an admirable reciter, — the stated afternoon visit and discussion at Zanichelli's bookshop, the convivial evenings in the cafés, until his too well loved wine was forbidden him. The decay was painful, for his sturdy physique resisted the paralysis of his legs, the gradual hushing of his magnificent voice, the decline of all save his mental powers, until the influenza finally gave merciful relief.

Carducci was, as he proudly maintained, a plebeian. He hated the shams and pretensions of cultured Italy. His sympathy was with the literary aristocrats of the past and with the inarticulate people of the present day. He was suspicious of a merit that offered itself in courtly forms, he despised the compromises that have sustained such institutions as the immemorial Church and the kingdom of yesterday's growth, — perhaps condemned them too much. He represented an integrity and sheer force very rare in Italian letters to-day; and his position is possibly, as we shall see, rather prophetic than one based on enduring literary values. In fine he was a great idealist of the type of Mazzini, too ardent to be the consummate scholar, too doctrinaire to be the perfect poet. But the value of his personal example is inestimable. So long as he is remembered, the opportunism and dilettanteism that have belittled the political and intellectual life of Italy since the Liberation will stand rebuked. His works will long remain a scourge to time-servers, an inspiration to such as hold by republicanism and the great precedents of pagan Rome.

His poems abound in intimations of mortality, and a score of epitaphs could be culled by the casual reader of his verse. I do not know which, if any, the Bolognese mean to inscribe on the tomb that is being filled to-day, but I feel they could not go amiss in selecting those stanzas from "After Aspromonte" in which the poet anticipates the thrill when



the coming of liberty and justice shall stir his silent ashes.

O dee, ma, quando còmpiansi  
L' età vaticinate,  
Di vostra gloria un alito  
Su l' avel mio mandate.

Io 'l sentiro: superstite  
A i fati è amor: e vive  
Esulteran le ceneri  
Del vostro vate, o dive.

## II

## CARDUCCI THE POET

When the prose of a poet far exceeds his verse in quantity, one is usually safe in assigning to the verse an inferior position. This would be true of a Southey or a Scott; in the case of a Coleridge, a Matthew Arnold, or a Carducci, however, the quantitative estimate would be misleading. Indeed, nothing so completely vindicates Carducci's essentially poetic quality as a critical sifting of his prose essays and addresses. It will be found that these give promise of permanence precisely in the measure that their style approaches the poetic. His essays in criticism are by no means negligible: they afford a fine example of exact scholarship combined with insight, and conveyed in a style at once sober and vigorous; his autobiographical sketches display a charming and spontaneous humor, his polemics are inspired by a fine combative relish; but I fancy no one will regard this writing seriously as his gauge of immortality. It shines merely by reason of the fallen estate of criticism in Italy. His scholarship, while profound and comprehensive, had the limitations of his classical and national predilections. With the Middle Ages his sympathy was necessarily imperfect, and, whether as critic or scholar, he stood curiously apart from the internationalism represented, say, by his great colleague Gaston Paris. His disputatious and occasional prose suffers from the vehemence of his temperament. He gave too much heed to the

dogs that snapped at his heels, and he frequently launched his thunderbolts for slight cause, apparently for the pleasure of listening to his own reverberations. There is, however, a residuum of his prose that should last as long as the Italian language, namely, the essays and addresses that are instinct with his peculiar form of democratic patriotism. Their lofty diction, as has been said, associates them with his noblest verse. One cannot imagine the time when the funeral oration to Garibaldi will seem obsolete; and beside its beatific vision of the myth that future Italy will consecrate to its liberator, I would set the more pathetic apology for Garibaldi's ill-omened French expedition, with its splendid assertion of the value of French republicanism to the world, and its truly prophetic declaration of a coming unity of all the Latin races. There are comparable passages in the volume on the *Development of National Literature*, in which he imagines a fairly epic struggle between the popular and the ecclesiastical movements, with chivalry as a sort of arbiter casting its glove finally to the plebeian side, — there are many such paragraphs in his prose works which the anthologist of the future will keep afloat, but his lasting fame will surely rest, as does his renown to-day, upon his poetry.

In more than forty years of constant production Carducci wrote a little more verse than Keats did in ten. There are only two narrative poems, barring translations; there is no drama; amatory verse, except for vague evocations of the dead light o' loves of Horace and Catullus, is almost as rare, though his half paternal affection for the young poetess, Annie Vivanti, inspired some charming stanzas; the love of nature also is expressed only in the reserved and incidental fashion of his classical models. In fine, his verse is largely occasional and patriotic, and might be classified roughly as satirical, eulogistic, and purely lyrical. This concentration of interest upon his own moods and upon the fate of his country gives to



a consecutive reading of his poems in the convenient one-volume edition a certain monotony. It may be said that the odes were never intended to be read that way, that Carducci no more wrote for his friend Zanichelli than Pindar for Herr Teubner; but it must be admitted that this narrowing of the theme and reservation of the afflatus for public uses does tend to deprive his verse of the simpler and more spontaneous merits. The element of whim, or if you will of accident, that is so felicitous in many poets, is almost wholly absent in Carducci. When one must be emphatic he is in some peril of becoming stilted, and this pitfall yawned ever near Carducci's path.

Let me hasten to say that I am not guilty of the absurdity of upbraiding a great poet for not being what he never tried to be, but am merely aiming to establish the order of his positive merits, so that, avoiding vague or false admirations, we may pay homage to his genius and enjoy it in its integrity. And Carducci's genius cannot be understood by any one who fails to perceive its self-conscious nature. He set before himself a definite programme of revolt against the moonshiny glamour of the romanticists, and he planned nothing less than the rehabilitation of the emasculate Italian muse through the revival of the metres and the virile diction of Augustan Rome. In short, from the point of view of literary history, his analogues are Goethe, — in the Helena particularly, — Platen, André Chénier, Matthew Arnold, in the elegiacs, and, alas! Mr. Abraham Cowley of the *Pindaricks*. Now of this sort of deliberate revival of the classical modes in general it must be admitted that, while it affords an exotic delight to the cultured reader, it can hardly be acquitted of essential artificiality. The average reader properly regards it as caviare, and partakes of it sparingly, and in these fundamental dietetic matters the average reader is very likely to be right. But without referring Carducci's poetry to a tribunal that as a democrat he was rather bound to accept,

we should at least note the sacrifices of temperament, the stern self-discipline involved in his choice of the Latin ascent of Parnassus.

By nature Carducci was cut out to be a prolific and vociferous poet, very much on Byron's pattern. He had the same hatred of tyranny and superstition, the same scorn of the accepted social hypocrisies, the same ferocious joy in a volcanic emotionalism; in short he possessed in an eminent degree what the smug orthodoxy of both nations agreed to call the Satanic temperament. Byron and he were also at one in a cavalier scorn of their own verse, in comparison with life itself. In his first volume Carducci wrote:

Two wills, rather two rages, within my heart  
Are seated, Felix, and with me they dispute  
And take away the empire of myself:  
Desire, the child of Beauty, and the far loftier  
Love for noble things.

It is a sentiment that he repeated many times, and it shows that he never attained the aloofness, one may say the complete literary absorption, that befitted his peculiar rôle as a classical revivalist. Indeed, we have seen that in his militant paganism and scorn of his world he had all the materials of Byronism. That he should nevertheless have rejected the fluent, exuberant utterance that his temperament presupposed, in favor of the austerer Muse of Latium, is in some fashion a paradox, implying, too, a certain degree of maladjustment. It is significant that his single really popular poem, one in which he avows that he sacrificed something of artistic scruple to immediate effect, is the eminently Byronic *Hymn to Satan*.

Since Aucassin expressed his willingness to go to hell, where all the brave knights and fair ladies were, I doubt if pietism has had so shrewd a rap. Satan is acclaimed as the genius of free thought, the inspirer of all human joys; as the eternal principle of revolt against ignorance and asceticism. It is a martial strain. No wonder the anti-clericals loved to circulate it on broadsheets when an



ecumenical council was in session; nor is it surprising that the author's three-year-old son used to declaim it with unction, winding up the performance by stamping his little feet and crying "Viva Satana!" Yet it was a just instinct that made the poet deplore the popularity of his infernal vein, and maintain that, whatever the merits of the poem as propaganda, as poetry it misrepresented him.

What Carducci's sense of his own mission was is fortunately fully on record. In his first volume he boasts that he has kept faith with Virgil and Dante; in one of the later prefaces he reviews his career as follows: "In the *Juvenilia* I am the squire of the classics: in the *Levia Gravia* I keep my vigil at arms; in the *Iambs and Epodes* . . . I pursue my knightly adventure at all hazards." We have to do, then, with a gradual and conscious approach to a revived classicism, which we find completed in the *Odi Barbare* of 1877, published in his forty-second year. Carducci was moved to this perilous course by no contempt of the traditional Italian metres as such, but by the conviction that a generation of what he called "hairdressers' poetry" had hopelessly staled these intrinsically splendid forms. Mawkish Romanticists, pietists, and journalists had so thoroughly possessed themselves of the old tradition, that the only promise, whether in life or letters, lay in an appeal to the enlightened naturalism of Rome. If Carducci finally turned to unrhymed alcaics and sapphics, it was not without first having established his mastery of the current forms. Here the impossibility of representing his quality in any translation drives me to simple mention of the "Sonnet to Sleep" in the *Juvenilia*,

"Profonda, solitaria, immensa notte;"

of the great stanzas of the odes "To Victor Emanuel," "After Aspromonte," and "Avanti;" of the admirable sonnet "The Ox," in the *Rime Nuove*. On the other hand these earlier collections are interspersed with much satire of a petulant

and ephemeral character, and the diction has not yet reached the density and forcefulness that he made his highest ideals. One could obliterate most of the verse before the *Odi Barbare*, at the sacrifice of much splendid rhetoric, of an engrossing personal record, of a vivid commentary on Italy in the crucial days of fulfillment and disillusionment; the fame of the poet would still remain virtually intact. These odes of his maturity are the real problem for the critic.

Before probing the heart of so large a matter, it would be interesting to discuss *a priori* the chances of success in an attempt to renovate the Roman metres for Italian use, as compared with similar experiments in English and German. Reducing such a digression to a single observation, it may be said that Italian has the signal advantage of preserving the Latin vocabulary practically complete, and of retaining much of the Latin sonority. To an educated Italian all the classical nuances of his words are measurably alive. A stanza like the first of the ode "Before the Baths of Caracalla" has a pregnancy in such words as *fosche*, *tristo*, *umido*, that no northern tongue may rival. When Carducci prologuizes,

Corron tra 'l Celio fòsche e l' Aventino  
le nubi: il vento dal pian tristo move  
umido: in fondo stanno i monti alban  
bianchi di neve,

the effect is reinforced by a multitude of reminiscences chiefly Horatian. We seem to breathe the veritable atmosphere of classic Rome. No German or English imitation could possibly make so authentic an appeal. But it may be questioned whether beyond this matter of vocabulary Italian has any especial prerogative as a neo-Latin tongue. The possibility of such compactness as existed when the language was in the inflected stage has, with the substitution of phrases for single words, forever departed. Carducci did all that energy and genius could effect to compose as densely as his models, but few of his strophes are really compact as a stave of Horace is, or a line of Juvenal.



He saves words, to be sure, but he lavishes stanzas, and I believe that for an equal intellectual content he habitually uses three lines where Horace used one. This is due in part, as we have seen, to the development of the language itself, — indeed it might be argued, as Mommsen once did to Carducci, that inflected German permits a more perfect reproduction of the classical modes than any Romanic language, — but it is due in a larger degree to the inherent difficulties of the enterprise, and perhaps to the uncontrollable impetuosity of the poet.

For it will appear plainly from the whole tenor of his life that Carducci could never have cultivated the easy worldliness of Horace. His vehemence is too much at war with the restrictions of his form; there is a sense of overflow as there is in Lucretius and in Juvenal. The satirist and pamphleteer were constantly laying traps for the lyric poet. One may not be at once Count Platen and Tom Paine. A capital example of the mixture of pure lyricism with almost didactic meditation, and just a tinge of polemic, may be found in the ode "In a Gothic Church." The church seems to the poet the upbreathing of the lonely Middle Ages towards God, but the poet seeks not God here but his Lydia. How differently Dante saw Beatrice in a Gothic church, only to glimpse her through hell and to exalt her among the angels near God. Away with this Jewish cult of awful deity and death. For Lydia a place near Apollo, strewing anemones, and singing a hymn of Bacchylides. Is not the paganism of the poem, thus roughly epitomized, asserted with a shade too much of bravado, the "Jewish cult" apprehended with defective sympathy? One will find usually in the paganism of Carducci this lack of serenity. It expresses not so much a faith in the older gods as a desire to scourge our own degenerate times. The inspiration is seldom simple and disinterested.

With all these reservations Carducci has perhaps better than any modern poet attained the breadth and dignity of clas-

sic verse. From frigidity, the besetting sin of pseudo-classicism generally, he was wholly free. The plastic quality of his models he hardly caught; indeed, the inversions and brusquenesses necessitated by the metre are often a disturbing element. One feels, particularly in so ingenious a poem as "At the Station in Autumn," a lack of idiom. The matter is modern but the manner craves a Latin dress. Yet he had his moments of prophetic vision, or of pure lyricism, in which he wrote poetry that I cannot believe the world will ever let die. To select the permanent residuum from among so considerable a body of poetry is a task which one to whom Italian is an acquired tongue may well decline. Yet I feel sure that the extraordinary historical vision from the Fountains of Clitumnus has in it the stuff that makes for durability, while the quality of such a lyric as "Near a Certosa" must shine, if dimly, even through the veil of a literal prose translation.

From the green sadly persistent among the  
yellow and red leaves  
Of the acacia, one, though no wind blows,  
tears itself away:  
And it seems that with only a shudder  
A soul is passing.

The mist seems a silver veil upon the bub-  
bling brook.  
Into the mist over the brook the leaf falls  
and is lost —  
What sigh is it that comes faintly  
From the cypresses of the graveyard?

Suddenly the sun flashes out upon the wet  
morning,  
Sailing the azure air between the white clouds.  
The stern grove rejoices,  
Though presaging winter already.

For me too, before winter grip my soul,  
Thy smile, O sacred light, O divine poesy!  
Thy song, O Father Homer,  
Before the shadow enfold me!

It may well be that only a little of what he would have deemed his minor verse will be drawn into the current of European culture. One cannot imagine his patriotic poems and the best of his satires being neglected in Italy, until she shall



become unmindful of her own glories. It is inevitable, a foreigner will feel (and right and natural too), that his ardent and compelling personality should in these days of mourning obscure anything like a just estimate of his works. His eulogists write that he is the greatest Italian poet since Leopardi, not perceiving how little that may mean, and how cruel the implied comparison might be. I would not urge it here, but I doubt if the immortal part of him will measure up with that of his less robust predecessor. One may, however, conceive his gaining a kind of personal immortality apart from his writings, after the fashion of Dr. Johnson; so potent was the man, so manifold his impress upon his contemporaries. There is place for a disciple who will command the talents of a Boswell, but it is to be feared that his adorable naïveté is hardly possible in Italy to-day.

When all is said, Carducci's position was a very solitary one. He was at odds with his world and wrote largely to deaf ears. The average Italian breathed with difficulty in the altitudes of the renovated ode. The query of a lady of Conegliano about the "Ode to the Queen" expresses honestly what was oftener left unsaid. She wrote simply on a postcard, "The undersigned having read your 'Ode to the Queen,' and not having understood it, would like a translation in prose. With thanks in advance, etc." Carducci tells this story himself, with the comment that perhaps she was right. In all seriousness his appeal is chiefly to the elect, and there is a certain irony in the high ambition that set a publicist *in petto* upon so recondite a path. A parable may help to appreciate the poet's very noble isolation:

Among the spurs of the Apennines that rest on the Arno valley, there are generally two very different ways of approaching an elevated castle or shrine. There is the high road swinging up in easy curves, granting views over the ashen olive orchards to the green plain and the distant blue hills. One sees only festal Tuscany, ignoring the mountain out of which this beauty has been carved. And there is also the direct path, — rugged, tangled with underbrush, and shaded by pines or live oaks, — a short cut only to the hunter or woodman whose lungs and legs are stout. From the crumbling ledges of such an ascent one discerns what we commonly call the beauties of these river valleys only brokenly or not at all, but gets in compensation a solemn feeling of being near the very bones of the earth. If we imagine the course of Italian literature after this similitude, we shall find in the high road those who have frankly accepted and utilized to the full the natural *morbidezza* of the language. Petrarch and Boccaccio will be in the van, and after them Lorenzo the Magnificent, Poliziano, and an innumerable multitude, down to the *improvvisatori* of yesterday. And on the rugged path, truly *via aspra e forte*, you will find the few who have rebelled against the fluency of the Italian tongue, and, with their eyes set on the heights where Rome once was, have sought to renew the stern and laconic manner of the Latin muse. Few have trodden that path, but among them are Dante, Machiavelli, Alfieri. To have been of that company is a distinction that can never be taken away from Giosuè Carducci, whatever fate the future may have in store for his works.

## THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

BY BLISS PERRY

ON the day when he last entered the *Atlantic* office, in January, Mr. Aldrich seemed, for the first time, to have grown old. One of his friends spoke of it, as he went out. Up to that morning, the weight of seventy years had scarcely seemed to touch the erect, jaunty figure. The lines that time had written around his clear blue eyes and firm mouth conveyed no hint of senility. His hair was scarcely gray. His voice, slightly husky in its graver, sweeter tones, retained a delicious youthful crispness as it curled and broke, wave-like, into flashing railery. He had just completed his poem for the Longfellow centenary, his first verse after some years of silence; and when it was praised to his face—for who could help praising it!—he blushed with pleasure like a boy. Yet he had passed three-score and ten, and the shadow, invisible as yet and quite unheralded, was drawing very near.

For many years he had been wont to visit more or less regularly the editorial room which still claimed his name and fame as one of its treasured possessions. Perched upon the edge of a chair, as if about to take flight, he would often linger by the hour, to the delight of his listeners. His caustic wit played around every topic of conversation. He did not disdain the veriest "shop-talk" concerning printers' errors and the literary fashions of the hour. "Look at those boys!" he exclaimed once, as he picked up an illustrated periodical containing the portraits of a couple of that month's beardless novelists. "When I began to write, we waited twenty years before we had our pictures printed; but nowadays these young fellows have themselves photographed before they even sit down to write their book." Himself a fastidious

composer and reviser, Mr. Aldrich was severely critical of current magazine literature. "That was a well-written essay," he once said of an *Atlantic* contribution which he liked, "but you will find a superfluous 'of' upon the second page." It was very rarely that he praised a contemporary poem. Mr. S. V. Cole's "In Via Merulana" and some of the exquisite lyrics of Father Tabb are the only verses of recent years which I now recall as having won his unqualified approbation. More than once I have heard him declare that he would have rejected Mr. Kipling's "Recessional" if it had been offered to the *Atlantic*,—so extreme was his dislike for one or two harsh lines in that justly celebrated poem. The one American poem which he would have most liked to write, was, he said, Emerson's "Bacchus,"—where, amid inimitable felicities, there are surely harsh lines enough.

One of the most pleasant traits of Mr. Aldrich's comments upon men of letters was his unfailing respect and admiration for the well-known group of New England writers whose personal friendship he had enjoyed. His gift for witty derogation found employment elsewhere; towards Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, and Lowell his attitude was finely reverent, as befitted a younger associate. He was fond of retelling that anecdote of his own boyish daring which appears in his *Ponkapog Papers*, to the effect that when first entering James T. Fields's office in the Old Corner Bookstore, his eyes fell upon that kindly editor and publisher's memorandum book, open on the table. Mr. Fields was absent for the moment, and the youthful poet could not help noticing the impressive list of *agenda*: "Don't forget to mail R. W. E. his con-



tract," — "Don't forget O. W. H.'s proofs," etc. Whereupon the "young Milton," who certainly deserved to succeed in his profession, wrote upon the memorandum book, "Don't forget to accept T. B. A.'s poem," and disappeared. The poem was accepted, paid for, and, truest kindness of all, — as Mr. Aldrich asserted, — was never printed. But the resourceful youth never lost his deferential attitude toward the bearers of those famous initialed names that had once preceded his own.

Of his early literary friendships with the New York set of writers in his *Home Journal* and *Mirror* days he often talked entertainingly, and in a freer vein. He knew Whitman, for example, and liked him personally, although he would never admit that Whitman was a poet except in here and there a single phrase. Many a time has the present writer endeavored to convert Mr. Aldrich from this state of heathen blindness as to Whitman's genius, but the debates used to end illogically with Mr. Aldrich's delightful story of a certain nine dollars which Whitman once borrowed from him — magnificently, but alas, irrevocably — in Pfaff's genial restaurant on Broadway. Never did Aldrich appear more truly the poet than in these light reminiscent touches upon the varied adventures of his youth. He had gone out against the Philistines armed with no weapon except a finely-pointed pen. He had written no line dishonorably, or unworthily of his craftsman's conscience. He had compelled recognition, and taken his seat unchallenged among the choicest company of American men of letters. It amused him to look back upon his early career as a struggling journalist, to

Chirp over days in a garret,  
 Chuckle o'er increase of salary,  
 Taste the good fruits of our leisure,  
 Talk about pencil and lyre, —  
 And the National Portrait Gallery.

He neither forgot nor forgave some of his old antagonists in that journalistic world; but one liked him all the better for the sensitiveness of nature which left him

still resentful of some ancient slight, or still happily mindful of a compliment earned when he was twenty. Few of the "irritable tribe" of poets, could, however, keep themselves more perfectly in hand. The cool audacity of his "Don't forget to accept T. B. A.'s poem" ripened into an easy mastery of many of the arts of life. His gay confidence, when seated among his friends or guests, reminded one of some veteran commander of an ocean liner, enjoying, at the head of the "captain's table," the deserved deference of the company.

Yet he seemed the poet, likewise, in his air of detachment from the immediate concerns of the people who surrounded him. The legacy of a friend early secured him from any material anxieties. Thrown by force of circumstances, in his later life, into the agreeable society of the idle rich, he got and gave such pleasures as are only there obtainable; but he never abdicated his essential citizenship among the dreamers and artists. That he would have produced more printer's "copy" under the spur of harsh necessity is easily demonstrable, but it does not follow that this conceivably ampler production would have exhibited any finer quality than is now found in the prose and verse of his collected works. He once wrote some suggestive verses on "The Flight of the Goddess," — the fickle muse who loves poets in their garret days and deserts them in prosperity. But these verses do not demand an autobiographical interpretation. Mr. Aldrich's own muse was of a long constancy. At nineteen he proved his kinship with the rarest spirits of his time, and for the next half-century there was no year when his friends and readers would not have spoken of him primarily as a maker of poetry. He always kept some avenue of escape from the prosaic. In his boyhood at Portsmouth the sea was ever at the end of the street: —

I leave behind me the elm-shadowed square  
 And carven portals of the silent street,  
 And wander on with listless, vagrant feet,  
 Through seaward-leading alleys, till the air



Smells of the sea, and straightway then the  
care  
Slips from my heart, and life once more is  
sweet.

At the lane's ending lie the white-winged fleet.  
O restless Fancy, whither wouldst thou fare?  
Here are brave pinions that shall take thee  
far —  
Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Cey-  
lon;

Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores!  
'Tis but an instant hence to Zanzibar,  
Or to the regions of the Midnight Sun;  
Ionian isles are thine, and all the fairy shores!

Besides this sea-longing, so inbred in  
the natives of New England seaport  
towns, there was some delicate strand of  
foreignness among the ancestral fibres of  
Aldrich's nature, his heritage from that

creature soft and fine,  
From Spain, some say, some say from France,  
whom he has described in the lines en-  
titled "Heredity." He touches this  
thought again in his sonnet "Remin-  
iscence:" —

Though I am native to this frozen zone  
That half the twelvemonth torpid lies, or  
dead;  
Though the cold azure arching overhead  
And the Atlantic's never-ending moan  
Are mine by heritage, I must have known  
Life elsewhere in epochs long since fled;  
For in my veins some Orient blood is red,  
And through my thought are lotus blossoms  
strown.

It was fitting that ten years of his  
impressionable youth should have been  
passed in the New Orleans of the forties,  
where the rich coloring of the past still  
lingered, and where, though Cotton was  
striving to be king, Romance was queen.  
When the boy was brought back to Ports-  
mouth to prepare for college, he had be-  
come, as *The Story of a Bad Boy* humor-  
ously portrays, the veriest Southern fire-  
eater. His counting-room experiences in  
New York — which followed the aban-  
donment of his college career upon his  
father's death in 1852 — also brought  
him into touch with ways of life quite  
alien to those of his New Hampshire  
birthplace. Before he was twenty he had

graduated from the counting-room into  
the Broadway school of journalists and  
poets, and had issued his first volume of  
verse, *The Bells*, "by T. B. A." with a  
dedicatory poem to Longfellow. This  
was in 1855, the year of Whittier's "Bare-  
foot Boy" and Whitman's "Leaves of  
Grass." Aldrich's first volume is now a  
rarity, and all of its nearly fifty pieces —  
with their echoes of Chatterton, Tom  
Moore, Poe and Longfellow, — have dis-  
appeared from the definitive edition of  
his *Poems*.

Two years later, in November, 1857,  
appeared the first number of the *Atlantic  
Monthly*. I have before me a yellowing  
note written by Aldrich, in the following  
May, to F. H. Underwood, who was then  
acting as Lowell's assistant upon the  
magazine. He had evidently returned  
one of Aldrich's poems with some sug-  
gestions as to changes in wording.

HOME JOURNAL OFFICE,  
May 25, 1858.

DEAR SIR: — I have been trying for  
the last hour to alter the *Blue Bell* verses.  
"Mute worshipers of Christ" is simply  
bad; but "dawning" and "morning"  
form a perfect rhyme when we remember  
the "*fancies*" and "*pansies*" of the old  
poets. It has taken you some time to find  
out that such rhymes are inadmissible;  
but you seem to have good authority in  
the following *pasquinade*, which I clip  
from the *Boston Post* of May 24: —

"Poet. I'm sure I have an ear!  
Editor. No 'doubt! — I've known a poet  
with a pair,  
And very long ones — who was not  
aware  
That 'morn' and 'dawn' have not  
the proper chime,  
By a long 'shot, to make a decent  
rhyme."

As I cannot make the changes you  
require, I shall, of course, retain my  
verses.

Yours, etc.

T. B. ALDRICH.

MR. F. H. UNDERWOOD.



Having thus vindicated his dignity, the youthful bard, who was himself assistant editor of the *Home Journal*, apparently continued to reflect upon the *Atlantic's* suggestion. But he did not yield at once. In the Carleton edition of his *Poems*, 1863, "The Blue Bells of New England" contains the erring stanza:—

All night your eyes are closed in sleep.  
But open at the dawning;  
Such simple faith as yours can see  
God's coming in the morning.

In the Ticknor and Fields' Blue and Gold edition of 1865, however, the second line of the stanza becomes

Kept fresh for day's *adorning*,

no doubt to Mr. Underwood's satisfaction. Aldrich's first poetical contribution to the *Atlantic* was "Pythagoras," in June, 1860; his first story, which excited Hawthorne's curiosity as to the author, and prompted some beautiful words of praise from the romancer, was "Père Antoine's Date Palm: A Legend of New Orleans," in June, 1862.

The letter to Underwood reveals one trait which Aldrich possessed in common with Tennyson, his chief master and guide in the art of poetry. Both men were quick to profit by adverse criticism. Some American scholar will ultimately, no doubt, edit Aldrich's youthful poems, as Mr. Churton Collins has edited the earliest work of Tennyson, with the aim of showing, by means of the successive verbal alterations, the tireless patience and acquired cunning of the born craftsman in verse. The files of the *Atlantic* will yield him two striking illustrations, drawn from Aldrich's maturer work. In December, 1874, Edgar Fawcett, in reviewing his poems, quoted approvingly "The Lunch,"—a dozen lines of *genre* painting in the Keats-Tennyson manner, closing as follows:—

Two China cups with golden tulips sunny,  
And rich inside with chocolate like honey;  
And she and I the banquet-scene completing  
With dreamy words,—and very pleasant  
eating!

The critic remarked that the last four

words marred the spirit of ethereal daintiness till then so deliciously apparent. Whereupon Mr. Aldrich, with the happiest aptitude for taking second thought, substituted the present version of the last line:—

With dreamy words, and *fingers shyly meeting*.

Again, in January, 1877, Mr. Howells, whose unsigned *Atlantic* criticisms of Aldrich's successive volumes are models of friendly tact and delicate instruction, quoted the quatrain "Masks: "—

Black Tragedy lets slip her grim disguise  
And shows you laughing lips and roguish eyes;  
But when, unmasked, gay Comedy appears,  
'Tis ten to one you find the girl in tears.

Mr. Howells suggested that the strong effect in the last line was weakened by what seemed to him a mistaken colloquiality; and in the *Complete Poems* the line now reads, —

*How wan her cheeks are, and what heavy tears.*

We must not linger over such details. They will serve for concrete illustration of the qualities which made Aldrich respected and admired by his fellow-writers. By 1865, the year of his marriage and removal to Boston as the editor of *Every Saturday* for Ticknor and Fields, he was already widely known as the author of refined and tender verse, as a capable and shrewd editorial worker, and as a clever man of the world. His new employers printed his *Poems* in one of their celebrated Blue and Gold editions. For the latitude of Boston this was comparable to an election to the French Academy. Aldrich was not yet thirty. Rarely has there been a more fortunate Return of the Native. And nevertheless, although he was to be identified with Boston henceforward until the end of his life, he was never to lose his engaging air of detachment from New England's cherished enterprises. He cared no more for the practical later phases of Transcendentalism than for the earlier speculative ones. The various "reforms," philanthropies, "causes," of his excellent neighbors did not interest him deeply. The intellectual



and social evolution of New England in the last quarter of the nineteenth century is not to be traced in his poetry or his prose. His favorite reading was French novels. The sombre inland New England of our own school of short-story writers, — the gaunt pastures, the lonely white farm-houses, the fierce emotional energy, the tragedies of baffled will and thwarted natural instincts, — all this was foreign to the happy sensuousness of his nature.

The fifteen years following 1865 were Aldrich's most productive period. For ten years he edited *Every Saturday*. He wrote for *Our Young Folks* the most popular of all his books, that *Story of a Bad Boy* in which Portsmouth is pictured under the name of Rivermouth, and Tom Bailey is but the thinnest of disguises for the youthful Aldrich. Some of the *Atlantic's* present readers remember waiting eagerly for the next installment of *The Bad Boy*; if they will read it over again, after an interval of nearly forty years, they will find that Binny Wallace's drifting out to sea has lost nothing of its pathos, and that the fight between Tom Bailey and Conway is just as glorious a combat as of old. Aldrich's technique as a writer of the short story has not been excelled by that of any American, even by Poe, although he ventured upon no daring atmospheric effects and did not go far afield for his characters. He loved to mystify the inexperienced reader, and he arranged some neatly surprising dénouements. "Marjorie Daw," his best known short story, is a classic example of this swift and astonishing "curtain." "There is n't any Marjorie Daw!" Neither is there any Miss Mehetable's Son; Made-moiselle Olympe Zabriski is a youth whose beard is getting too much for him; the fierce "Goliath" turns out to be a little panting tremulous wad of a lap-dog; "Our new neighbors at Ponkapog" are only a pair of orioles; and the charming Mrs. Rose Mason of "Two Bites at a Cherry" proves, to the consternation of both hero and reader, to have married again! Aldrich was too clever a work-

man to rely exclusively upon his favorite method. "A Sea Turn," one of his latest stories, is a flawless handling of the comedy of situation; he wrote humorous and pathetic character sketches in the style of Irving and Hawthorne; and in "Quite So" and "The White Feather" he touches with admirable restraint upon poignant tragedies of the Civil War.

*Prudence Palfrey*, *The Queen of Sheba*, and *A Stillwater Tragedy* — all of which first appeared as *Atlantic* serials — exhibit Aldrich's deft mastery of prose and his skill in composing a species of tale half way between romance and actuality. "Semi-idyllic" was Mr. Howells's word for *Prudence Palfrey* in 1874; "in fact," he added, "the New England novel does not exist." *A Modern Instance* and *The Rise of Silas Lapham* had not then been written. Whatever one may think of the intellectual or imaginative limitations of the type of fiction which Aldrich here attempted, the details of these longer stories are wrought with the artistry of a poet. Ride out of Rivermouth on a June morning with Edward Lynde: "Now and then, as he passed a farm house, a young girl hanging out clothes in the front yard — for it was on a Monday — would pause with a *shapeless snowdrift* in her hand to gaze curiously at the apparition of a gallant young horseman." This is no longer Rockingham County, New Hampshire; we are in Arcadia. Some connoisseur of women ought to collect the adorable vignettes that are scattered everywhere through Aldrich's prose: Marjorie Daw in the hammock, swaying "like a pond-lily in the golden afternoon;" Martha Hilton, "with a lip like a cherry and a cheek like a tea-rose;" Margaret Slocum's eyes, "fringed with such heavy lashes that the girl seemed always to be in half-mourning;" Mrs. Rose Mason, with her "long tan-colored gloves — Rue de la Paix" — in the chill and gloom of the Naples Cathedral; Anglice, "a blonde girl, with great eyes and a voice like the soft notes of a vesper



hymn;" or young Mrs. Newbury, "looking distractingly cool and edible—something like celery—in her widow's weeds." All of Aldrich—save what is disclosed upon the highest levels of his poetry—is in that witty, charming, delicately sensuous description of young Mrs. Newbury. No other prose written in his generation has quite the same combination of qualities; but if Daudet had been born in Portsmouth and compelled to write serials for a decorous Boston magazine, Aldrich might have found a rival in his own field.

It was to this matured and versatile talent that the conduct of the *Atlantic Monthly* was entrusted, upon Mr. Howells's resignation in 1881. For nine years Mr. Aldrich sat in his tiny editorial room overlooking the Granary Burying Ground, reading manuscripts, scanning proof-sheets,—though he delegated more of this drudgery than his contributors supposed,—and making witty remarks to his assistant. He had the comforts—both before and since his time considered too Capuan for an *Atlantic* editor in office hours—of a pipe and a red Irish setter. Once the setter ate up a sonnet. "How should *he* know it was doggerel?" exclaimed Mr. Aldrich compassionately. He had leisure for frequent travel abroad, and for the cementing of many delightful friendships, among which his intimacy with Edwin Booth was notable. Peculiarly happy in his home life, he cultivated a gracious hospitality. His editorial reign, as one looks back upon it, was not so much Capuan as Saturnian. The Literature of Exposure had not yet been born, and the manners of the market-place were not thought good form in magazine offices. Mr. Aldrich printed poems by Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Dante Rossetti, Stedman, and Sill, with an occasional lyric of his own. Henry James, Thomas Hardy, Miss Murfree, Arthur S. Hardy, Miss Jewett, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Marion Crawford, and Mrs. Oliphant were among the writers of fiction. John Burroughs and Bradford

Torrey wrote outdoor papers. Parkman and Fiske contributed historical articles. Now and then appeared articles by H. D. Lloyd, Edward Atkinson, Richard T. Ely, Laurence Laughlin, and Walter H. Page, in token that the "age of economists," which Burke dreaded, was close at hand. But the distinctive note of the *Atlantic* in the eighties was its literary criticism, contributed by a group of reviewers who often preferred to write anonymously. Their criticisms maintained a more severe standard than that of any critical periodical in the country except the *Nation*, and they exhibited a combination of learning with urbanity, which, with the present development of specialization among scholars, seems to be growing more and more rare.

It would be idle to search the eighteen volumes of the *Atlantic* edited by Mr. Aldrich for any very plain indication of his personality, except his fondness for clear, competent, and workmanlike writing. Contributions poured into his little office, and he made such selections as he saw fit. It was before the day of Wild West feats of editorial chase, capture, and exhibition. The *Atlantic* was like a stanch ship sailing a well-charted course, and Aldrich, who was fond enough of salt water and knew how to steer, took his trick at the wheel with pleasure. Some of the unkindly necessities incident to his vocation naturally irritated him. He disliked to give pain. "Here goes for making twenty more enemies," he was wont to say as he sat down in the morning at his desk. When recently urged by the present writer to prepare some account of his editorship for the anniversary number of the *Atlantic*, next November, he said that if he told anything he would like to tell the story of the warlike contributor who once threatened him with personal violence, but who, upon being challenged by the editor to appear at Park Street to make good his threat, failed to come to time. As Mr. Aldrich described this imminent encounter of a score of years ago, his blue eyes

flashed fire, and one could see little Tom Bailey, with both eyes blinded by big Conway, standing up to him, and thrashing him too, on the playground at Rivermouth. Here is the contributor's letter, preserved by Mr. Aldrich and printed at his desire.

T. B. ALDRICH,  
Editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*,  
No. 4 Park Street,  
Boston.

SIR:— On the 24th day of February and again on the 7th inst. I gave you opportunity to apologize for the willfully offensive manner in which you treated me in relation to my manuscript entitled *Shakespeare's Viola*.

You retained that manuscript *nearly seven weeks*. Then you returned it and expressed your regret that you could not accept it.

That is to say, you intended to deceive me by the inference that the *manuscript was declined on its merits*.

The truth was and is you did not read it *nor even open the package*. Therefore you could not judge its merits nor say, with truth, that you regretted to decline it.

You decline to apologize.

My robust nature abhors your disgusting duplicity. You are a vulgar, unblushing Rascal and an impudent audacious *Liar*.

Which I am prepared to maintain any *where, any time*. You ought to be publicly horsewhipped. Nothing would gratify me more than to give you a sounder thrashing than any *you have yet received*.

Moreover I am determined that the Literary Public shall know what a putrid *scoundrel* and *Liar* you are.

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Boston, March 30, 1887.

Then follows, in Aldrich's beautiful open handwriting, the penciled comment: "The gentleman with the 'robust nature' was politely invited to call at No. 4 Park St. on any day that week

between 9 A. M. and 3 P. M.; but the 'robust nature' failed to materialize."

One smiles at such things, of course; but now that Mr. Aldrich is gone from the places that once knew him, it is these trivialities, rather than his accomplishment and his fame, that come first to the mind. Perhaps it is the very security of his fame which lends to these anecdotal memories of his editorship a sort of ironic relief. "The power of writing one fine line," said Edward FitzGerald, "transcends all the Able-Editor ability in the ably-edited universe." Aldrich wrote not merely one fine line, but hundreds of them, and it is inconceivable that they will all pass out of human memory. Time, which is sure to winnow so sternly the work of the more famous New England poets, will find that Aldrich has done most of the winnowing himself. The text of his *Complete Poems* represents his own final choice of what was most excellent. In his lighter vein he was acknowledged to be unrivaled upon this side of the water. But even the fairylike daintiness of "Latakia," "Corydon," "At a Reading," "Pampina," "Palabras Cariñosas," and "A Petition," or the pure lyricism of "A Nocturne," "Pillared Arch," "I'll not Confer with Sorrow," and "Imogen," and still more the popular "Baby Bell,"—written, like Rossetti's "Blessed Damsel," at nineteen,—fail to represent the full power of his ripened mind and art. There is a deeper note in his lines in memory of Bayard Taylor and upon Booth's portrait, in "Sea-Longings," in "The Funeral of a Minor Poet" and in the startling verses, "Identity." The darker questionings that occasionally shadowed the sunny Greek sky of Aldrich's fancy are reflected in "An Untimely Thought," "Apparitions," and "Prescience." No American poet save Longfellow has written such perfect sonnets as "I Vex me Not," "Sleep," "Fredericksburg," "Enamored Architect of Airy Rhyme," "Andromeda," and others not inferior to these. In general indifferent toward



public affairs, the memories of the Civil War inspired two of his elegiac pieces, "Spring in New England" and the "Ode on the Shaw Memorial." He was stirred to the composition of a fine sonnet upon reading William Watson's splendid poetical invective against the Armenian outrages. "Unguarded Gates" was the result of many weeks of excitement, quite unusual with him, over the national dangers involved in unrestricted immigration. But these were almost his only excursions into the field of communal verse, whether political or social. The one great personal sorrow of his life, the death of his son Charles in 1904, came after his work as a poet was finished.

Aldrich wrote Tennysonian blank verse with consummate skill, as may be seen in "Wyndham Towers," "White Edith," and other narrative pieces. His Oriental poetry is picturesque, but, like Mrs. Rose Mason's gloves, suggests the Rue de la Paix, — or at least Horace Vernet and Fromentin. His wit, his cleverness of phrase, his keen sense of the comic, and his lifelong interest in the stage and stage-folk, might have made him, one would think, an unexcelled writer of comedies. Yet his chief ventures in dramatic composition — aside from some early unpreserved fragments — are tragedies. *Mercedes*, as played by Julia Arthur, was a notable performance, although narrow in its range of dramatic forces. *Judith of Bethulia*, a dramatized version of his early narrative poem *Judith and Holofernes*, was an experiment which brought new zest, followed by disappointment, into his closing years. The play was skillfully put together, and its third act was powerful, but it was acted, on the first night at least, with a crude commonness that failed alike to do justice to Aldrich's rich lines and to compel the admiration of the indifferent playgoer. The failure of the play was a pity, yet one may question whether a success would have made any difference in the total impression left by Aldrich upon his generation.

In reviewing his latest volumes of prose,<sup>1</sup> the *Atlantic* applied to Mr. Aldrich a sentence from his own charming essay upon Herrick: "A fine thing incomparably said instantly becomes familiar, and has henceforth a sort of dateless excellence." The secret of that dateless excellence was possessed by Aldrich himself. To judge merely by their mood, many of his poems might have been written in the garden of Herrick's Devon parsonage, or a whole century later, upon the sloping lawn of Horace Walpole's villa of Strawberry Hill. Aldrich would have been a delightful companion for George Selwyn and Harry Montague, and he could also have joyously discussed the art of polishing verse and prose with Théophile Gautier and Prosper Mérimée. His spirit escapes the rigid limits set by the biographical dictionary. In his choice of metrical forms and his vocabulary he is obviously indebted to Tennyson's volume of 1842, yet it is usually impossible to determine by internal evidence — as one often can in Tennyson's case — in what decade of the nineteenth century his various poems were written. The general trend of the philosophical, religious, or political speculation of Aldrich's day is not discoverable in his work. He had no such ethical and doctrinaire preoccupations as colored the verse of Whittier and Arnold, and troubled, though it sometimes strangely exalted, the later lyrics of Tennyson. Aldrich's poetry, like that of Keats and Rossetti, is free from the alloy of essentially unpoetical elements; it bears no traces of *Tendenz*; its excellence is dateless.

In this tranquil aloofness from the passions and convictions of the hour, and in the beautiful perfection of its workmanship, lie its promise of long life. There will always be some readers who are no more likely to forget Aldrich's poetry than Mozart's music or the crocus breaking through the mould in March. The very lightest of his pieces, marked "Fragile" as they are, are dear to the

<sup>1</sup> In November, 1903.

spirit of beauty, and will possess something of the perpetually renewed immortality of the cobwebs sparkling on the lawn and the fairy frostwork on the pane. And yet, if one were to choose where no choice is needful, one might hazard the guess that the hearts of future readers are more likely, as the years go by, to be turned toward the few poems in which Aldrich has deepened the wistful beauty of his lines by thoughts of the mysteries which encompass us. Whether he pondered often upon such themes one cannot tell, but one likes to think of him, at the last, as sustained by the

noble mood in which he composed his final sonnet:—

I vex me not with brooding on the years  
That were ere I drew breath: why should I then  
Distrust the darkness that may fall again  
When life is done? Perchance in other  
spheres —

Dead planets — I once tasted mortal tears,  
And walked as now amid a throng of men,  
Pondering things that lay beyond my ken,  
Questioning death, and solacing my fears.  
Ofttimes indeed strange sense have I of this,  
Vague memories that hold me with a spell,  
Touches of unseen lips upon my brow,  
Breathing some incommunicable bliss!  
In years foregone, O Soul, was all not well?  
Still lovelier life awaits thee. Fear not thou!

## THE SHADOW ON THE FLOWER

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"I regard death as nothing but the passing of the shadow on the flower." — T. B. ALDRICH

WHEN those who have loved Power depart  
From out a world of toil and stress,  
Somewhere, is easing of the heart,  
Somewhere, a load grows less.

When those who have loved Beauty die,  
Who with her praise the world did bless,  
Around the earth there runs a sigh  
Of tender loneliness.

Thou, latest-silenced of her choir!  
Hark to that long, long sigh, to-day:  
The sunlight is a faded fire,  
Since thou art gone away!

Since thou art gone — where none may find —  
Where Beauty knows no wavering hour,  
Where is no blighting from the wind,  
No Shadow on the Flower.

Thy mystic, floating, farewell word —  
Oh, was it breathed in antiphon  
To vatic strains thy spirit heard  
From all thy brothers gone!



## THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

### ELIZABETHAN REVIVALS

It was in a state of suspended judgment that the writer attended, about three years ago, a revival of the old play of *Everyman*. During the representation, he, like the rest of the audience, followed the action with breathless sympathy and a growing conviction that modern stage devices were superfluous, or worse. And, straightway, after his manner, he became an outspoken advocate of a return to the good old times when miracle-plays, pageants, morality plays, and even the drama, needed no expensive accessories, but depended for their success wholly upon the human genius that vivified them to the human hearts that sympathetically responded to their touch.

It was not long before he talked himself into the belief that he considered the Ben Greet Players apostles of a great reform, and it was under this conviction that he attended, not long ago, the play of *Macbeth* as given by them. With delight he hailed the blast of the herald's trumpet that, after the Elizabethan fashion, announced the opening of the tragedy. He approved the common sense which attired the witches in odds and ends of cast-off clothing such as might have been worn by necromantic old creatures of the Jacobean days. He accepted willingly the absence of any effort at correct costuming in the case of the old-time Scotch lords, and gave himself up to the current of the drama. And, truly, the writer felt, with self-approval, much as Emerson declares *he* felt when, going to see *Hamlet* performed, all he saw and all he remembered was Hamlet's question to the ghost:

"What may this mean,

That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

The supremacy of text to stagecraft was complete.

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And so, despite the clumsy wainscoting that backed the little stage of the hall, and in spite of the performance being intrinsically an attempt to demonstrate this fact or that about stagecraft, the immortal fire of Shakespeare fused all into the molten passion of the tragedy. There were incongruities, absurdities, things at another time and in another mood irresistibly laughable; but in the deep damnation of Duncan's taking off these crudities were as nothing.

Only when some brief interval released him from the dramatist's spell did the beholder realize that all this power lay in the writer's words, — that an intelligent reading, followed with the same close attention, with the same abstraction from other things, would have affected the hearer quite as much. This became evident when the stress of the drama was intermitted. When the knocking at the gate let in the outer world, and the overstrained attention was relaxed during the porter's soliloquy, one felt annoyance enough because of the absence of some very simple stage devices. One was conscious, for instance, that a lowering of the footlights would have made one feel the "dead vast and middle of the night," and — by contrast with the coming of the day — the depth of moral darkness upon which the sun was rising.

It is not intended to write theories, but only the impression of an observer; and even those feelings must not be given in detail, when all that makes any claim to importance is the general effect of these Elizabethan revivals upon a member of the audience. To put it shortly and personally, I must admit that this one performance, for the present, at least, goes far to convince me that these so-called revivals of antique methods can serve little purpose. They may demonstrate that the devices of the stage carpenter

and the scene-painter are in no way indispensable; they may prove that a great play remains great if only the words are intelligibly presented.

But all this we knew before. Even in the old Red-Schoolhouse days, there were tears and thrills at the command of every boyish orator who had the tongue of a Chrysostom. And even that untaught art brought into the four walls of the little schoolroom Spartacus and the horde of desperate men who gazed to him for deliverance; or (without the assistance of a mechanical tank holding thousands of gallons) the schoolboy made his little schoolmates see upon the burning deck the heroic figure of Casabianca. No need, then, of the Ben Greet Players to prove the magic of imagination.

One may still see good in their efforts; one may recognize that their crusade is justified, even if it be no more than a foray against the infidels who have substituted the Works of imitation for the Faith of make-believe. It is well that this little band, gathered together under the banner of simplicity, should prophesy against the Babylon of modern stage-setting and managerial extravagances. But does their claim need a historical basis? If they seek only a revival of Elizabethan conditions, the companies should be classified rather with museums and historical societies than with theatrical performances. Elizabethan anachronisms, we believe, were the result of ignorance rather than of design; we suspect that Macbeth would have worn the true costume of his time and country had this been known to Richard Burbage; while Birnam Wood would have marched toward Dunsinane through the agency of a kinoscope, had the Globe Theatre been able to advertise so wonderful an attraction.

If this be so, we need not hesitate to make use of every device that will aid the æsthetic effect of any drama. But this is a far different matter from saying that actor and dramatist must therefore give place to stage carpenter, machinist, and

electric light man. It is a weighty task to set forth the canons of theatrical art; and we would assume no more than the right of a solicitous friend to beg that managers will remember that the desire of all spectators is to be moved by the human emotions, to which all stage properties can be no more than adjuncts. Just in proportion as the play dominates, should the accessories be subdued.

If, then, we shall find ourselves seated before the proscenium that frames a modern spectacle, we promise to complain of no amusing device or astonishing mechanism, provided only that when the great dramas are to be shown they shall not be smothered beneath a myriad of petty gimcracks, by which no spectator should be distracted when watching the interplay of elemental passions.

#### THE ELEVATION OF THE STAGE

I SOMETIMES fancy that the advocates of the so-called elevation of the stage forget that the only real gain lies in the elevation of human nature. If man is better than the arts which serve him, these arts can no doubt be raised to his level; but if he and his instruments are on a par, to lift the instrument will produce nothing better than a transfer or exchange of functions. If dominos were made as intellectual as chess, men's brains would not be quickened by the alteration; the result would be that some of our present chess-players would take to dominos, and that the votaries of the lighter game would seek consolation in ninepins or marbles. It is probable that in both cases the worse instrument would supplant the better. If a man changes his billiard-room into a library, lovers of the species may think they have cause for joy in the conversion of so much space from a frivolous to an intellectual function; but it is well to inquire at the outset whether the innovator has doubled, or simply moved his former library, and whether his act implies a renunciation, or merely a transference, of the amusement.



The same principle applies to certain renovations of the stage. It is quite possible that intellectual and realistic dramas dealing with troublesome contemporary problems may be put upon the stage, and that persons may be found who will be glad to listen to them. The man who has given ten hours a week to pabulum of this kind in the closet may be induced to give three hours a week to the presentation of like matter behind the footlights; but if his appetite remains constant, he will hold to his ten hours, and withdraw from the library what he gives to the theatre. The playgoer who wants stimulation will betake himself to the unimproved stage, and if the theatre as a whole should be ameliorated, would indemnify himself at the vaudeville or the circus. That the demand for the graver matter is ahead of the visible supply can hardly be maintained by the champions of the endowed theatre. The world is not eager to get what it is not willing to pay for.

There is a natural division of labor, a scale or hierarchy of functions, among the arts that minister to human pleasure; and this applies not only to their artistic and moral excellence, but to what we may call their massiveness, their intellectual, responsible, and philanthropic character. Each art has its place in the scale; and when the place is found, to lift or to lower it is equally unadvisable. If we put the freight of a schooner into a canoe we endanger both the vessel and the cargo.

The theatre has striven in the past to strengthen the appeal to the imagination while it lowered the tax on the understanding, to present truth in a heightened and embellished form, and to dispel for the time being the perturbations and responsibilities of real life. Its fitness for this purpose is unquestionable; it is doubtful if it be fit for anything more robust. Large mixed assemblages of men are conducive to the production of feeling in almost the same degree in which they are unfavorable to the strenuous exercise of thought and conscience. The in-

fluence of brilliancy in the lights, the decoration, and the scenery, of luxury in the clothing of the audience, of gayety in the occasion, of participation in a world of bright illusions, disposes the mind to the relaxation of tension, the avoidance of exertion and responsibility, the indulgence of a gentle and innocent epicureanism. This is not a strenuous or heroic mood; but it is a mood sure to recur, sure to want food, and possessed, in the stage, of the precise nutriment which gratifies and quiets it. Reflection and philanthropy on the other hand find an almost perfect vehicle in literature. The quiet of the study, the absence of distractions, the moral insularity, the power to choose one's book and to guide, to retard, to accelerate,\* or to retrace one's course, are favorable to the clear insight, the sober thought, and the impartial attitude, which help us to find truth and settle problems. The moral is obvious: let each art keep within the sphere of its competence.

There are two ways in which we may seek to improve an art: by a more exact adaptation to present ends, or by the substitution of other ends. The modern stage may be vastly ameliorated without change of its general purpose by the elimination of all the evils, vulgarities, and frivolities that are not essential to the execution of that purpose. The present function of the stage is to portray energetic and primary emotions in such a way as to stir men's hearts with pleasurable sympathy. There is no reason why these strong and simple emotions should not, in the better characters at least, be assigned to essentially delicate persons; there is no reason why sympathy should not be directed to the right act and the good man. Strength and simplicity in the portrayal of the passions are indispensable; but they will act with as much force in the flower-like *Perdita* as in the bold *Ann Whitefield*, in the spotless *Imogen* as in the tarnished *Diane de Lys*. The fulfillment of the traditional, and to my mind the legitimate, purpose of the stage is plainly compatible with all degrees of delicacy and all degrees of



moral elevation. The possibility and the demand for amendment in these points are large enough to satisfy the most aggressive meliorists.

This is the old problem, the problem of our ancestors. The reformers of our own day aim at a different object. They wish to provide a new form of taste with a new species of enjoyment. They would tax the brain more heavily by a more recondite motive and a more elusive art, and would burden the heart by recalling to its moments of ease "the weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the world's contemporary struggle. They would diminish the attraction of the stage by a more unflinching realism, and would reduce its stimulus by the portrayal of less vital and less intelligible emotions. They wish us to pay a higher price for a sterner and more austere enjoyment. I do not doubt that the enjoyment is real, and that it is worth its price. I do not believe, however, that a "simple, sensuous and passionate" art like that of the stage is its appropriate vehicle.

The moral obliquity, the vulgarity, and the silliness of the stage are separable accidents: there is nothing in its nature to prevent their abolition; but what may be called its hedonism — its small demands and ample stimuli — is inherent and not to be permanently and universally done away with. The relation of the stage to literature is not perhaps that of a lower art to a higher, but it is that of a lighter art to a graver; and this relation is necessary and enduring.

#### DELIGHTS OF THE PERIODICAL INDEX

CHARLES LAMB classified time-tables and dictionaries as "books which are not books." Without doubt he would have included the *Index to Periodical Literature*, if such a monument of industry and patience had existed in his day. Whether it may be termed a book or not, a most charming volume of approximately five hundred pages appears each January,

containing a list of the magazine articles of the preceding year. What a feast for the imagination! What a world of suggestion is to be found in these titles, each of which has been as carefully and succinctly worded as a telegram! Every one remembers, in the old rhetoric, the "suggested topics for composition;" and who is there who has not planned famous essays, which he never found the time to write, upon "An exciting moment," or, "How the farm looked when I went back"? Here, however, we have real compositions which have actually been written, and published, and paid for, and which we may consult if we are so inclined.

Turn the pages of the index of 1906 for a moment, and see if your interest and curiosity are not aroused by such titles as, People who have eaten books; Why do the hands of a jeweler's dummy watch point to 18 minutes past 8 o'clock? Can we keep sober? Cat fear; Feigning death; Chairs designed for the prevention of seasickness; Sermons in stomach stones; Significance of throwing the shoe; Conscience at the custom house; Spanked through Europe; Disadvantages of durability; Baedeker in the making; Machine that smokes cigars; Disagreeable books; Children and their pets in the San Francisco fire; Passing of the attic; Do women enjoy each other? Burbanking the flea. And so on throughout the list, many a title suggesting a train of thought, or affording an entertainment that, very possibly, would not be found in the article itself.

Again, one finds an occasional article which might prove interesting or profitable to his friends, as, The vice of generalizing; New method of treating red noses; Obstinacy in conversation; Woman inquiring about trains; Honesty in the ministry; Diet delusions; The beneficial effects of coffee as a drink.

Writers do not write, nor readers read, what does not interest them. It is therefore with increased faith in human nature that one observes the evident striving



for better things. By far the longest lists are those labeled: Bible, Christian, Church, Colleges, Education, Missions, Religion, Temperance. There are also hundreds of discussions of definite problems of improvement of present conditions; for example: Child labor, Corporations, Insurance investigation, Meat inspection, Municipal ownership, Patent medicines.

As a yearly record of the rise and fall of fads, which we Americans follow with such enthusiasm, the index is interesting. In the present number, for instance, we find whole columns of titles treating of the automobile, by the side of ten lonely articles on the once popular game of golf.

Also the year's progress in the solution of those seemingly impossible problems with which a few untiring souls are ever persistently struggling, is to be found under headings like, Aerial navigation; Cotton-picking machine; Cow-milking machine; Tuberculosis.

As a résumé of the events of the year, which succeed one another with such rapidity that they are in danger of being crowded from the memory, one reads with profit headings like the following: Susan B. Anthony; Christian IX, King of Denmark; Marshall Field; William Rainey Harper; Henrik Ibsen; Joseph Wheeler; Centenary of William Lloyd Garrison; Bicentenary celebration of Benjamin Franklin; 70th Birthday of Mark Twain; Fallières, President of France; Haakon VII, King of Norway; Panama Canal; Building the new Campanile; Eruption of Vesuvius; Valparaiso ruined by an earthquake; Destruction of San Francisco; Great Simplon tunnel; Tunneling the East River; The new Salton Sea; Towing the Dewey dock 14,000 miles; Esperanto; Fonetik refawrm.

Finally, there is real consolation for the literary novice in the observation that the best known and most prolific writers scarcely average one article a month in the best magazines.

## A BALLAD OF REFRAIN

We often wonder what could have been the meaning of the scriptural phrase credited to King Solomon,—"Of the making of many books there is no end." It does not seem likely that in the wise man's time there was a so vast number of books. The recently discovered Nippur Library—where every page of a volume is a good-sized brick—suggests that it was perhaps the mass rather than the number of books which was so gravely impressive. A moderately wealthy Spartan might have been embarrassed by the heavy load of iron he carried about with him.

In our own time this complaint has more significance. The modern deluge of printed matter sometimes impels even the appreciative reader to slip the leash and escape from the traditional bondage to books. Such an impulse of heresy, and of gratitude to those who repress their utterance, is embodied in the following

### BALLAD OF REFRAIN

(WITH APOLOGIES TO AUSTIN DOBSON)

When moribund novelists still rehearse  
Their themes extinct and their passions  
dead;

When our shelves are weighted by recent  
verse,

And our tables groan with their books  
unread;

When a mob is waiting to snatch the  
thread,

As it spins away from the whirring  
brain,

Before the ink from the pen is shed—  
Then hey! for the hero who can re-  
frain!

When lettered knowledge becomes a  
curse—

That may swiftly fall on the curser's  
head;

When the rising floods of the scribes im-  
merse,

And our tables groan with their books  
unread;

When the delicate soul is bruised and  
bled

For the greed of glory, the glut of  
gain;

When the eyes of the readers are dull  
as lead,  
Then hey! to the hero who can re-  
frain!

When writers fatten a hungry purse  
With words that were happier left un-  
said,

When trying their best they try us  
worse,

And our tables groan with their books  
unread;

When the guests go out from the feast  
unfed —

Or overfed to repletion's pain —

When reader and writer refuse to  
wed,

Then hey! to the hero who can re-  
frain!

ENVOY

When we yearn for the elemental bread,  
And our tables groan with their books  
unread,

When the crescent mind begins to wane,  
Then hey! for the hero who can re-  
frain!

THE CALL OF THE SHIRT

ON a certain much-traveled street in the "Back Bay" region of Boston, over the door of a basement notion store, appears this sign: "Laundry and Library." I have noted it often as I passed it, thinking how typical it was of the city about it — how readily translatable into the motto of the Back Bay dwellers: "Cleanliness and Culture." And yet as I have passed it by, or as I have descended the half-dozen steps to the basement door and thrust my weekly bundle through the slide, my mind has reverted with sudden longing to another æsthetic laundryman in another land; and this sign of reading-room and wash-tub has seemed a mocking echo of the galling chains of civilization which I wear. I see instead of brick-front dwellings, and asphalt pavements, and rattling trolley

cars, and stone-curbed grass plots, a gently-flowing brook, a boundless grassy carpet, a man, reclining in happy idleness, and over his head, flapping patiently in the breeze, a slowly drying shirt that knows too well its mission to part too readily with its moisture. Somewhere to-day — I know it by the feeling of the day — my old friend Jack the Hobo is thus lying by the stream and waiting — waiting for his shirt to dry. And were I half the man I should be, I know I would throw off the restraining chains, and flee from this mocking sign of "Laundry and Library," and go out there too, and wash my own linen garments.

It was on the bank of Salt Creek that I met my friend Jack the Hobo; not the mythical Salt River to whose sources we consign our last-year politicians, but a real stream which flows from countless springs in fertile Illinois fields and woods, by easy curves and reaches, through forests of elm and butternut, by grassy slopes and meadows that in springtime are heavenly blue with masses of long-stemmed violets, — which flows reluctantly past all this, as what appreciative river would not, singing a happy, crooning sort of a song to itself whenever a twig or a stone gives it opportunity to catch hold and linger, — flows under an iron bridge, and past an old lime kiln that resembles nothing else so much as the ruin of a mediæval castle, and knows that it does, and leans over the placid water to admire in its own reflection the clinging woodbine, and the age-stained rocks, — flows past this and much more, and at last, after doubling on its tracks half a dozen times, hesitating, dodging, for all the world like a maiden longing, yet fearing, to enter her lover's arms, flies at last to the bosom of the Des Plaines, and thenceforth, as a true helpmeet, sinks its identity in that of the larger stream. That is the Salt Creek by which I wandered on the happy Sunday on which I met my friend the Hobo, and dined with him *al fresco* on the best the land could furnish. Dined with him? Yes, and learned of



him; for of all unschooled philosophers, of all illogical logicians, of all unlettered poets and ungrammatical essayists, commend me to this Hobo Jack who, on that Sunday, taught me the true love of out-of-doors as we lay on that same grassy bank at the foot of the ivy-clad lime kiln, waiting — waiting for his shirt to dry.

But that you may appreciate the meeting of the Hobo and of myself, the Wanderer, I must first take you a bit into my confidence and confess, frankly that up to that moment my wandering had had a certain commercial tendency. I came out into these woods with a buoyant heart and glad; but the buoyancy was at so much per column. Just one week from the day on which I wandered there, the good people of the neighboring city would read in their Sunday papers how joyous surrounding nature looked when seen through my eyes, and of the particulars of travel necessary to bring them to the place whence I saw it.

I came down from the iron bridge and strolled along the path on the edge of the bank. It was in the springtime and the creek was full. Covering the woodland floor as far as eye could see was an ankle-deep carpet that not all Brussels nor the Orient could have produced, — a dainty sweet-scented Illinois carpet, of spring beauties and of pink phlox. There was a spring in the midst of it, and a tiny run thence to the creek, and, close by, a giant elm, yielding to some tempest, had fallen so as to form a bridge across the water. The path wound about the upturned roots, and as I followed it the scent of wild flowers in my nostrils gave way suddenly to the pungent odor of burning wood, with a strange, indefinable concomitant which thrilled my gastric nerve and made me aware that I was hungry. An instant later, as I came out from the shadow of the elm-roots, I almost stumbled into a campfire, and brought up face to face with its astonished proprietor.

It was the fire that caught me first, a

real cooking fire of few sticks and many coals, and concentrated heat. Over it, from a crosspiece which rested in two crotches, hung an iron kettle, — a broken iron kettle, a tramp among kettles, — and in this, bobbing merrily about in the boiling water, a soup bone. It was a real camp fire and a real camp kettle, and I could not have gone a step away from them to save my neck — which happily was not at that moment in imminent danger.

As for the proprietor of all this woodland happiness, Jack the Hobo, who had sprung to his feet and has been patiently standing all this time, waiting while I finish my rhapsody on his cooking paraphernalia, he was just Jack, a big, burly, homely man, clad in old trousers and jacket, and with his coat-collar buttoned closely about his throat.

"Hello," said I, by way of salutation.

"Hello, matey," said he, with the added word conveying a spirit of hospitality which I, unschooled in woodland ways, had been altogether unable to put into speech. We stood for a moment eying each other, measuring each other by our own standards, and then with a wave of my hand at the kettle I said, "Soup smells good."

It was all I could think of in which we might be supposed to have a common interest.

"What's the time?" said he.

"Just noon," said I.

"Stay and eat?" he asked, and I gladly assented. I had a boxful of luncheon myself which I divided with him; but it was a poor exchange for the soup he offered me (in the carefully rinsed remnant of an oyster tin), or the savory coffee he poured, clear as from the most expensive French-drip pot, over the ragged edge of a can which still wore on one side the scorched effigy of a scarlet tomato.

We ate in silence, eying each other now and then, till our appetites began to lessen; then his gaze wandered to my folded pocket camera.

"For pictures?" he asked.

"Yes," said I. "There are some fine ones to be had hereabouts."

"So I see by the paper," said he. And then he laughed, a jolly hobo laugh. "Say," he added, "what do you think I seen in the papers? Gee!" Again he laughed. "Say, matey, they was a piece in the papers last week that called the creek this here thing runs into, the 'be-youtiful Des Plaines.' The 'be-you-tiful Des Plaines!" Again he burst out merrily. "The 'be-youtiful Des Plaines! Say, what d' ye think of that? Would n't it jar you some?"

It did jar me, indeed; especially as he drew from his pocket a moment later a fragment of Sunday paper containing the article to which he referred — a half page of pictures from my camera, a half page of text, and the signature in large and small "caps," "Wanderer." It was a hard blow my hobo friend had delivered. I was roused to a form of self-defense.

"It seems to strike you pretty well," said I.

"Me? Oh, gee!" Another paroxysm followed this. My hobo friend was very mirthful. "Why, say!" he broke out suddenly, "I wisht you'd seen the rivers I seen. I wisht you had. I wisht you'd seen 'em. I been where you can just lay down on your back and look up at the sky and see mountains all around — yes, and real woods, too. I seen places where you would n't never want to do nothin' all day but just lay there, smellin' them flowers, and listenin' to them birds — and just layin' there. Why, I seen places like that where they's trout, and bass, — yes, and wild turkeys, too. And then this feller calls it the 'be-youtiful Des Plaines.'"

"What are you doing out here, then, if this is so poor and other places so fine?" I demanded.

My nerve of self-esteem had been jarred again.

For a moment my host was almost embarrassed. He laughed consciously, like

a small boy caught enjoying himself at a girl's party. "Me?" he asked. "Me? Why — I'm workin' now. I can't go out where them things is. I just come out here — Oh, thunder! I tell you what I come out here for. I come out to wash my shirt."

He pointed to the limb of a neighboring tree, where, sure enough, the garment hung limply in the breeze. I eyed it in silence. I had not yet learned the real philosophy. To me it was only a shirt, recently laundered. I did not see in it then, as I did later, no shirt at all, but a flag, the banner of liberty, of equality, and true happiness. I waited for Hobo Jack to enlighten me.

"You see, I'm really workin'," he began. "I do chores about these here rhubarbian settlements. I start out on Monday, takin' a job to cut grass. Maybe I work all day Monday, maybe not. Some weeks I stick it out till Tuesday, or even to Thursday or Friday, but I get to feelin' uneasy. First off I pretend I do' know what's the matter with me. I shake it off. I say I got to work. But bimeby I can't stand it no longer. 'Hell!' I say to myself. 'I just got to wash my shirt, that's what's the matter with me.'"

"So I come out here like this, to some place where they's a brook or a creek or a river, or somethin' wet, and some woods and grass and birds, and they ain't no folks; and I pull that shirt off and slosh it around in the water awhile, and then I hang it up on the branch of a tree.

"Then I build me a campfire and cook something to eat, and lay down on my back and just enjoy, — just plain enjoy, — that's all. Sometimes it seems to me as if people in these here settlements did n't really know how to do that — to just enjoy. Well I set right here enjoyin' till I think that shirt of mine is dry. Maybe it takes a day, maybe two days — more likely it's close to a week before I feel real sure that shirt is dry enough so it's safe to put it on again. Then I put it on



and go back to town and take a job, till I think it needs washin' again."

The sun is warm to-day. The wind is very gentle. The orchards are all a-bloom — the cherries falling fast, the pears in their prime, the apples just peeping from pink-tipped buds. There is a big Baltimore oriole in the elm over my window,

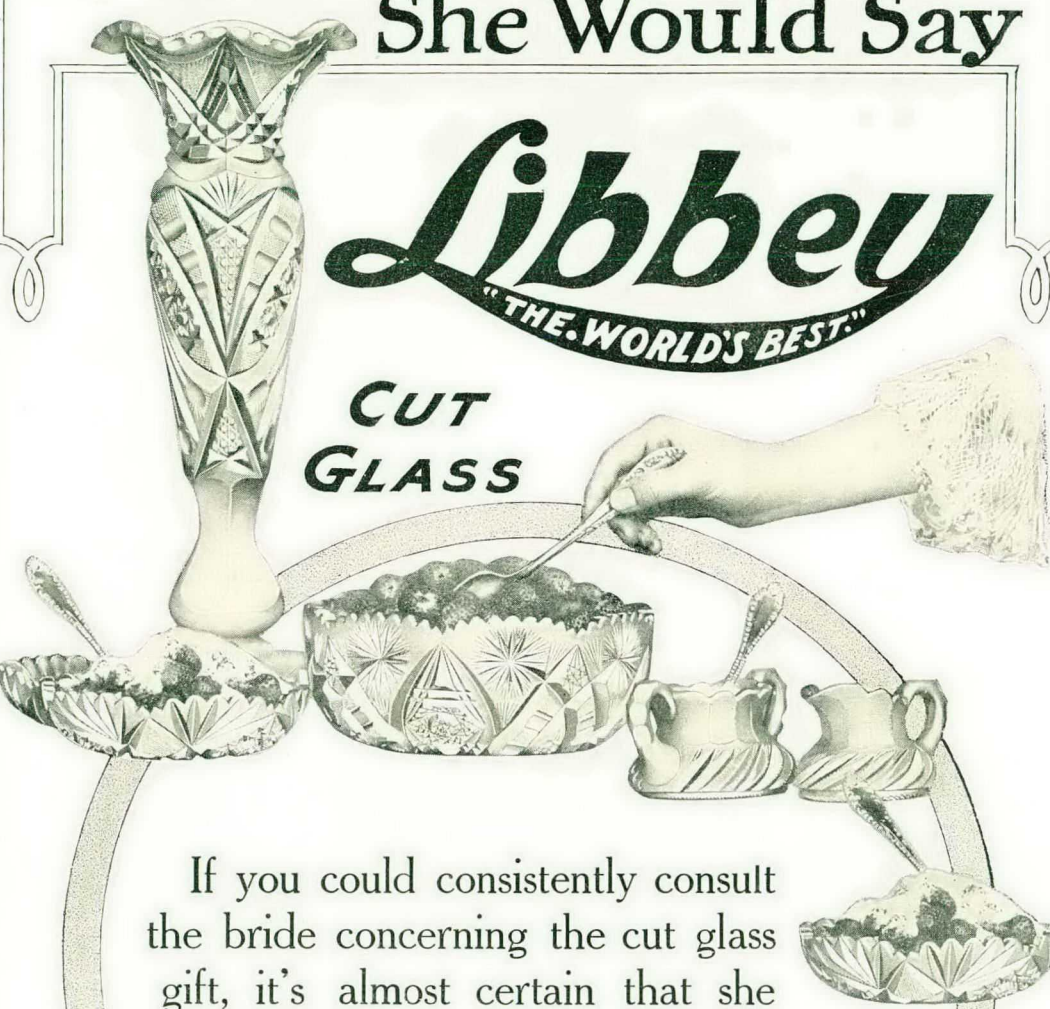
hopping from branch to branch, pecking at something, I know not what, but stopping between bites for irregular phrases of his loud-whistled melody. Somehow it lures my mind back to that moment when at the explanation of Hobo Jack the true meaning of an ancient craving flashed upon me.

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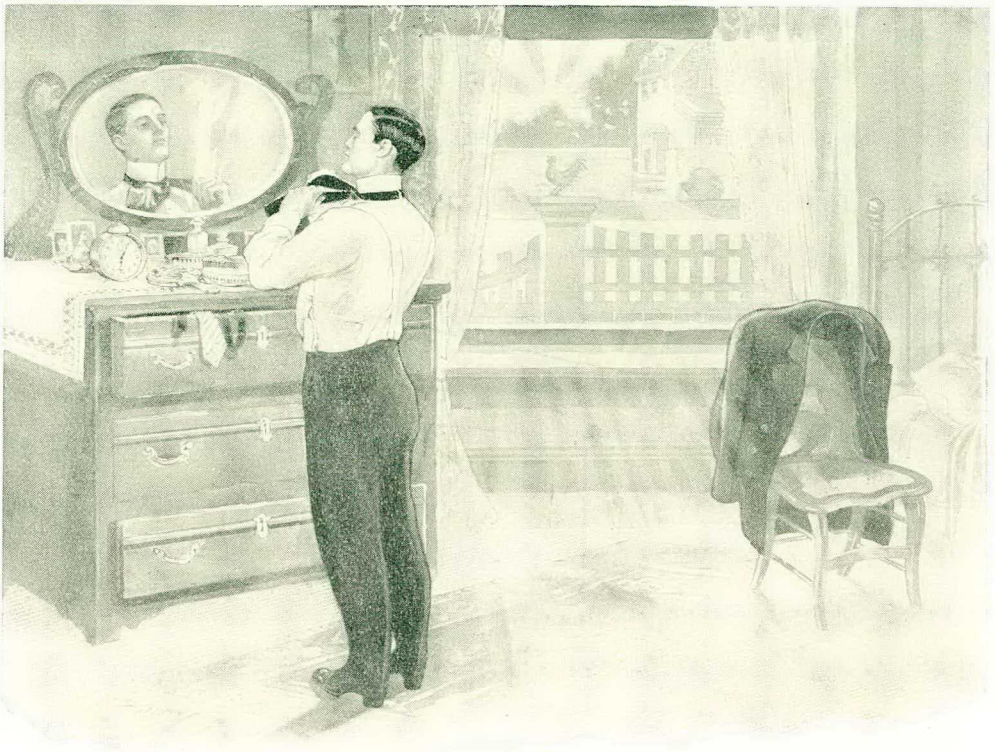
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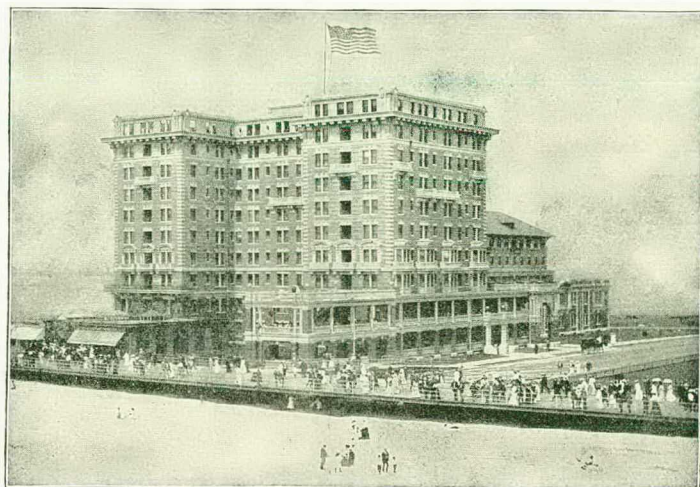
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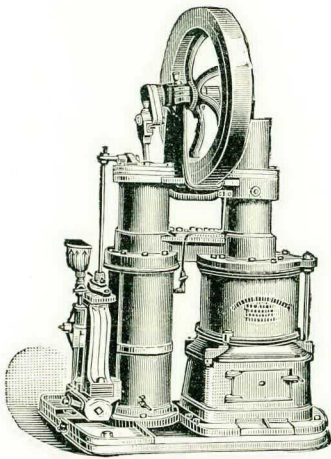
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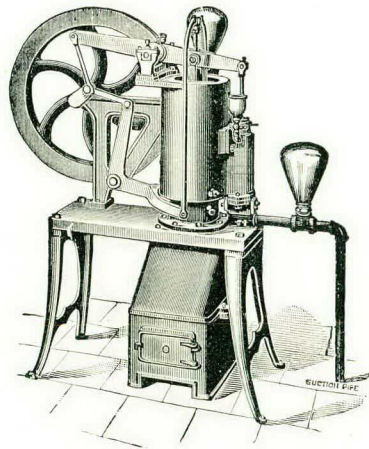
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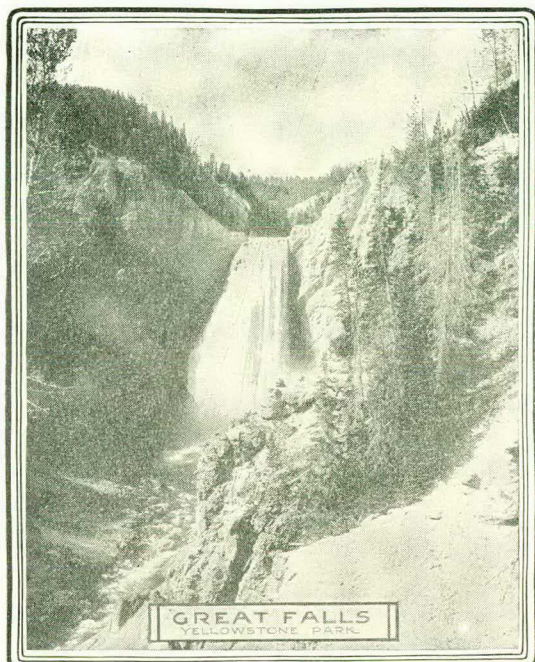
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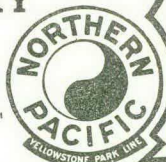
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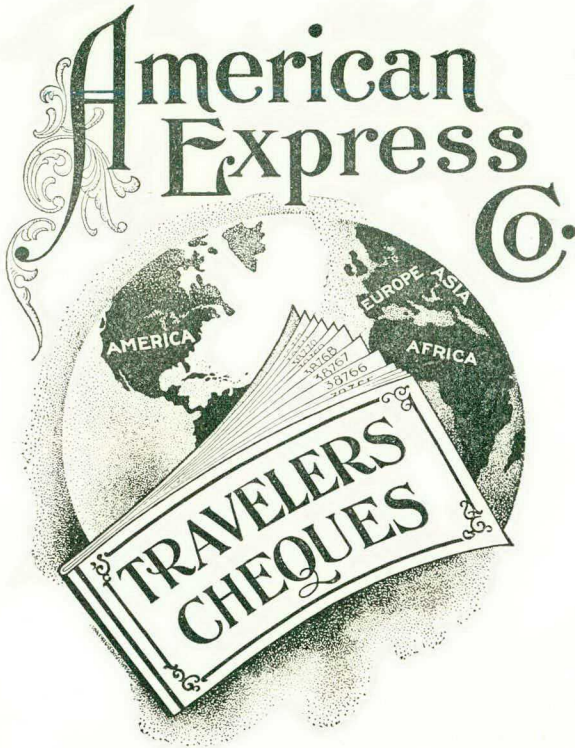
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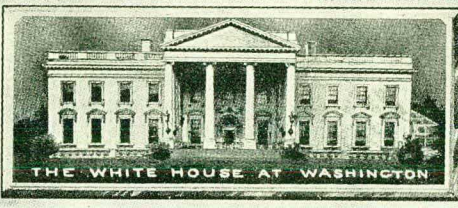
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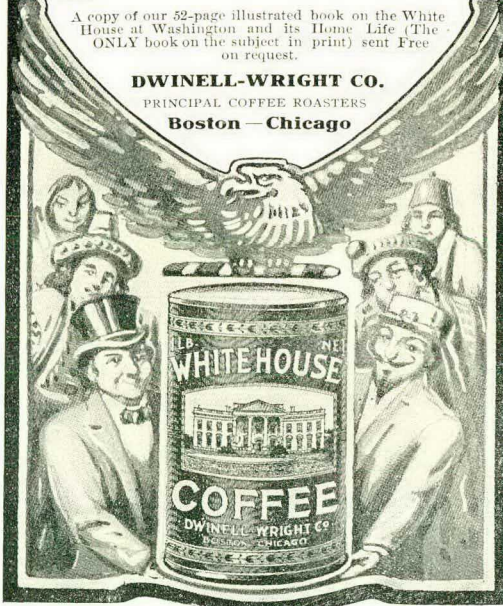
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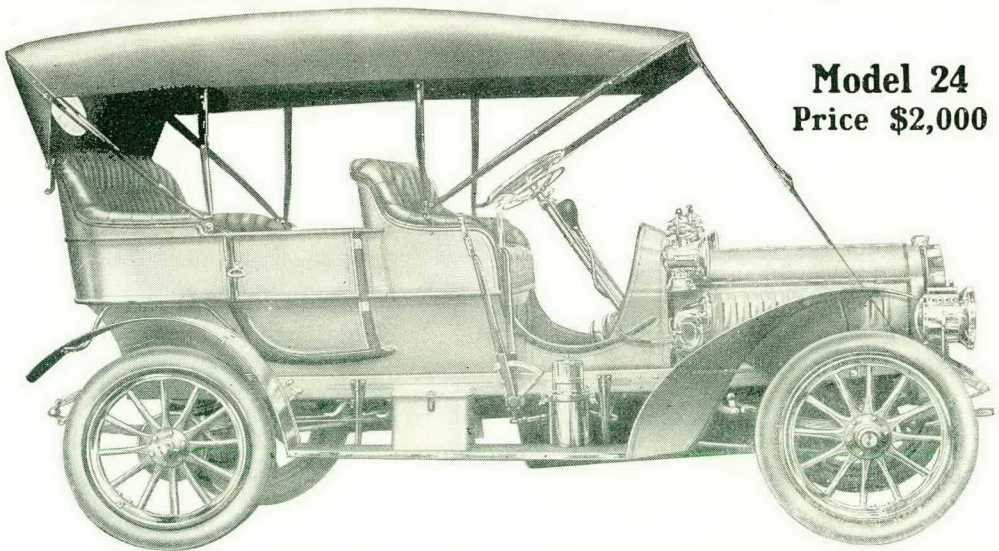
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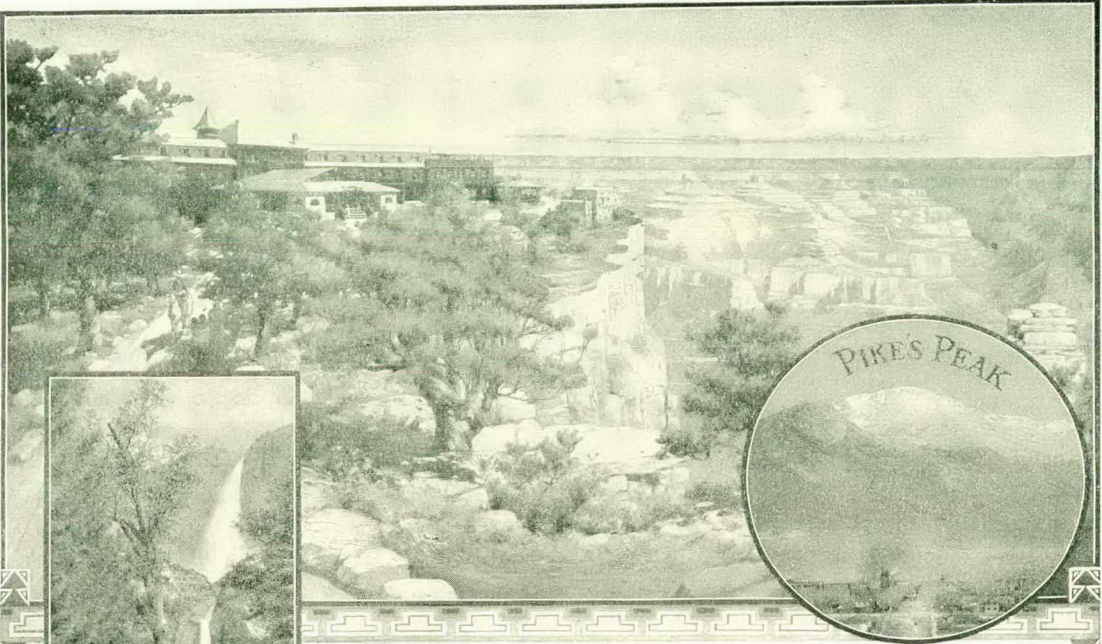
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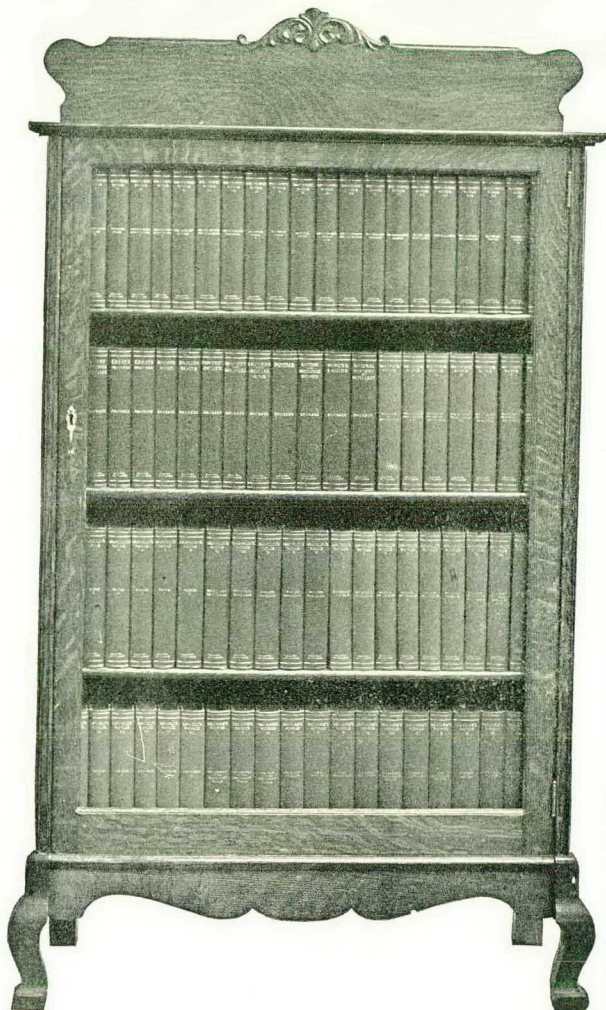
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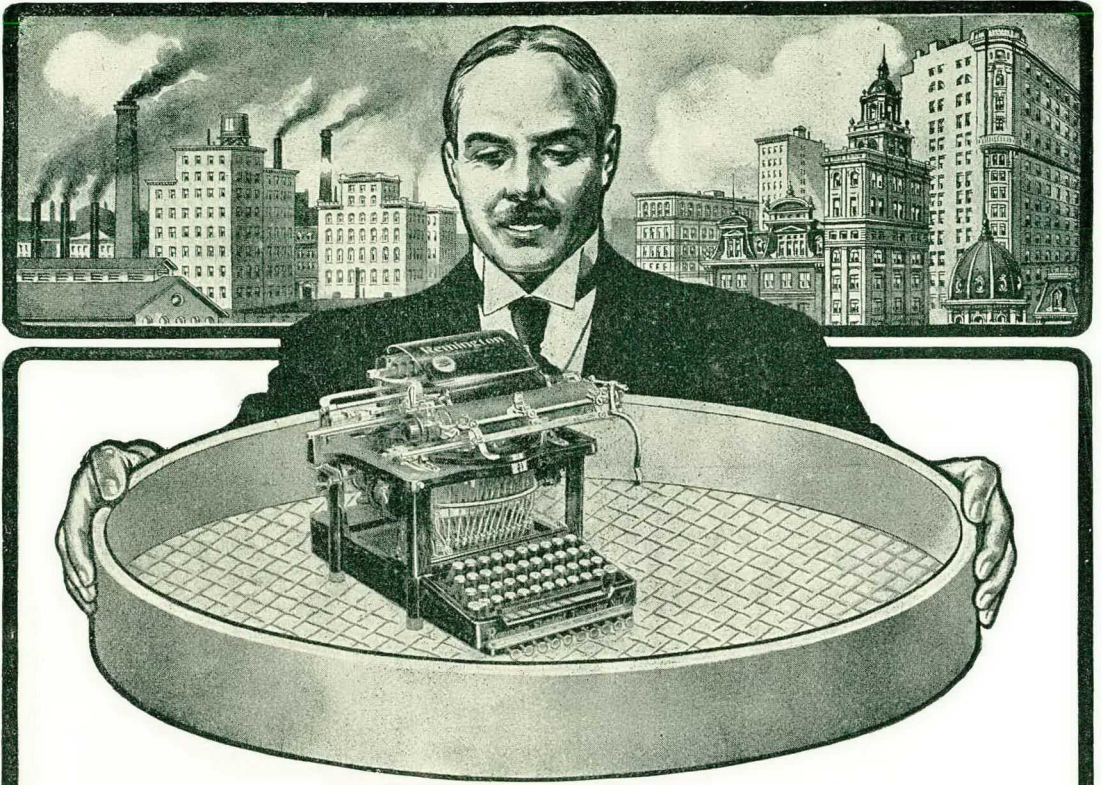
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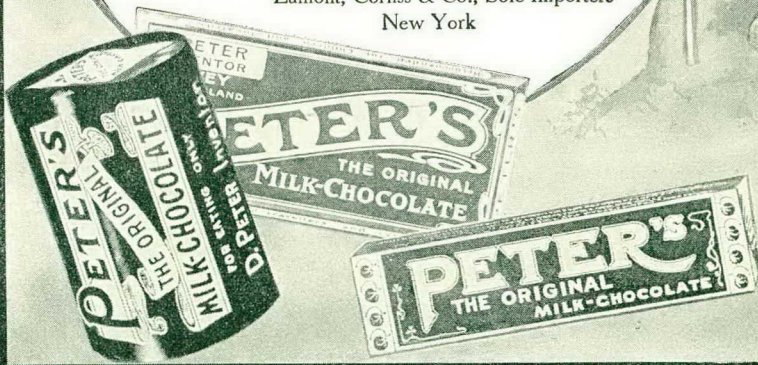
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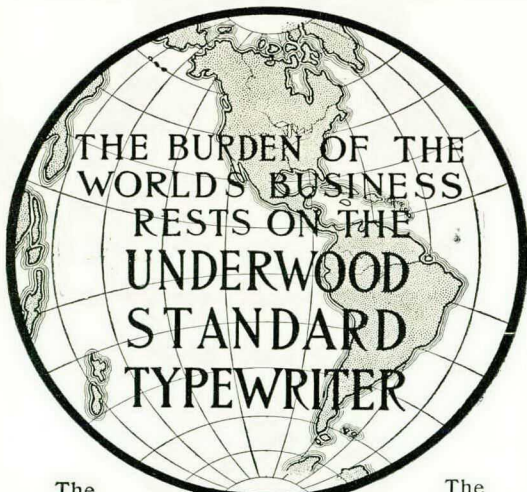
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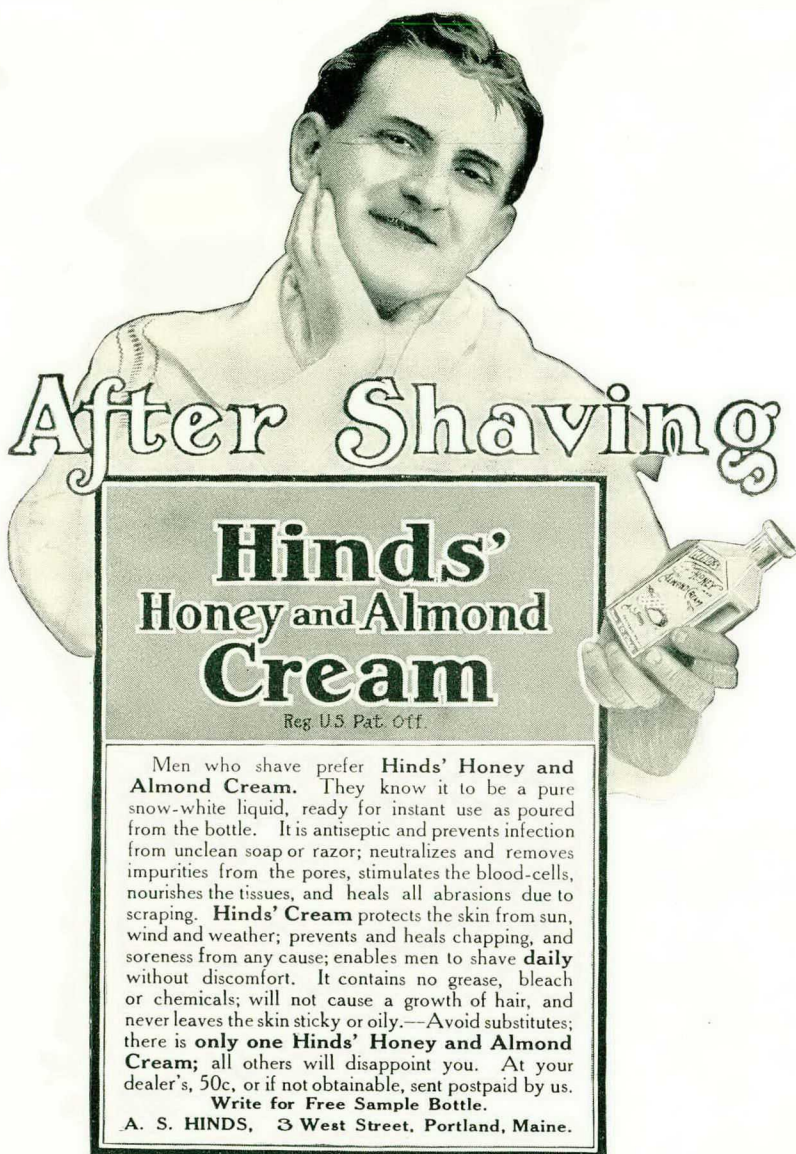
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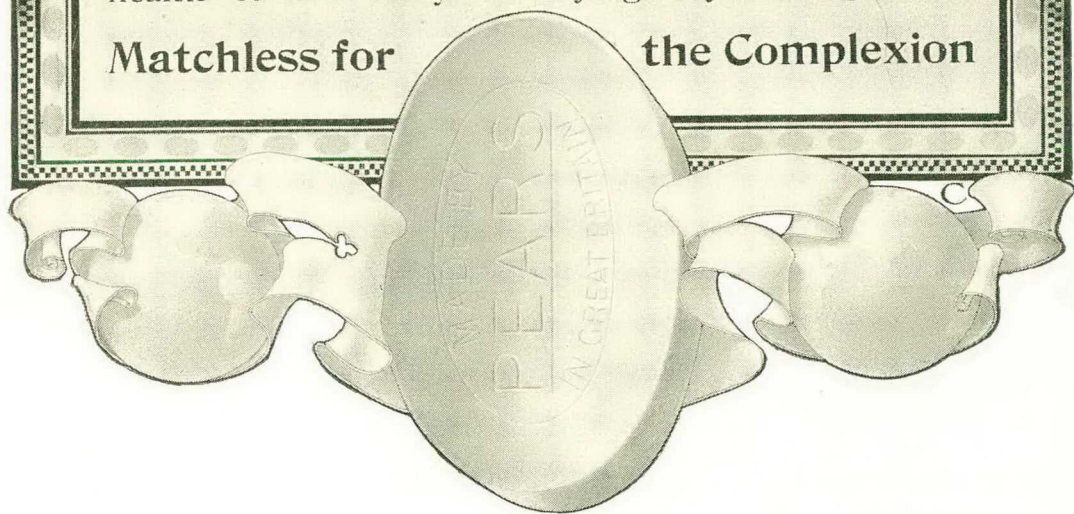
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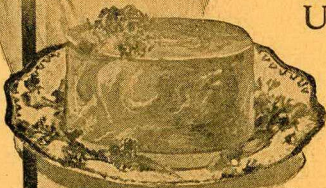
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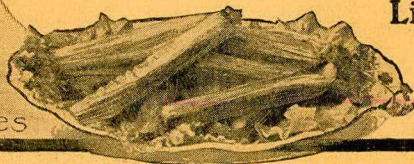
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